PHOTOPLAY

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MOVIE MIRROR

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OCTOBER

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PENNY SINGLETON

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YOU'LL WIN HEARTS.. if your Smile is Right!

Your smile is a priceless asset. Help to keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

EVERY attractive woman isn't really pretty. Every movie darling isn't a classic beauty. But take to your heart this true observation—you can seldom find fault with their smiles.

So take hope, plain girl, take hope! Even if you weren't born to great beauty—you can have compliments, 'phone calls and dates. Make your smile the real, lovely YOU. *And remember,* healthy gums are important to a bright, sparkling, attractive smile.

If you've seen a touch of "pink" on your tooth brush—do the right thing today. *See your dentist!* His verdict may be that your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. But don't take chances—let him make the decision. And if, like thousands of others, your dentist suggests Ipana and massage—take his advice and get Ipana at once.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is specially designed to help the health of your gums as well.

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Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

O sweet and lovely
Lady be good.
O Lady be good
To me.

★ ★ ★ ★

We are in voice today. It's not that hint of autumn in the air. Nor is it the pretty compliments we've been receiving from the public about "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

★ ★ ★ ★

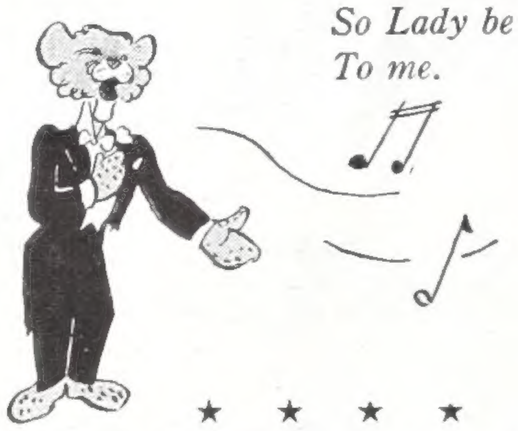
The fact is that we've been vocally hypnotized by Ann Sothern's song efforts in "Lady Be Good". So please pardon our Sothern accent.

★ ★ ★ ★

You've seen her as "Maisie". But did you know she could sing like that? Neither did we. In case you don't get around to the picture, here's the way she does it.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm just a lonesome
Babe in the wood,
So Lady be good
To me.



★ ★ ★ ★

What a film! What a fine film! What a mighty fine film! It has a plot that's hot, a cast that's fast, comic scenes that are anatomic, and throngs of songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Eleanor Powell has never been better. Toe, ankle, leg, thigh, torso, arms, shoulders, head. All dance together in real rhythm.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jack McGowan wrote an original. Then he and Kay Van Riper and John McClain fashioned a screen play. Then Norman McLeod directed. Result—Oo-la-la!

★ ★ ★ ★

Add music by George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and Roger Edens, lyrics by Ira Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein and Arthur Freed. Then serve.

★ ★ ★ ★

Footnotes: Robert Young turns in a stunning co-starring job. Lionel Barrymore is still the old master. John Carroll is a discovery. Red Skelton is Joe Comic. Virginia O'Brien is a bright flash in the dead pan.

★ ★ ★ ★

Fan song: *O Leo be good*
To me.

—*The Maestro*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

PHOTOPLAY *combined with* MOVIE MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

OCTOBER, 1941
VOL. 19, NO. 5

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GREAT THINGS CAST THEIR SHADOWS AHEAD! WATCH FOR IT!
Spencer
TRACY
INGRID
BERGMAN · LANA
TURNER
in VICTOR FLEMING'S PRODUCTION of
Dr. JEKYLL and Mr. HYDE
with
DONALD CRISP · IAN HUNTER
BARTON MacLANE · C. AUBREY SMITH
Screen Play by
JOHN LEE MAHIN
Based on the Novel by
Robert Louis Stevenson
Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture
The strange desires in every man's mind... To the world he was a gentleman, cultured, handsome, suave... But inside his mind there lurked nameless compulsions, secret longings, hidden loves. The most startling story ever told... an outstanding motion picture triumph.

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

He had to be coaxed to play the role: Gary Cooper in Warners' "Sergeant York"

They thought this would flop: Russell and Gable in "They Met in Bombay"

This surprised even M-G-M: Joan Crawford and Conrad Veidt in "A Woman's Face"

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE longer I live in Hollywood, the more I wonder if anybody in this town . . . or out of it . . . knows anything positive about making pictures . . . for a great picture is now being shown in our biggest cities . . . and will presently be shown in the smaller cities . . . an inspired, inspiring, spiritual picture . . . made by a producer who everybody in Hollywood has said for the last several years was a man who was "through" . . . the man is Jesse Lasky, one of Hollywood's true pioneers, and the film is "Sergeant York". . . .

Hollywood has tried many times to get the true feeling of religion on the screen . . . the most recent trial was "Strange Cargo," which missed completely . . . two earlier (silent) attempts were De Mille's productions, "The Sign of the Cross" and "The King of Kings" . . . years ago there was "Ben Hur" . . . but no film has ever so captured the simple faith of a simple man . . . the absolute portrait of "the pure in heart" . . . as "Sergeant York" captures it. . . .

Yet Jesse Lasky, who has been kicked around by several studios in the last several years, who was scorned by a lot of johnny-come-latelys who weren't really worthy to be in the same room with him, has had the idea for this film for more than twenty years . . . has tried to sell the idea to studios for more than twenty years . . . has seen in the epic story of one of America's greatest soldiers the qualities that make stories live forever. . . .

Even when he did sell the far-seeing Warners on the idea of making the story of Alvin York . . . which, incidentally, was produced by Lasky in collaboration with another far-seeing gentleman, Hal Wallis . . . he still had to sell Gary Cooper on the idea of playing the role . . . Gary was afraid of the very simplicity of the part . . . yet in it, he gives his supreme performance . . . even greater than *Mr. Deeds* . . . and distinctly the performance he meant to give as *John Doe* . . . and didn't . . . just as "Sergeant York" contains the message that "Meet John Doe" was meant to contain . . . and didn't . . . the message of the spiritual greatness of the humble and meek . . . in fact, "Sergeant York" looks like the finished production of the film that "Meet John Doe" was a rehearsal for . . . not that the stories of these two films are similar . . . they are totally unlike . . . but the message and the spirit behind each of them are the same. . . .

It hasn't the romance or the color of "Gone With the Wind" . . . but I think "Sergeant York" will come within shooting distance of its box-office record . . . and will have much more influence on all our lives in these frightening days . . . it is a great thing to have been done by a man who was "through" . . . it is a credit to the movies . . . to Jesse Lasky . . . to Hal Wallis . . . to the Warner Studio . . . and most distinctly praise must be given to Howard Hawks, for his direction, at once sensitive and dynamic . . . and to young Joan Leslie for her sweet, tender performance of a girl in love. . . .

ON the other side of the ledger . . . and still talking about nobody's knowing just what is what with pictures in Hollywood . . . there is the comparative flop of "The Devil and Miss Jones," that enchanting, Jean Arthur starring picture that the whole industry thought would be a hit . . . and the hit of "They Met in Bombay," the Clark Gable-Rosalind Russell starrer that everybody, including Gable and Russell themselves, thought would be a flop . . . and which, by the way, took a lashing from the critics everywhere . . . and speaking purely personally, there is my own (*Continued on page* 85)

MASTER OF LOVE!...

His Words of Love Set All Women's Hearts on Fire!

"All these years without you, I've dreamed of being in your arms again, my love!"
Paulette

"He made me afraid of myself . . . afraid to see the deep longing he had put in my heart!"
Olivia

Only Boyer, suave, sophisticated . . . only fresh, lovely DeHavilland . . . only sultry, beautiful, Goddard, could bring this hauntingly beautiful love story to you . . . played in the exciting atmosphere of a Mexican border town!

Charles **BOYER**

Olivia **DE HAVILLAND** ★ *Paulette* **GODDARD** in

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with **VICTOR FRANCEN** • **WALTER ABEL** • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • From a Story by Ketti Frings • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

The SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

Delightful and brilliant: Evelyn Keyes and Bob Montgomery in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan"

Film bargain of the month: Ann Sothern, Bob Young and Eleanor Powell in "Lady Be Good"

✓✓ Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia)

It's About: *A spirit that occupies several furnished bodies.*

ONE of the most farcical, delightful and imaginative stories ever to hit the screen is "Here Comes Mr. Jordan."

Now don't get the idea it's a spooky, symbolic affair. Far from it, for prize fighter *Joe Pendleton,* played so perfectly by Robert Montgomery, is one of the most natural, lovable guys in the world. When Bob's plane crashes, Edward Everett Horton, an old snooper from Heaven, gathers up Bob's soul before he's dead and carries him off. Heaven is in a quandary, for Bob isn't scheduled to arrive there for fifty years. So Eddie and Bob hurry back to his body to discover, alas and alack, it's been cremated. To Bob's rescue comes *Mr. Jordan,* a kindly understanding chief from up above, who helps him find a new body—two bodies, to be exact.

Claude Rains, as *Mr. Jordan,* is marvelous and Jimmy Gleason, Bob's befuddled manager, is terrific. Evelyn Keyes is star bound for her beautiful performance. Al Hall has done a brilliant job of directing. Don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: It's new, it's funny, it's delightful.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Here Comes Mr. Jordan

Tom, Dick and Harry

Charley's Aunt

Lady Be Good

Hold Back the Dawn

Best Performances

Robert Montgomery in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan"

Claude Rains in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan"

Ann Sothern in "Lady Be Good"

Ginger Rogers in "Tom, Dick and Harry"

Jack Benny in "Charley's Aunt"

Abbott and Costello in "Hold That Ghost"

Charles Boyer in "Hold Back the Dawn"

Paulette Goddard in "Hold Back the Dawn"

Olivia de Havilland in "Hold Back the Dawn"

✓✓ Lady Be Good (M-G-M)

It's About: *A song writing team that can't make love rhyme with marriage.*

IT'S a parade, a parade of M-G-M personalities through a George Gershwin musical with names, specialty numbers and music that haunts, all passing in quick review. In short, it's a snappy, peppy, gorgeous musical with Ann Sothern and Robert Young the song writing team from Tin Pan Alley that hit the divorce courts twice before things work out.

We give you some idea of the value you'll receive for your money when we tell you Eleanor Powell, executing several clever dance routines, along with Dan Dailey Jr., Lionel Barrymore (as the judge), Red Skelton (the Bob Hope of M-G-M), John Carroll, Virginia O'Brien (a dead pan in a Tin Pan), Rose Hobart and many others flit in and out of the story. The music is delightful, especially Ann Sothern's singing of "The Last Time I Saw Paris." In fact, it's Annie's picture despite the terrific competition and we look for more big-time musicals for Miss Sothern.

Your Reviewer Says: Here's *the* bargain of the month.

(*Continued on page* 103)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 115

JUST LOOK AT THESE COMING ATTRACTIONS!

Here they are! The Choice of all of Hollywood's offerings for this month and the near future! Better check them off—*you'll want to see every one!*

Inside Stuff

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Helping hands: Nelson Eddy, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck help the U.S.O. air show to glory, then are helped to beans served Army style. (Below) Bette Davis, Roz Russell and Loretta Young—U. S. O. rooters and bean-eaters

"Don't say no
To the U. S. O."
So the stars let go
With a bang-up show!

A sure-cure remedy for curiosity, compounded of choicest Hollywood tidbits; to be taken once a month and guaranteed to make you movie wise

JUDY Becomes Mrs. David Rose: They sat at a cozy table for two at Romanoff's and talked it over, Judy and Dave. Judy had a few free days at the studio, and Dave was on his vacation. "Let's get married now," Dave suggested. "Why should we wait when it may be a long time before we're both free again?"

There was absolutely no doubt in Judy's heart. And so, as we predicted, in our May story, "The Marriage Dilemma of Judy Garland," when it came to the crucial decision Judy chose Dave above any objections friends or studio may have offered. "Let's go," Judy said. Without waiting to finish their dinner, they rushed to Judy's home where her mother and stepfather agreed to accompany them to Las Vegas.

Her mother gave Judy her own wedding ring, the one worn when she married Judy's father, and with the flowers from the judge's desk, Judy Garland became Mrs. Rose. Judy explained that all her dreams of orange blossoms and church weddings suddenly seemed unimportant compared to her love for Dave.

"Being Mrs. Rose means more to me than anything else," Judy told Cal over the phone. And from the breathlessness in her voice, we believe it. After a week end spent at El Rancho Vegas near Las Vegas, the couple returned to Hollywood to find themselves overwhelmed with good wishes from a town which had really been expecting this marriage since Dave Rose's divorce from Martha Raye last March. Cal says, "Good luck, kids!" . . . and Hymie gets their picture (see page 12).

(*Continued on page* 10)

...and this was to have been Lydia's Wedding Night!
Yes, Lydia learned all about love . . . but it took four men to teach her. Vividly, unforgettably, her story is revealed in this, the thrilling drama of a free woman!
Alexander Korda presents
Lydia
The Love Drama for which You Will Remember 1941
starring
MERLE OBERON
ALAN MARSHAL · JOSEPH COTTEN
HANS YARAY · GEORGE REEVES
with JOHN HALLIDAY · SARA ALLGOOD
and EDNA MAY OLIVER
Directed by Julien Duvivier · Original story by Julien Duvivier and L. Bush-Fekete · Screenplay and dialogue by Ben Hecht and Sam Hoffenstein · Released thru United Artists

High pressure U. S. O. sales force: Tyrone Power, Jane Withers (Hut Sut singer and our latest selection for the glamour girl stakes) with Orson Welles. His reading of a Walt Whitman poem was one of the dramatic high spots

Brother act gets ready for action: Lionel and John, at the House of Barrymore, warm up for their U.S.O. chores by putting on one of their famous ad lib sessions

(*Continued from page* 8)

The Good Old U.S.O.: When Hollywood gets into a helping mood it helps in a great big wonderful way. The United Service Organization benefit at the Hollywood Bowl, a benefit to raise funds to build entertainment centers for soldiers, was a star-studded affair which rivaled the real sparklers in the blue heavens above.

Nelson Eddy's ringing voice, Norma Shearer's plea, Loretta Young's fine appeal, Hattie McDaniel's heartwarming talk and the joint talk of Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck were high lights of the affair.

Orson Welles read with feeling a Walt Whitman poem. Gene Autry with his guitar and Jane Withers' singing of the "Hut Sut" song brought echoes of applause from the surrounding hills.

Bette Davis, always ready when needed, added her few words to Tyrone Power's. That wholesale love scene between Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant, Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer, pleased the audience, who were more like customers at a three-ring circus—they couldn't tell where to look next.

Herbert Marshall and Ronald Colman, both Englishmen, of course, helped along the cause for Uncle Sam's boys by purchasing several thousand dollars' worth of seats to be used by soldiers brought in from near-by camps, and Eddie Robinson capped the climax by contributing $100,000.

Altogether, it was the event of the month and that buffet of army-cooked beans, shared by all the stars afterwards, was the treat of the evening.

Yes, when (*Continued on page* 12)

NO WONDER THE BOYS GOT "JUMP FEVER"

When They Tackled Uncle Sam's Most Dangerous Game!

LOOK OUT BELOW! . . . WHEN AMERICA'S NEW AIR FIGHTERS INVADE THE SCREEN WITH SENSATIONAL NEW SKY-HIGH THRILLS, SHOT ON THE SPOT WITH THE BOYS WHO LIVE TOO DANGEROUSLY TO MISS A LAUGH OR A DATE!

PARACHUTE BATTALION

Starring **ROBERT PRESTON · NANCY KELLY · EDMOND O'BRIEN · HARRY CAREY**

with BUDDY EBSEN · PAUL KELLY · RICHARD CROMWELL · ROBERT BARRAT

***And* Uncle Sam's Own Parachute Troops**

Produced by Howard Benedict — Original Screen Play by John Twist

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Directed by Leslie Goodwins — and Major Hugh Fite, Air Corps

Inside Stuff

Newlywed west: Brenda Marshall and William Holden as they landed from their desert town elopement by airplane. (Below) Newlywed east: The Victor (Martha Kemp) Matures, who were married in New York, are now honeymooning in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 10)
Hollywood is called upon to do its bit it responds one hundred per cent That's what makes it such a grand place in which to live.

Last Minute Happenings: The Gold Cup Ball was *the* event of the month, with such stars present as Claudette Colbert (with a longer bob), Ty and Annabella (with longer hair and an upsweep coiffure), Kay Kyser and his lovely Ginny Simms, Victor Mature and his perfectly charming bride, Martha Kemp, Gene and Jeanette in one of their rare appearances, Mary Benny, whose husband was in the East, escorted by Cesar Romero, and Mickey Rooney grinning and happy with the lady of his heart, Linda Darnell. In fact, we caught Linda whispering a very sweet nothing in Mickey's ear, and motioned Hymie to snap them.

And, of course, there was Bob Hope to manage the mythical horse races that were run off for sweet charity's sake.

It was gala and gay, and all Hollywood was there.

Brenda and Bill Get Married: Well, the lovebirds, Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden have finally taken those marriage vows, as we predicted in an article on their romance 'way last December. But here are the details about the wedding.

Three weeks before Brenda's divorce became final on June 15th, Bill slipped an engagement ring on her finger. Brenda, however, wore it tied with a ribbon about her neck until she was free to show it to the world. And then several weeks later Bill and Brenda hopped a plane and headed for Las Vegas, Nevada. A startled Justice of the Peace was awakened at three in the morning to perform the ceremony.

Brenda, who was married once before to actor Richard Gaines, wept all through the ceremony. William, who was facing matrimony for the first time, was cool as a cucumber.

The problem of where to live had been a subject of much concern for both Brenda and Bill had leases on their homes. They compromised by giving up both houses and renting a brand-new one which they are now furnishing, with an extra special room for Brenda's three-year-old daughter.

And brand-newlyweds: Dave Rose and Judy Garland Rose at their Mr. and Mrs. debut

Mrs. Lou Gehrig, who will act as supervisor on the film dealing with her late husband's life, won all hearts at a party given for her by producer Sam Goldwyn.

Mrs. Gehrig, whose husband, known as the Iron Man of baseball, will go down as one of the immortals of the game, is honest, straightforward, and herself.

When asked why she herself didn't play Lou's wife in the picture, she smiled and said:

"Oh, I'm not the type."

The best wedding presents of all were renewed options for both the stars—Bill's from Paramount and Brenda's from Warners.

"I'll feel so free now," Brenda told Cal, "having someone to lean on. The feeling of belonging somewhere is wonderful."

Cal wishes them both luck for no two grander kids can be found anywhere.

(*Continued on page* 14)

Why Can't men understand—

★ that the past—those memories of romantic moments—cannot be erased by a new love?

It's what every woman knows—and won't tell!

UNIVERSAL PICTURES presents

Irene DUNNE and Robert MONTGOMERY in

Unfinished Business

with

PRESTON FOSTER

Eugene Pallette Esther Dale
Walter Catlett June Clyde
Dick Foran Samuel S. Hinds

Produced and Directed by

GREGORY LA CAVA

With all the grand comedy of his "MY MAN GODFREY"...all the poignant drama of his "STAGE DOOR"...all the heart-lifting romance of his "PRIMROSE PATH"..!

SCREEN PLAY BY EUGENE THACKREY

Cal York's Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 12)

More About Marriages: Old Cal seems to be wading knee deep in wedding bells this month so forgive us if we seem a bit monotonous.

This time we want to talk about Victor Mature, the conquering hero, who returns to Hollywood fresh—well almost fresh—from his stage triumph, "Lady in the Dark."

Victor, the sensation and groom of Martha Kemp (widow of orchestra leader Hal Kemp, who died in California this winter), returned to Hollywood brideless. What's more he took up his abode in a maid's room (empty) over the garage of a friend's home.

To thicken the plot, he seemed most vague about his bride's return which set everyone to wondering. Then the story which drifted back from New York, that Victor hadn't showed up for his own church wedding, but had been married several days later, had the town in a stew. Anyway, Vic was reported back on the old round of night spots in no time and the town could make out none of it.

Martha, his wife, finally joined him in Hollywood and the pair announced they were house-hunting and would soon bring out Mrs. Kemp's little daughter. The rumors then quieted down a trifle.

It's marvelous! A boy who hadn't had *one socko screen success* behind him becomes the sensation of Broadway and now Hollywood; a boy who only two years ago lived in a back yard tent and swept out the Pasadena Y. M. C. A. for his meals. It's too wonderful, too land-of-the-free-and-home-of-the-brave to be believable. In short, it's marvelous what dark curly hair will do.

This Show Called Garbo: If there is one woman who can and does upend Hollywood (and we mean the stars, not the fans) on its dainty ears, it is Greta the Grim.

The minute the Gawky Swede begins a picture, stars who usually behave with dignity become possessed with odd urges. Ruth Hussey, for example, went so far as to make a bet that she could crash the forbidding portals of a Garbo set. She hied herself to the sound stage and confidently sent in a note to George Cukor who had directed her in "Philadelphia Story." Not a word came back. Another note followed, labeled "Urgent." Again silence was the answer.

Ruth had to pay the wager.

Joan Crawford, who has a bowing acquaintance from the first neck joint up with Greta, marched defiantly pas the doorman who was too awed a Joan to protest. Strolling over to th star, with intentions of warmly welcoming her back to the lot, Joan smiled and said pleasantly, "How d you do?"

"How do you do?" came back th air-cooled answer and there the conversation died a sudden and rathe horrible death. Joan beat it.

The four Western Union boys ha a mite more success. Unaware whos set it was, the boys marched in t sing "Happy Birthday" greetings t Director Cukor. Halfway through th first line four pair of eyes lit on Garb

(*Continued on page* 16)

Gold Cup Ball celebrants: Gene and Jeanette MacDonald Raymond with a pair of grins which prove that their honeymoon isn't over

Gold Cuppers in the super-junior brackets: Linda Darnell gives an exclusive to boyfriend Mickey Rooney and our own Hyman Fink

Star-finder and starlet: Hal Roach with Marjorie Woodworth, of his forthcoming "Niagara Falls"

It's annoying when folks just drop in . . . *but*

infectious dandruff

is more annoying still!

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

Get after it with LISTERINE at the first sign of trouble

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress . . . and the scalp irritation and itching . . . that so often accompany the condition.

If you're troubled in this way, look out—you may have this common form of dandruff, so act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

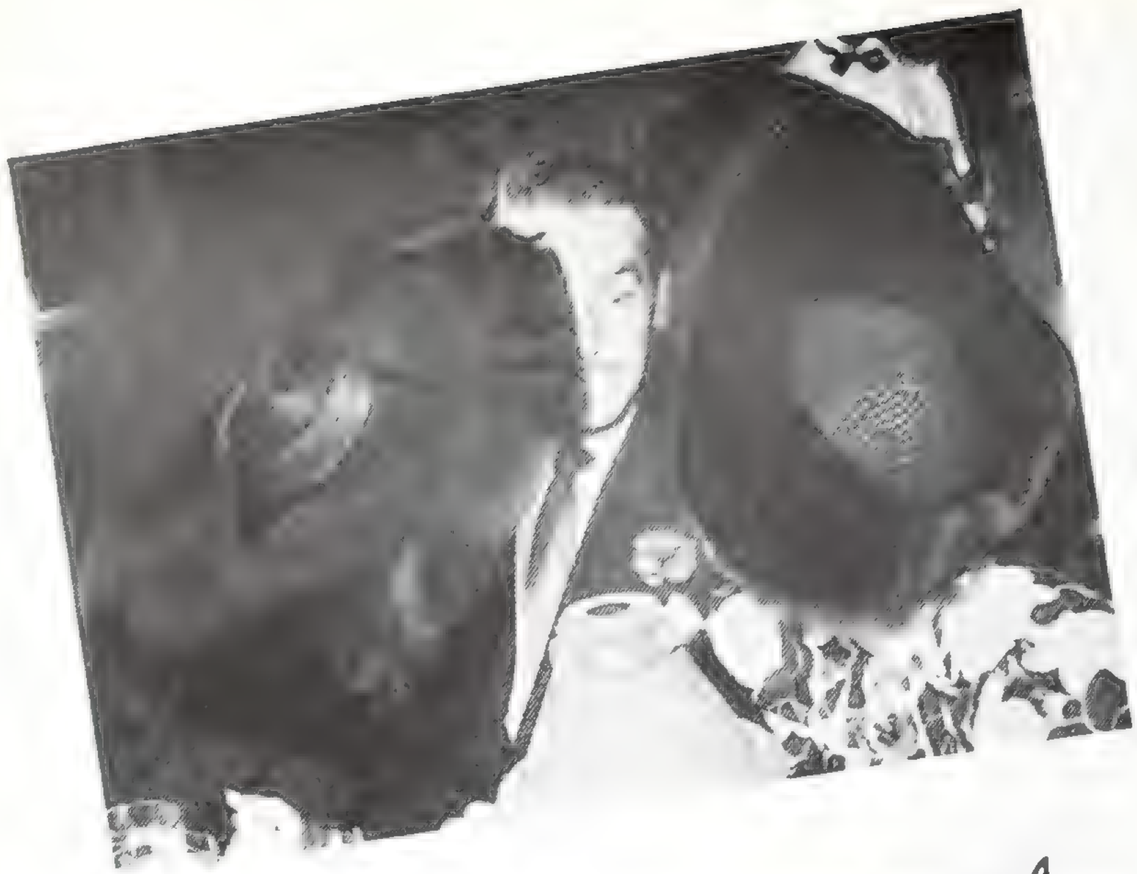
Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the delightful treatment



Hollywood blackout: Huge new hats worn by Carole Landis (left) and Norma Shearer almost block out Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s view of Ciro's

Jeffrey Lynn (Cal still prefers him sans mustache) and Margaret Hayes (the former Dana Dale) have the Los Feliz Brown Derby habit

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 14)

at one and the same time. A slight gurgling sound told the story of a song that died a-borning.

Cukor took command this time and invited the lads to stay for cake and ice cream.

Roland Young, who is playing with Garbo, used to rush from the set at every opportunity to visit Ann Sothern on the "Ringside Maisie" set. "It's so wonderful here," he kept saying, "everyone is so alive." And yet Roland is the actor who once proclaimed the Garbo too great an artist to make light of.

We recite these various Garboisms because we think you fans will get a kick out of the stars themselves caught in the hero worship act, and appreciate how they must feel to get such an icy reception.

Hollywood Knock-Knocks: Judy Canova, who got hit over the head with a soft moon in Honolulu and suddenly married Corporal James H. Ripley, who is stationed there, is staging one of those "why should the press bother me about it" things since her return. Shucks. We say since Judy seems unhappy, judging from the fact that she has sued for divorce or annulment, and obviously leaped before looking, let *her* do the worrying. When the press ceases being concerned maybe Judy will wake up.

When Rita Hayworth and husband Ed Judson suddenly sold their carefully planned new home, after living in it only eight days, the hammer carriers were out in full bloom with the verbal knocks having Ed and Rita separated.

A word with Rita reassured Cal that all was well. Rita felt the responsibility of running a large home too much for her, she explained.

Pan (bewildered) and pot (aluminum) department: Mischa Auer with part of the aluminum drive spoils. That's a Vultee Valiant training ship behind him

Well, that's that—B-U-T this is Hollywood, remember, where rumors and facts have an odd way of merging, though right now we're taking Rita's word and wish both Rita and Ed well.

Here Comes the Bride for a Retake: An enormous box of flowers, with the enclosed card reading, "Come out to the studio to see me soon, Alice Harris," and a letter from Laramie, Wyoming, of all places, from bridegroom Phil Harris, reveals to Cal that this pair is the happiest couple to take the fatal step in a long time.

Nothing gives us such a good healthy glow around the ticker. Two right people who have found the right people in each other.

"I'm going to marry Phil all over again in September," Alice Faye Harris told us. "His divorce will be final in California then. What's more I want to tour with him as much as I can during the summers. My picture schedule will have to be arranged that way."

Alice has learned from her former marriage to Tony Martin, you see, that absence only makes the heart grow sorer, not fonder, and with these two so much in love, they intend to keep that way.

Knowing Alice and Phil as we do, our money is on Happiness to win by a length.

Bob, the Unpredictable: Hollywood never knows where Bob Montgomery will bob up (pun premeditated) these days. His sudden decision to become an ambulance driver in France while abroad last year, left his studio in a high-class dither.

Now comes another surprise. Bob has offered his services to the government, has been accepted and has already been ordered to report for active duty as assistant naval attaché at the United States Embassy in London. When it comes to ship business, it won't be such a new experience, for the actor, many years ago, won an able bodied seaman's rating when he went to sea as deck hand on an oil tanker.

Incidentally, Hollywood is finding out Uncle Sam is one not to be dickered with these days. Needing Robert for a few more scenes in his latest pic, "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," Columbia contacted the Navy Department and literally got rocked back on its heels when the answer came back that Lieutenant Robert Montgomery was now, under Navy orders, already on his way to take up his London Post.

For once, Hollywood is having to play second fiddle and, what's more, it likes it.

(*Continued on page* 18)

STRETCH and COUNTER-STRETCH

*achieve new figure flattery in the "Side-Slicer"**

Mabs OF HOLLYWOOD Original

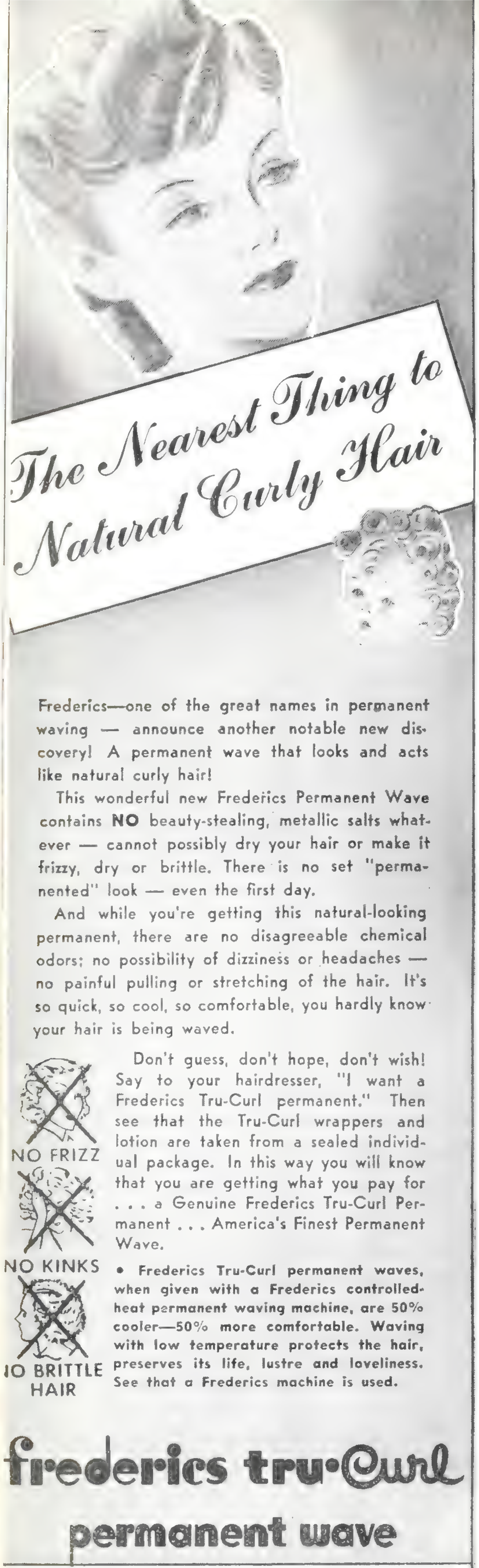
A NEW type of pantie-girdle designed by a prophetess of figures *not* without honor in her own country. It answers the long-felt need for a garment to flatten the side-hip-bulge with which every figure, no matter how slender, has to contend. The "Side-Slicer" is fashioned of satin and lace, with cotton, rayon and "Lastex" yarns. It has Mabs' patented Unit-Control† panel, which extends in one continuous piece from front to back, insuring a figure-conforming crotch and longer inside leg. To which add a positive flattening of the sides, due to the stretch and counter-stretch of vertical and two-way stretch panels. In tearose or white, sizes Small, Medium, Large, at from about $5.50 to $7.50. Worn here with Mabs' Brassiere in rayon satin, also with "Lastex" yarn, sizes 32 to 38, at about $1.95. The "Side-Slicer" principle is also applied to Leotards, as Mabs calls the one piece bra-and-pantie garments she originated, at from about $7.50 to $15.00. At distinctive stores throughout the United States.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF
†U. S. PAT. NO. 2,125,482
HOLLYWOOD SILK MILLS, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

made with

Lastex REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. . . . THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, makers of "Laton" yarn, 1230 Sixth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York City.



Frederics—one of the great names in permanent waving — announce another notable new discovery! A permanent wave that looks and acts like natural curly hair!

This wonderful new Frederics Permanent Wave contains **NO** beauty-stealing, metallic salts whatever — cannot possibly dry your hair or make it frizzy, dry or brittle. There is no set "permanented" look — even the first day.

And while you're getting this natural-looking permanent, there are no disagreeable chemical odors; no possibility of dizziness or headaches — no painful pulling or stretching of the hair. It's so quick, so cool, so comfortable, you hardly know your hair is being waved.

NO FRIZZ

NO KINKS

NO BRITTLE HAIR

Don't guess, don't hope, don't wish! Say to your hairdresser, "I want a Frederics Tru-Curl permanent." Then see that the Tru-Curl wrappers and lotion are taken from a sealed individual package. In this way you will know that you are getting what you pay for . . . a Genuine Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent . . . America's Finest Permanent Wave.

• **Frederics Tru-Curl permanent waves, when given with a Frederics controlled-heat permanent waving machine, are 50% cooler—50% more comfortable. Waving with low temperature protects the hair, preserves its life, lustre and loveliness. See that a Frederics machine is used.**

frederics tru-Curl

permanent wave

E. FREDERICS, INC., (Dept.201), 44-02 11th St., L. I. City, N. Y.

Send me a list of Frederics Franchise Salons in my community. Also **FREE BOOKLET** which reveals the "inside story" on permanent waving.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

P.S. Send 10c (in coin) for a Salon Size bottle of Frederics famous Color-Perfect Nail Enamel, "It stays beautiful longer". (Specify shade polish you now use.)

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Irene Hervey, Ann Miller and Marie Wilson at Martha Raye's swim party . . . nobody could see the tree for the limbs . . . (Below) Ann Sheridan, guest-of-honor Monty Woolley, Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Sara Hamilton and hostess Bette Davis. Ann and Bette will appear with Mr. W. in the film version of his "The Man Who Came to Dinner"

(*Continued from page* 16)

Cal's Favorite Laugh of the Month: Stu Erwin's young hopeful provided our best laugh of the month. Stu and his wife, June Collyer, were proudly seated in the audience of parents at a children's traffic school listening to the youngsters recite traffic regulations.

When it came his turn, young Erwin arose and with his eyes glued on his parents recited, "Always give Presbyterians the right of way."

It broke up the meeting.

Cupid's Ups and Downs: Like wildfire the rumor spread through Hollywood that Barbara Hutton had transferred her affections in a direction directly opposite to Cary Grant, and that Cary was once more courting his former love, Phyllis Brooks.

"Nothing to it," Cary told us. "I merely ran into Phyllis and a friend at Romanoff's one night and sat down with them for a sandwich. That's all there is to it."

But gossip still has it Barbara and Cary no longer care so terribly. Anyway we know they are both intelligent enough to manage their own hearts, and there we'll leave it.

News From Two Fronts: The stars who return from their entertainment stints at the various camps all report on Corporal James Stewart stationed at Moffett Field. Jimmy, if you please, has been made drill master and every new recruit at that camp reports to him for drill. And if you think feminine fans were avid in their adoration of Jimmy, you should know how those young flyers-to-be admire the lanky corporal who puts them through their rightabout-faces.

The reports have Jimmy looking worn and those who hoped the regimented outdoor life would do wonders for him are disappointed to find him thinner than ever. But not a word or hint of complaint does anyone hear from the corporal who is taking his job seriously. Incidentally, on a recent furlough in Hollywood Jimmy dined with Lana Turner, but don't get any ideas about it. While there are rumors of Lana's and Tony Martin's cooling, Jimmy is just a friend. We hear from Olivia de Havilland her romance with Jimmy is on ice. In fact, she hasn't even glimpsed him in nine months.

And by the way, Ensign B. D. Morris is handsome in his Navy uniform. We knew him, of course, as Wayne Morris but there's no monkey business with names where Uncle Sam is concerned. Wayne is called by his right name, Bert De Wayne Morris.

Look alikes: Robert Taylor and his mother, Mrs. S. A. Brugh, at a Hollywood Stars baseball game

From overseas we hear distressing news from David Niven, whose wife was expecting the stork. They have lost their expected baby and no two people could be unhappier. Two hours after David fetched his wife home from the hospital it was bombed out of existence. So there is always something to be thankful for.

David still keeps his lively sense of humor. Nigel Bruce was telling us of a letter he'd received from Niven which read: "The woods in Kent are full of primroses and England never looked lovelier. The only trouble is that in Kent you can almost smell that blankety Hitler."

Another Nivenian touch is displayed on his stationery, across the top of which is printed:

Major David Niven
By Courtesy of Sam Goldwyn.

A Comeback and a Comb-Back: It's not just the fans who are excitedly welcoming the return of Gloria Swanson to the screen. Hollywood itself has enjoyed a warm pleasure at seeing this chic star of yesteryear stride briskly out of obscurity to give a stunning performance with Adolphe Menjou in "Father Takes a Wife."

Proof of how highly most Hollywood folk regard the well-groomed woman who was the symbol of glamour in the 'twenties, was contained in an incident in New York the other evening.

Norma Shearer, in Manhattan for a round of show-shopping, took her seat at a Broadway musical comedy and recognized the lady directly in front of her. Norma leaned forward, tapped the woman on the shoulder and said, "Hello, Gloria! How nice to see you!"

Referring to her high coiffure, Miss Swanson said, "I hope this won't annoy you."

"Not at all," responded Norma. "Even seeing the back of your head is exciting!"

Two office bachelors —but no date for Joan!

Popularity and Jobs are Safer if a girl remembers to use Mum every day!

TWO attractive bachelors—both marked for success. And they picked Joan for a honey the very first morning on her new job. But why no bantering—no bids to lunch—none of the attention the other girls received? Well, Joan, the truth, the tragic truth, is—the girl guilty of *underarm odor* doesn't get or deserve the *breaks.*

Joan would be amazed if you mentioned her fault—if you deliberately said "Mum." She bathes every morning, of course. But she needs Mum to protect that after-bath freshness, to keep her safe all day—or all evening long.

Many smart girls—eager to get ahead in business or socially—make Mum a daily habit. They wouldn't dream of taking chances with charm when Mum is so quick, so safe, so easy to use!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch under each arm, before or after dressing... in 30 seconds charm is protected.

MUM IS GENTLE! Use it right after underarm shaving. So safe for fine fabrics that it has won the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible all day or all evening, yet does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

LIFE'S MORE FUN WHEN MUM GUARDS CHARM!

For Sanitary Napkins

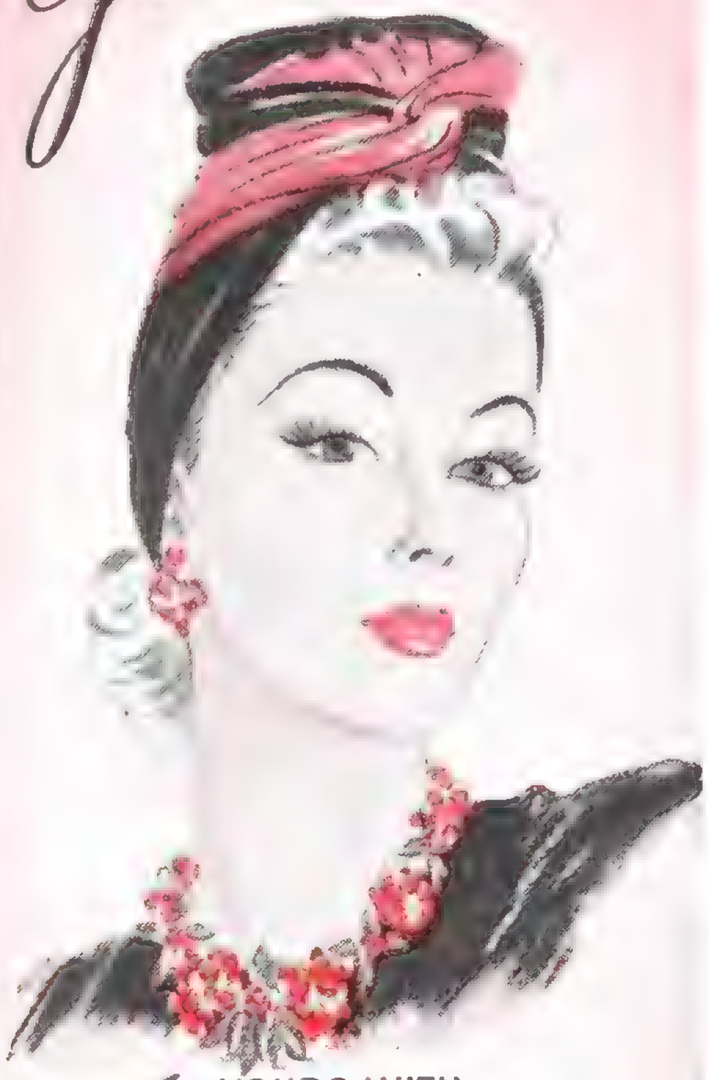
Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose. Use Mum this way, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

IRRESISTIBLE
Glamour



YOURS WITH
Irresistible
RUBY RED

Jewel-tone lipsticks flash into the limelight. Leading star of this dramatic mode is IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED . . . a deep, rich, sparkling red which blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. Softer, smoother, longer-lasting, thanks to our secret WHIP-TEXT process. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.
Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

IT'S Whip-Text
LASTS LONGER...
SMOOTHER

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

"A symbol of present-day Britain": Henry Wilcoxon (with Joan Woodbury Wilcoxon) of "That Hamilton Woman"

Speak FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Potential Oscars

IT MAY be early but I have already docketed two of my selections for the 1941 Academy Award.

Best Male Star: Laurence Olivier in "That Hamilton Woman." Olivier could have played Nelson as a Hollywooden Prince Charming with dentistry on view 100% of the time. Maybe that would have pleased better some reviewers who evidently were underread on Nelson. To his credit, he made the "Little Admiral" a historically veracious figure . . . stern and grim but with the inner glow of suppressed fire. I reached this opinion after reading more than fifty books about Nelson.

Best Supporting Role: Henry Wilcoxon as *Captain Hardy* in "That Hamilton Woman" . . . despite the limitations and brevity of his role. He'd be my choice even if my judgment weren't backed up by the remarkable effect he had on the audience. I was at the preview in Baltimore which was attended by British sailors from a warship then in port. There was no demonstration when Nelson died. But when Wilcoxon, overcome by tears, described the scene at Trafalgar to Miss Leigh, those sailors cried with him unashamed . . . not a bunch of sentimental matrons, mind you, but tough seafaring mugs! There is nothing so moving as a truly strong man in tears, and Wilcoxon had created a mood in that audience of personal grief. With his Homeric physique, rugged, honest face, and manly sincerity, he must have seemed a symbol of present-day Britain to those men . . . mighty Britain in her hour of anguish. Wilcoxon will probably get no recognition from Hollywood (he seems the most unappreciated actor there) but his greater tribute has come from the weeping hearts of those hard-boiled, heroic warriors. I wish he had been there to see it.

THELMA SNOW,
Mt. Rainier, Md.

$5.00 PRIZE
A Plea for Variety

WOULDN'T it be wonderful if Hollywood thought up some new way to indicate the passing of time? We are a little bored with calendar leaves falling like a snow storm and rapidly moving clock hands.

Some day before old age creeps upon us, we have hopes of seeing a Western in which the hero does not vault on his horse to chase or be chased. We'd even like to see him vault right over the horse and fall on the other side—old meanie that we are!

When A hits B on the head with a chair we would like to see the

chair remain unharmed instead of splintering to pieces. Ever try to break up an old chair even with an axe? It's not easy.

We girls would be quite pleased if the lovely heroine returned from a speedboat ride with her hair looking the way ours does after such an occasion. Not very glamorous, though!

Why is the movie effect of a blow on the head always indicated by the sound of twittering birds? We've had some nasty bumps in our day but we never heard a single twitter.

ALBERTA ORMSBY,
Hornell, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Old Favorites and New

THIS is something like! At last a fresh supply of leading men.

What a relief finally to see a few pictures in which Cary Grant, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas don't appear! Not that I have anything against these gentlemen. Indeed, the contrary. I like them (especially Cary) but after all variety is the spice of life—and movies—and new faces occasionally are a bit of a thrill, particularly when they belong to such attractive lads as some of the new crop. Glenn Ford, for instance. And Richard Denning. And Edmond O'Brien. And John Carroll.

I am elated, too, to see Nils Asther once more in the running. There's a star. Or should be. Goodness knows he has all the requirements—including personality, looks, acting ability, humor and intelligence.

Welcome, boys, you're swell.

DEE CHAPMAN,
Los Angeles, Cal.

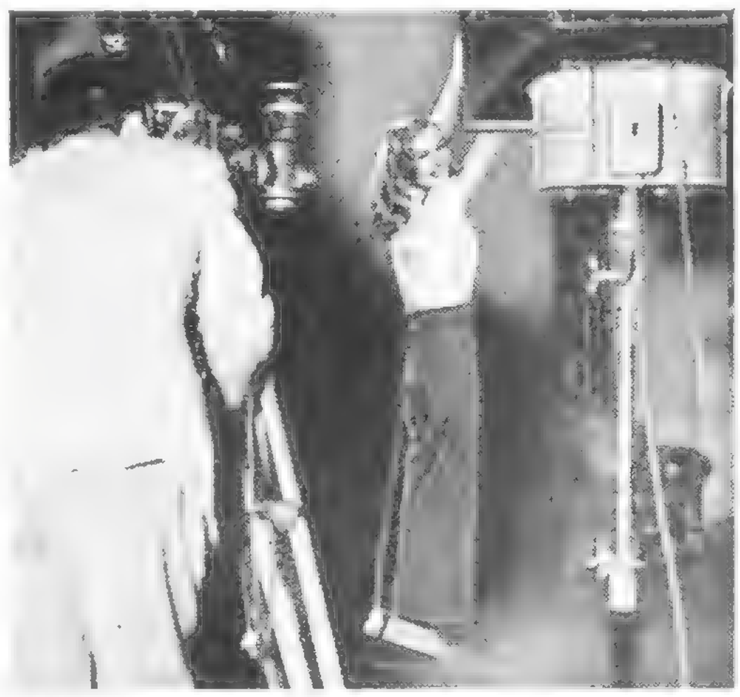
We're helping the cause with a Glenn Ford story on page 38.

(*Continued on page* 108)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

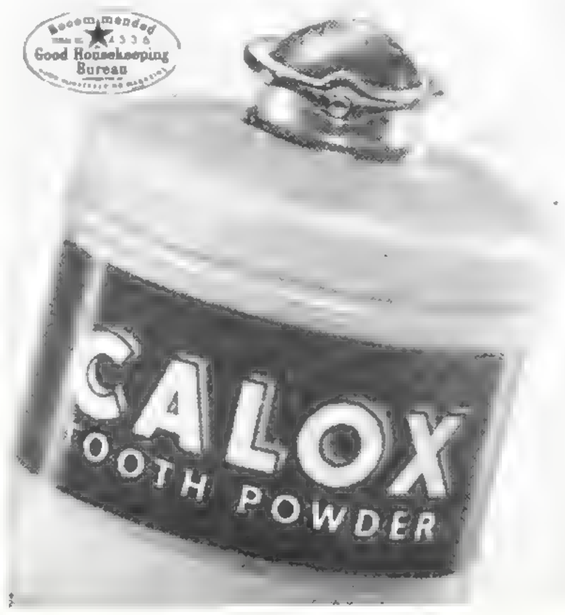
LOOKS LIKE A "GLITTERING" FUTURE, VERONICA!

VERONICA LAKE, star of the forthcoming Paramount picture **"SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS"** says: "Bright today and dull tomorrow isn't good enough for Hollywood. Teeth have to glisten always." . . . Yes, that's why so many stars use CALOX.



"ONCE I FELT NERVOUS about all those powerful lights," Veronica confessed. "But movie people are wonderful—they have developed a regular technique for looking one's very best." Calox is part of many a great star's daily good-looks technique.

"IT ISN'T VANITY...it's just plain common sense for any man or woman to take the trouble to *know* how to look immaculately groomed," says immaculate Veronica. Since fresh, sparkling teeth do so much to create that "polished" look—why not try CALOX Tooth Powder?



CALOX HELPS TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. A real *beauty* tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!

2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's doubled-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

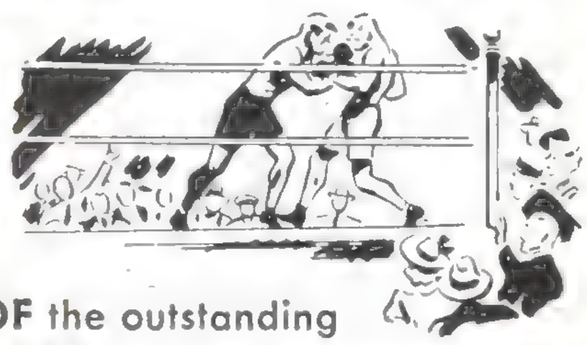
3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

HARD-HITTING TALK *about a* BIG PICTURE

BIG news! Republic has SCOOPED all of Hollywood TO bring you handsome BILLY CONN, the man who SHOOK the heavyweight CROWN that rests on JOE LOUIS' brow, IN his first motion PICTURE . . . And IT'S great! From OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S famous COLLIER'S MAGAZINE serial STORY, "Kid Tinsel," COMES "THE PITTSBURGH KID," A smashing, dynamic ROMANCE filled TO the final second

WITH tense, exciting action!... BILLY will be the outstanding SCREEN discovery of 1941—that IS our confident prediction. He is AS much at home on the studio STAGE as he is in the ring—and THAT'S saying plenty! And this GRAND story is made to order for HIS talents. Playing opposite BILLY, you'll find lovely JEAN PARKER... and the rest



OF the outstanding CAST includes ALAN BAXTER and a host of YOUR screen favorites!... So BE on hand when the bell RINGS for BILLY CONN in "THE PITTSBURGH KID"... IT'S a knockout... and it's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

BRIEF REVIEWS

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford, Greer Garson and Herbert Marshall—bagged by M-G-M in a super-talent round-up for "When Ladies Meet"

✓ *ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON*—Columbia: Although very British, Herbert Marshall is cast as a United States Senator, his English accent is forgotten in his very fine performance, but it's Gene Reynolds as the tough lad who is brought to Washington as a Senate page boy by Marshall who steals the show. Virginia Bruce is very pretty as a radio commentator. (August)

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS—Warners: Everybody tries so hard to be funny and the situations are so obviously and laboriously concocted that the result is clumsy and very unfunny. The story's about how Dennis Morgan tries to win back his divorced wife, Merle Oberon. Despite the support of Rita Hayworth and Ralph Bellamy, the whole thing misses. (August)

ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS—Republic: Sidney Blackmer and Katharine Alexander can't marry because they're afraid his divorce from Binnie Barnes is illegal, so everybody, including Mary Lee, Billy Gilbert, Jane Frazee, Leo Gorcey, and Gilbert Roland pitch in to straighten things out. (Sept.)

✓ *BIG STORE, THE*—M-G-M: This is supposed to be the Marx Brothers' last picture, and they're retiring on a high note of comedy. It's the Brothers at their best, with plenty of able support from Tony Martin and Virginia O'Brien. Margaret Dumont hires Groucho and Harpo to protect her nephew, Martin, from harm; and the picture takes them on their zany way through a department store. (Sept.)

✓ *BILLY THE KID*—M-G-M: The character of the notorious young outlaw has been so whitewashed that you won't recognize him, but Bob Taylor's sincere performance makes him a convincing and understandable person. Ian Hunter, Brian Donlevy and Mary Howard are the befrienders of the outlaw and Gene Lockhart is the villain. See it for Bob's performance and for the breath-taking and dramatic scenery, enhanced by Technicolor. (August)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal: Nothing new about this—murders in a spooky old house, suspect heirs, a scary housekeeper, the blundering young man who solves the mystery—but it's still good entertainment, especially with such actors as Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert, Broderick Crawford and Gale Sondergaard. (August)

✓✓ *BLOOD AND SAND*—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power as the ambitious, ignorant boy who becomes Spain's greatest matador, Linda Darnell as his loyal wife, and Rita Hayworth as the siren who lures him away from Linda, all give their finest performances in this colorful, glamorous and suspenseful picture of Spain's greatest sport, bullfighting. (August)

✓✓ *BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST*—M-G-M: No finer actress than Greer Garson could have been chosen to portray Edna Gladney of Texas, the woman who devoted her life to providing homes for nameless children, in this tender and appealing picture. Walter Pidgeon as the Westerner who marries Greer, Marsha Hunt, and Felix Bressart also create memorable portraits. (Sept.)

✓ *BRIDE CAME C.O.D., THE*—Warners: Jimmy Cagney, aviator, foils Bette Davis' elopement with Jack Carson by stranding her in a desert ghost town, to the accompaniment of all kinds of slapstick. Bette even falls into cactus beds, and in general carries on like crazy. You'll get a bang out of the comic proceedings. (Sept.)

✓ *CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT*—Paramount: The very idea of Bob Hope as a spoiled movie actor who finds himself in the Army is funny enough, but what Bob does to the infantry and the tank corps and the whole Army is a riot; he herewith proves himself the number-one funny man on the screen today. Dorothy Lamour is his girl friend and Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman his pals. Don't miss it. (August)

✓✓ *CITIZEN KANE*—RKO-Radio: The skill and artistry abounding in this absorbing tale of a man who bought a newspaper and created an empire of his own proves that Orson Welles, actor, writer, producer and director of this masterful picture, really is a genius. Joseph Cotton, Everett Sloane and Dorothy Comingore prove themselves brilliant performers. In fact, everything about the picture is wonderful. (July)

COWBOY AND THE BLONDE, THE—20th Century-Fox: When cowboy George Montgomery meets temperamental screen star Mary Beth Hughes and fails to yield to her charms, Mary Beth pursues him to his own corral in her efforts to get him. Both newcomers make a great showing and there's plenty of humor and romance. (July)

✓ *DEVIL AND MISS JONES, THE*—RKO-Radio: The riotous result of a sound story and grand humor, this is delightful entertainment. Charles Coburn is the wealthy owner of a department store who decides to become a clerk himself in order to find out why his employees hate him. Jean Arthur, as the clerk in love with Robert Cummings, head of the shoe department, helps to humanize the bewildered tycoon. (July)

FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS, THE—Universal: Marlene Dietrich is the beautiful adventuress who descends upon New Orleans and captures the town's richest banker, Roland Young, by posing as her own sister. Bruce Cabot is the sailor who also falls in love with Dietrich. Although the film attempts to be naughty and gay, it's really much too dull and slow for good entertainment. (July)

FOOTLIGHT FEVER—RKO-Radio: A hammy little number, with Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride, both broke, trying to find a backer for Mowbray's play. They finally hit on Elizabeth Risdon, who sees through their schemes but becomes their angel. See it at your own risk. (July)

✓ *GET-AWAY, THE*—M-G-M: Unless you're fed up with gangster fare, this remake of the old picture, "Public Hero Number One," will entertain you, for it's a rapid-paced, action-full prison drama, well acted by such newcomers as Dan Dailey Jr., Donna Reed and Robert Sterling. (Sept.)

✓ *GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and John Payne give us the story of the growth of radio in this tuneful and entertaining musical picture. John is the lad who wins Alice; Jack Oakie is responsible for its broad humor; and Alice puts over its catchy songs. The Wiere Brothers, the Ink Spots and the Nicholas Brothers add to the fun. (July)

✓✓ *GREAT LIE, THE*—Warners: Adult and sophisticated is this drama of two women, Mary Astor and Bette Davis, who both love George Brent. Mary all but steals the picture as the musician who marries Brent and then goes back to her career, but Bette, too, does great work as his second wife. It's one of George's best performances and the picture is a triumph. (July)

HER FIRST BEAU—Columbia: Jane Withers is the victim of violent puppy love when she meets handsome Kenneth Howell, to the bewilderment of her steady beau, Jackie Cooper, in this honey of a little picture. Jane's first evening dress, her aggravated father, Addison Randall, and Edgar Buchanan, all add to the fun. (August)

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU—M-G-M: Robert Sterling is the smart young night-club racketeer who flees the police and finds refuge and love on a Connecticut farm. Marsha Hunt as the girl who cares for him, Virginia Weidler, Fay Holden and Paul Kelly add plenty of punch to this human little document. (August)

✓ *IN THE NAVY*—Universal: Not quite so funny as "Buck Privates," Abbott and Costello's Army picture, this is funny enough to keep you amused and entertained. Some of the gags are hilarious and Dick Powell, Dick Foran, the Andrews Sisters and Claire Dodd add class to the antics of this pair of nitwits. (August)

I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND—Columbia: The eternal triangle again, this time on Devil's Island. Donald Woods is a sailor sentenced to three years, Edward Ciannelli is the crooked doctor, and Sally Eilers his unhappy wife in love with Woods. Everybody has a terrible time until a fever epidemic breaks out which fixes up everything; not that you'll care much. (Sept.)

✓ *KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE*—Paramount: Stage producer Jerome Cowan, musical composer Oscar Levant, and director Don Ameche search for a naive Southern girl for a Broadway show, and they discover ex-chorus girl Mary Martin for the role instead. It's breezy and gay, and Levant and Ameche rate cheers, but it's Mary's picture. (Sept.)

KNOCKOUT—Warners: Arthur Kennedy is a young fighter who marries Olympe Bradna and retires from the ring, only to be double crossed by his manager, Anthony Quinn. Virginia Field is the hussy who takes Kennedy from his wife when he returns again to the ring. (Sept.)

LADY FROM CHEYENNE, THE—Universal: Loretta Young, crusading suffragette for women's rights, defeats the town scoundrel, Edward Arnold, and helps women win the vote in Wyoming in the 1860's. It's a gay little Western and Loretta's very good in her determined role, as is Robert Preston as the hero who loves her and helps to foil Arnold's bandits. Pretty corny, but amusing. (July)

LADY FROM LOUISIANA—Republic: Mediocre story laid in New Orleans of the early '90s, with John Wayne as the upstanding young attorney who tries to eradicate the lottery racket and Ona Munson as the daughter of the main offender. (August)

LAS VEGAS NIGHTS—Paramount: This tale of vaudevillians who go out West to secure an inheritance features the swell music of Tommy Dorsey and his band. Bert Wheeler and Virginia Dale supply the laughs; Constance Moore looks beautiful and Phil Regan is very good. (July)

✓ *LOVE CRAZY*—M-G-M: You'll laugh yourself dizzy at this riotous bit of fun, with Myrna Loy about to divorce husband Bill Powell. In order to thwart her plan, Bill pretends to be crazy and is committed to an asylum. He escapes dressed as his own sister and the fun gets whackier. (August)

(*Continued on page* 110)

Bright Years Ahead

when skin looks like "peaches and cream"

YOU'RE never too old or too young to love owning a skin like "peaches and cream". And if you're the one woman in two who says some soap or other irritates her skin, perhaps you'll find Cashmere Bouquet Soap mild and agreeable to a sensitive complexion.

So use this Cashmere Bouquet Health Facial, daily.

First: Cream your skin with the generous lather of Cashmere Bouquet. Work it well around the large-pore area of nose and chin.

Next: Rinse with warm water; then, a dash of cold. Pat your face dry, don't rub, and see how gloriously clean and radiant your complexion is.

An ideal bath soap, too, because Cashmere Bouquet Soap is scented with the fragrance men love.

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WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

TYRONE POWER
A YANK IN THE R·A·F·
BETTY GRABLE
JOHN SUTTON • REGINALD GARDINER
PRODUCED BY
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
DIRECTED BY
HENRY KING
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
The aerial battles in "A Yank in the R.A.F." are authentic, and were filmed over Germany, France and England with the full cooperation of the British Air Ministry!
Watch for "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

Let's Compare Mental Notes

IT'S fun to keep track of your reactions to movies, especially the individual performances and the high or low spots in the story development.

I wonder if we agree on certain points about pictures which we've seen in recent months?

In my mental notebook I find that—

While "Tom, Dick and Harry" was in many places a vastly amusing fantasy, I was appalled at the picture it drew of a supposedly Typical American Girl. Does the T.A.G. really think so much about getting married that she discusses her chances with a stranger while bowling or blatantly tricks another stranger into a proposal in an airplane? I wouldn't know.

The funniest moment in that picture was when Tom said, "If you don't say yes, I'll just commit suicide," and Janie, with great interest, said, "How?"

And—still speaking of the Typical American Girl—

I never grew to like the character Bette Davis portrayed in "The Bride Came C.O.D." Her four-day romance with the fatuous radio singer, ending in elopement, wouldn't exactly endear her to an audience, it seemed to me, and this estimate of the girl was confirmed when subsequently she married the dope, although supposedly she had fallen for the Jimmy Cagney character. Of course it was not a legal marriage and it's all meant to be a jolly farce—but I maintain that characters must be believable and sympathetic even in farcical situations.

Items from the other side of the ledger: I should like to think that the little schoolteacher in "Hold Back the Dawn," played so sensitively by Olivia de Havilland, is far more nearly our T.A.G. Her clean-swept honesty, her sound judgment and above all her generosity in meeting the supreme ordeal of her life made her a human being to be proud of.

Returning to the subject of farces, I found that "Love Crazy," which was as heartily damned by the critics as "Tom, Dick and Harry" was praised by those gentlemen, was really a much more amusing experience. Certainly Bill Powell topped all his previous comedy characterizations. My one reservation was that the selfsame farce disregarded our sensibilities by making light of one of Amercia's most serious problems: proper handling of the mentally ill.

THE one spot in Disney's lesser achievement, "The Reluctant Dragon," which I should like to see again—and again—is the riding scene. I found the battle between the horse and the man lots more sidesplitting than the one between the dragon and *Sir Giles* in the later sequence.

In "Sergeant York"—otherwise almost perfect—the scene in which York's superior officers reason with him in the struggle between his religion and his patriotism strained my credulity. Would they have had time to talk a private into accepting promotion? Admittedly a small point in the face of bigger news, which is:

Gary Cooper is probably the finest actor on the screen today. (Who would have thought such a thing five years ago!) I had fault to find with his somewhat exaggeratedly languorous portrait of *John Doe*—but as Sergeant York I thought him flawless. No wonder he is the first important candidate for next year's Oscar!

. . . Or so it is written in my mental notebook.

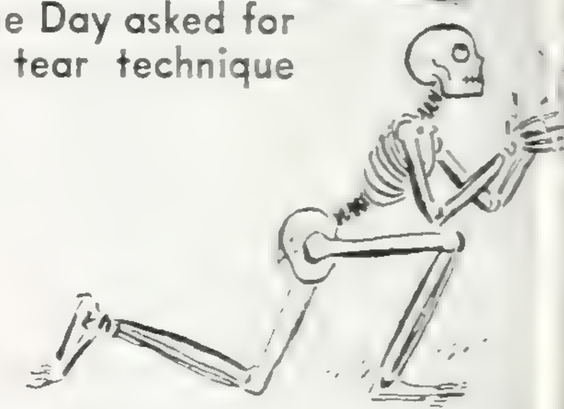
Ernest V. Heyn

Skeletons in Hollywood

Lionel Barrymore's closet is a shrine

Hedy Lamarr admitted what makes her weep when . . .

. . . Laraine Day asked for a tip on tear technique



By Hedda Hopper

WELL, here I am back again to rattle some bones. When two skeletons found each other in a Hollywood closet, one said to the other, "If I had any guts I'd get out of this!" Well, if I had any sense I'd never have got into this. Still, where there's no sense, there's no feeling—or am I becoming a bit confused?

Hollywood has an elegant variety of skeletons. Some of them I can tell you about, others I can't. There's the one belonging to a glamour girl, now happily married, who took on her first husband because he had a Rolls Royce. She was just dying to ride in one, but after they'd pledged their vows, she discovered the Rolls wasn't nearly so comfortable as her old Leaping Tuna she'd rattled around in for years—and had the marriage annulled.

Hedy Lamarr's skeleton still has plenty of flesh on its bones. It's that Czechoslovakian picture she did called "Ecstasy." There's a funny story about that one. Laraine Day, one of our up-and-coming actresses, can't cry for the screen. Hedy can turn on the tears at a moment's notice, and Laraine, who was dying with envy, said to a friend, "Gee! If I only knew what Hedy thinks about that makes her cry so easily!" Hedy, overhearing her, said, " 'Ecstasy,' my dear, 'Ecstasy'!"

Myrna Loy still wakes up screaming over the memory that as a flapper, she posed for a life-sized statue in scanties, which stood as a symbol of youthful pulchritude outside the Union High School in Venice. Finally some kind friends got together and persuaded the school authorities to give it decent burial down in the furnace room. If you want to make Myrna say "uncle," just sidle up to her and mention Venus from Venice!

Claudette Colbert hasn't got skeletons in her closet, but snakes. Claudette was just about fed up with pictures because she always played the sweet young maidens. She said if she could only play the wickedest woman in the world, she felt she could really make good in a big way. Along came C. B. DeMille and said he'd found just the thing for her—Poppaea, the wicked empress of Nero in "The Sign of the Cross." She did it, and got her contract renewed. But then followed "Cleopatra"—and Claudette has a deadly fear of snakes. All through the picture she was a nervous wreck, anticipating that well-known scene where she was supposed to neck with an asp. So C.B., who'd been out on his Paradise Ranch, brought in a huge king snake, harmless but revolting to look at, and when the great day came he walked casually over to Claudette's death couch with the monster coiled around his arm. Clutched firmly in the hand behind his back, he held the small garter snake which was the double for an asp. Claudette took one look at the king snake and began to yell bloody murder, upon which the old maestro said, "Well, if you're so frightened of this, I guess we'll have to use the other one." Then he presented the peewee garter snake, which by that time looked pretty good to Claudette. She said she'd settle for the peewee if he'd only remove the other from the set, so he did, and she did, and that's how Cleopatra finally got it in the neck!

Norma Shearer's ever present nightmare is the very slight cast in one of her eyes. Normally you'd never notice it, but when she gets overtired, that eye goes off by itself on a tangent.

Lionel Barrymore's skeleton is a beautiful house in Beverly Hills, complete with swimming pool and gardens, where he lived happily with his last wife, Irene Fenwick. When Irene died, Lionel moved out, leaving everything just as it was—her clothes hanging in the closets, perfume bottles in place, cigarettes in the boxes. He has a caretaker who keeps everything in perfect order, and once a month he revisits her shrine, spending an hour or two in silent reverie.

Jack Barrymore's skeleton is more like a bone pile, but then what the heck! He had a lot of fun collecting them, and their rattles never rattle Jack.

Everett Crosby, Bing's older brother, really had the voice of the family, but funds were low and he had to stick to his job of driving a truck. So he took (*Continued on page* 82)

Closets

Our gossip hostess invites you to peek over her shoulder as she opens the door on some filmland secrets

ere was real drama when
rry Davenport first met . . .

. . . his grandson,
Wally Reid, Jr.

I were being
rried in my
n village—"
ide Vilma
nky said to
idegroom
d La Rocque

udette Colbert, Henry
coxon in "Cleopatra"

All you have to do to make Myrna Loy say "uncle" is to sneak up and mention Venus from Venice

Your Wardrobe Tree

Do you sometimes buy "boners"? You won't this fall if you follow designer Edith Head, who shows you how to have a wonder-working wardrobe as distinctive as a Hollywood star's

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

DRAWINGS BY THELMA MORTIMER

Edith Head, designer for Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard and Madeleine Carroll is noted for her ability to create ultrasmart "young" clothes

Basic black dress

THE traditional time for resolutions is New Year's Eve, but we'll bet a Lily Daché hat, a party at the Mocambo or a subscription to PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR that there are as many resolutions made—on the distaff side, anyway—at the beginning of every autumn.

All summer we relax in the sun. Then—and usually it happens overnight—a tang comes into the air and we find ourselves sitting up and taking notice—of an inadequate wardrobe, among other things. This inevitably proves most alarming because, our ambition revived by a summer furlough, we plan all kinds of interesting things and dream of ourselves as the center of attraction while we do them.

Anticipating this perennial state of affairs, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR asked Edith Head to plan a wardrobe that would do things for a girl, see her through every possible occasion with a flourish and leave her enough money to meet her fixed expenses and even buy a government stamp now and then.

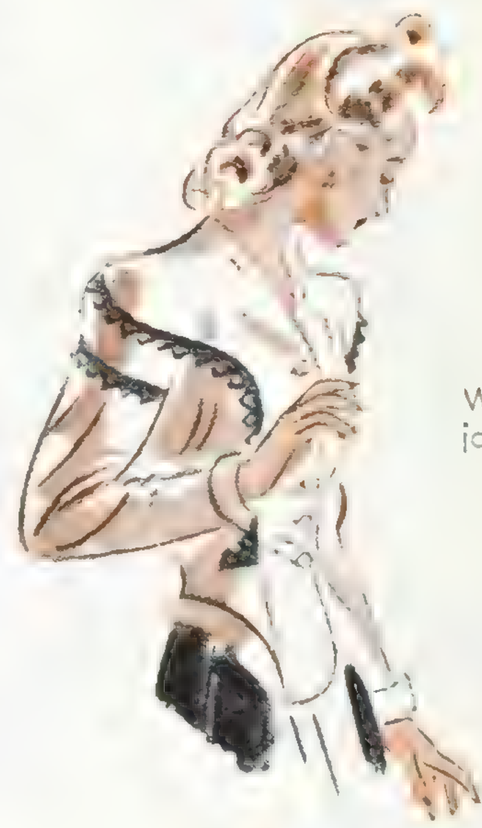
Edith Head, who is fashion designer at the Paramount Studios where she's designed clothes for Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Paulette Goddard, Barbara Stanwyck and Madeleine Carroll, among others, is noted for her ability to create ultrasmart young clothes and to high-light conservative costumes with imaginative touches.

One glance at her wardrobe tree will show you the first thing with which you must concern yourself is the bare bones of your wardrobe. The wardrobe skeleton illustrated here consists of a three-piece beige suit, including a topcoat, a basic black dress and a long black dress. (Beige and black Edith Head rates extra smart.) She maneuvers these three items, plus whatever boleros, hats and other costume accessories your budget will permit, so that overworked phrase, "I have nothing to wear," will disappear from your speech entirely. Oh! Happy Day!

NOW for Edith Head's exciting color suggestions. She says:

¶With the basic black dress I suggest a butter yellow jacket, or a wool-trimmed jacket in chartreuse and black.

¶Suede belts in two tones of black and coral or black and yellow will do wonders for both the basic black dress and the suit. You might also try leather belts with metal buckles and studs.



Wool-embroidered jacket over basic black dress

To alter the looks of the black hat: A jaunty scarlet quill . . . or a big black velvet bow . . . or jeweled hatpins

A basic three-piece beige suit

A striped silk blouse for the beige suit

The formal black evening dress can go to dinner with a jewel-trimmed bolero

Striped sash for the black evening dress

A to-toned suede belt or a leather belt with metal buckle and studs

Coral or turquoise necklace and clips

¶The appearance of the black hat will be changed if you'll stick a scarlet quill in the hat band, jauntily . . . **wear a jeweled clip . . . and a black** velvet bow . . . attach some veiling . . . or anchor the hat with gay jeweled hatpins . . . depending, of course, upon the occasion and the accessories you're wearing with the basic black dress.

¶Sweaters worn with the beige suit should be coral, lime green, or black. With the black sweater, shoes, bag and gloves also should be black—to emphasize the black and beige motif.

¶Blouses to be worn with the suit should be washable white crepe or striped silk in combinations of black, coral and white, or scarlet and beige.

¶To change the appearance of the brown hat worn with the beige suit wrap a paisley scarf around the hat band and wear a matching paisley ascot.

¶Additional skirts for the suit should be beige and brown tweed or plaid. The pattern and colors of the plaid must be dictated by the slimness you've maintained or attained—it doesn't matter which. It's also attractive to pick (*Continued on page* 97)

I Wake Up

IT was a hot Saturday night and I wore white flannels and one of those blue sport shirts and sat in the Roosevelt Hotel's Cine-Grill drinking Bacardis. Across the street at the Chinese they were having a minor premiere for the newest *Dr. Kildare* picture. Arc lights were swinging back and forth, limousines arriving, and cops holding off the crowd. I heard the noise and I was excited. At the same time I felt lonely. That sweet, hot loneliness that's like music. I was twenty-seven, had a play on Broadway, and now a studio contract. Those first hard years were over. This was it, I thought. *This is the works!*

On Monday morning I reported to the studio for work. The story editor was a nice guy. He said I should stand by for an assignment and gave me a load of shooting scripts to read. He conducted me to a nice big office with a couch and brown Venetian blinds.

For days I was afraid to leave the office because the thought haunted me that while I was out a producer might ring. I read all of the scripts. I ate big lunches and took naps on the couch. I became so bored that I began to practise pitching pennies against the wall. Later, I used to prop my door open—so I could hear the phone—and wander up and down the hall.

It was in the hall that I saw Vicky Lynn.

I knelt down, trembling . . .
then I heard the scream

Screaming!

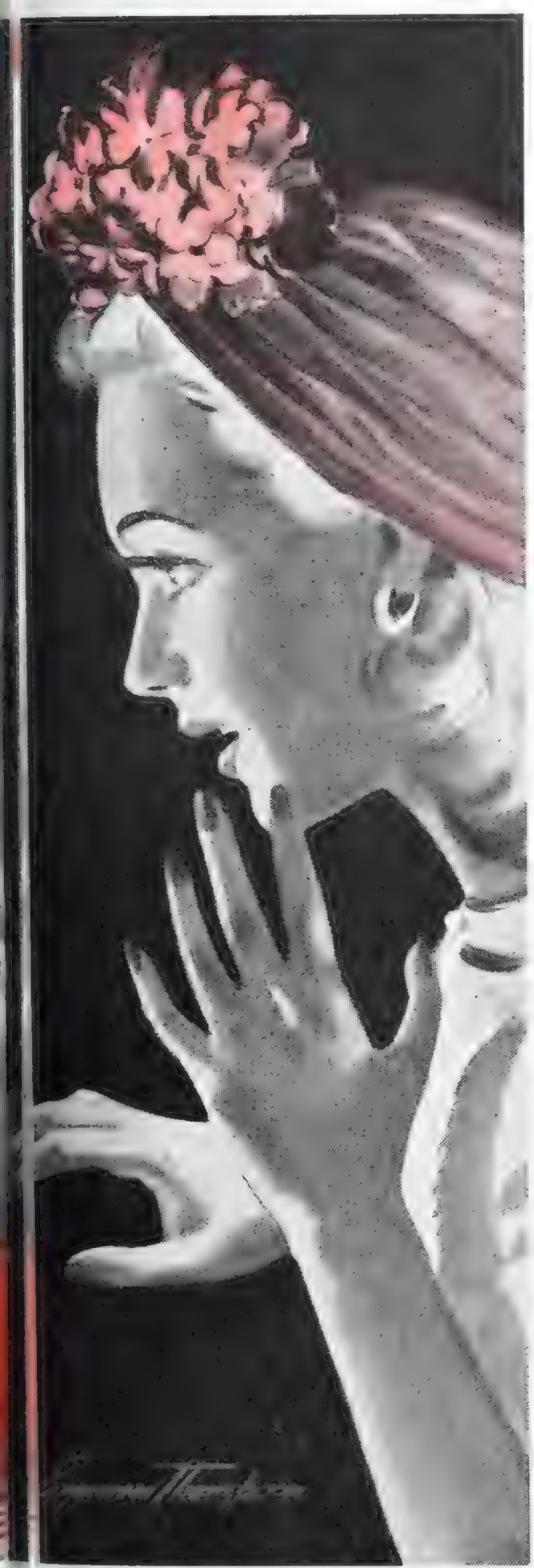
In Hollywood everyone is supposed to say "yes" to everything. But here was a girl who said "no." To men, to dates—until one man discovered the reason

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON

My first thought was that she was some star who, by mistake, had gotten lost up here in the Writers' Jungle. But she was a secretary. Her hair was golden and blonde like an ad and came to her shoulders. She was wearing a soft, pleated blue skirt, and a white middy blouse. I heard her laugh that day, warm, rich laughter, and I shivered.

That night I rode down in the elevator with Lanny Craig. He was a big guy with thick eyebrows, graying hair and a limp. He had started out in Greenwich Village, but he was not what even *he* would call a success. Here in the studio he was simply a three-hundred-dollar-a-week dialogue factory in the fast diminishing B unit.



"I'm playing polo Sunday—why don't you come out?"

"I'll try," I said. "Listen, that's really a honey upstairs, isn't it?"

"Who—Vicky Lynn?"

"Is that her name?"

"Yeah. Vicky Lynn." He laughed. "If you've an idea you can date Vicky it's a sad thing indeed. We've all tried, kid."

On Friday I talked to Vicky for the first time. We were in the switchboard room and I said something about the weather, and then I asked her if she had ever thought of writing a story. It was the old line. She said she'd written a story, or was writing one. I was too excited to get it straight.

For three days nothing happened. Then she came in, shyly, a four-page thing in her hand. Our eyes met only once, and she flushed, embarrassed, and I thought: She knows, and I know, that this is a game, and in the end it will mean a date. When she had gone only an hour I telephoned her and said that I wanted to discuss the story. I said it would be better if we talked outside of the studio. She hesitated, and I pretended it made no difference to me.

"All right, then," I said, "never mind." That was when she agreed to meet me.

I PICKED her up on a street corner and we went to the Beachcomber. We had a side table and the lights were soft. Polynesian waiters swished past and there was Island music. Vicky sat there shyly, and I was awkward, saying a lot of fool things that echoed back in my ears. You know how it is sometimes with a girl that's really terrific. I couldn't get started. My fingers walked back and forth on the tablecloth. The waiter came and I ordered Zombies.

About halfway through the first Zombie we were doing swell. Vicky laughed in sheer relief, and now she was gorgeous. I began to talk like a love scene.

"You're beautiful, Vicky! You're ineffable!"

"You aren't exactly fat and bald yourself," she said. "You're the youngest writer in the studio—except for the fifty-dollar-a-week junior writers. But we're starting the wrong way! A girl doesn't tell a man what she thinks—even in Hollywood! We're going to spoil everything, aren't we?"

"Of course not!"

"But we will! People always tell polite lies to each other at first—and we've been so frank—you'll hate me!"

"Sure," I said. "I'll hate you in heaven." We were merrier than Disney's mice by now. "Look, shall we have dinner?"

"All right."

"Here—or elsewhere? Name your favorite hash house, Vicky."

"It doesn't matter," she said. Then: "Would you like me to cook? I'll cook for you if you want."

"Ah—a girl scout!"

But it was a lovely idea. We left the Beachcomber and I drove to her apartment. It was a place on Franklin—you know, the stone statue on the lawn spurting water into a goldfish pond—and she shared two rooms on the fourth floor with her sister. It was average. About fifty-five a month. There were knick-knacks around, a portable radio, and a pretty, gaudy rag doll that sat on the floor, its head askew. I helped her fix dinner—chops

As we were driving back to town, Vicky said, "Haven't you noticed, baby? Jill's in love with you." Jill just sat there and didn't say anything

and fried potatoes and salad. When it was ready I pulled back a chair.

"*Voulez-vous?*"

She sat down and I scrambled into the built-in seat opposite her.

"You're such an elegant guy!" she said.

"You're such a pretty baby, gee—"

"No." She shook her head. "It's my sister that's pretty. She sings with a band. You'll have to meet her."

"I certainly will."

"She's three years older than I am —I'm twenty-two—and not engaged or anything." She paused, engrossed. "Of course—she's chased by Paul. He's our community millionaire. Every blonde knows one. One Sunday when she wouldn't see him he sent over roast pheasant and champagne—imagine Jill and I sitting here alone, eating a dinner like that!" She looked up. "And once he sent Jill a mink coat—she returned it, of course. She's like that."

"Would you have returned it?"

Vicky laughed. "I don't know!" She went on: "I don't think Jill's ever been really in love. I suppose one day she'll fall in love so hard she'll never get over it. Am I boring you?"

"In an enchanting sort of way."

"What a silly person I am! I'll drive you from the place screaming!"

WE finished the coffee and went into the other room. I sat with the long-legged rag doll on my lap and asked all about her.

"How come you took a studio job?"

"I always wanted to get in the movies. I thought that might be a way."

"Is it?"

"Apparently not. But a director took me to dinner once."

"Who?"

"His name is Hurd Evans."

"What was wrong?"

"He—well, you know how it is. And I—I just couldn't stand him."

"The heel." I looked up at her. "Listen—you're marvelous, see? You'll get in pictures and it won't have to be through the back door."

I was just talking. But it suddenly occurred to me that I had something. I felt a quick surge of excitement.

"I'm going to see about it," I said.

She frowned. "You don't have to say that. Everybody out here makes promises!"

"Yes—sure, but—you've got the groceries, Vicky! With a little grooming—it's personalities they want and—you know, I really think—"

I ran away with myself. We began talking about it. I'd hire a press agent. I'd send her to dramatic school. I knew an artist who'd paint her for a magazine cover. Then I thought of the idea of getting a couple of guys to go in with me as her sponsors. That would be the ticket!

She was a star when I finished talking. We were shouting promotion ideas back and forth. We acted scenes we remembered from pictures. We walked up and down reading Shakespeare.

Suddenly we had stopped the rehearsal and I was holding her in my arms. It was two in the morning. She clung to me and whispered she loved me, and she was crying. I laughed because I was happy. I kissed her warm lips. I told her she was Cinderella.

I MET her sister the next day. It was Saturday and I came up at noon. Jill was there. She wore a blue lounging robe and there wasn't any makeup on her face, but she was pretty. Her hair was yellow and came short of her shoulders. She was slender, taller than Vicky. I had a little florist's box in my hand but I stopped in the middle of the room and stared at her. She looked at me the same way. For a moment I felt a chill. She looked *very* familiar. It was as though I should kiss her and say, "Darling, I've been a long time away. How are you?" But then it passed. I imagine it'd just been that she resembled Vicky. When she spoke her voice was pleasant. It was a low, very soft voice.

"Hello. Vicky's talked about you all night and (*Continued on page* 112)

Frame for Fame

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S

Exclusive

Color Portrait Series:

Mary Martin
Appearing in Paramount's "Birth of the Blues"
page 33

Robert Cummings
Appearing in Universal's "Almost An Angel"
page 36

Brenda Marshall
Appearing in Warners' "The Smiling Ghost"
page 37

Joan Leslie
Appearing in Warners' "The Male Animal"
page 40

Mary Martin

Is a

TIMES have changed. The feminine world is no longer narrow, nor is it separated from the masculine world by the high walls of convention. Women are no longer looked upon as the weaker sex. They have proven that they are strong, capable and pretty well able to look after themselves in the field of endeavor. Yes, pants have had to make way for petticoats. Girls have proven men's equal in business, sports, politics. They are not only as capable and intelligent as men but they are as brave and daring. They fly planes across the ocean and hunt lions in Africa. In fact, they do so many brave deeds collectively that one is apt to forget that individually they are still very feminine and resent such cracks as, "The hand that rocks the cradle shocks the world."

Outwardly girls have changed. Inwardly they have not. They still want the same feminine things from life that Grandma wanted—a great love, a happy home, a peaceful old age. And they know in their hearts that the best way to get the most out of life is to "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Many girls do seek fame and fortune on their own. They work steadily and faithfully toward the top of the ladder of success, shoving aside everything that seems to stand between them and their chosen goal. When they reach the top, they realize that

by Bette Davis

As told to Harmony Haynes

Every girl will want to save

girl's past ever her own?

the happiness they sought is not there and once more they become just girls, impatiently awaiting the great love that seemed so very unimportant only a short while before.

This is still a man's world in spite of the fact girls have pretty generally invaded it. Since it is a man's world, men usually own the ladders of success that girls must climb. They can, and sometimes do, tilt that ladder in the girl's favor and make her climb either easier or more rapid. It's a great temptation not to take the easier route, but the girl who does finds herself pretty unhappy when she is perched on the top, looking backward and knowing that past indiscretions cast shadows on future happiness.

GIRLS, in general, could never be called bad, but many of them are rather careless. They just "don't think" or they think "it doesn't matter." They go blindly along until something happens to make them think and then they realize that the things that didn't seem to matter then matter very, very much.

There comes a time in every girl's life when she realizes that the only precious gem she ever possessed was her good name. She knows that her reputation is a lovely, beautiful thing. The thing she did not realize was that it is also very fragile. If that same girl owned, for instance, the Hope Diamond, she wouldn't put it on the floor for others to stumble over, to step on, or to kick about. No, indeed, she'd put it in a velvet box, lock it up in a vault and insure it for all it was worth. Yet a diamond, while beautiful and lovely, is definitely not fragile. It is one of the hardest substances known to man. Why should it have greater care than a reputation? A diamond can be replaced—a reputation cannot. Remember when you were in school you learned to quote: "Who steals my purse steals trash . . . but he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed."

Perhaps it seems rather old-fashioned and foolish to be good when all about you there are girls literally "getting by with murder." Look at Mamie! She was the town's bad girl and she wound up with a millionaire husband, a sable coat and a private yacht—maybe Diamond Lil was right when she lisped, "Goodness had nothin' to do with it, dearie." Yet, before you make any rash decision, why don't you take a look into Mamie's heart—maybe she isn't one bit happy—maybe she would trade all her worldly possessions for the one thing she lost—her good name. Every day of her life she is suffering for her former indiscretions. She never knows from one moment to the next when something in her past is going to bob up and knock her present and her future right out from under her.

Fate, that horrid little trickster, seems to be custodian of the past. How else can you explain why Joe Doakes, an old flame of your hey-hey days, should suddenly appear in Akron, Ohio, on the night of August 12th just as you are having a quiet dinner with a brand-new beau? Oh, Joe is a nice enough fellow. Any other time you might be glad to see him. You could talk over old times, part and forget. But tonight! If Joe starts talking of old times—and he will—that wonderful new beau will get the wrong impression. He'll think you were really bad when, as a matter of fact, you were only foolish.

OF course, you hadn't considered it foolish at the time. You were lonesome and Joe invited you out with his gang and you went. There was no harm in it at all. You didn't really have a good time but it was better than sitting home alone . . . or was it? A good name, like a bad name, has its price. Often the price is loneliness, because too many girls do not seem to understand that goodness can and *should* demand attention.

That sounds like a very complex statement, but let's tear it apart and see what there is to it. In the first place, I never met a good person who was dull. Did (*Continued on page 74*)

this. She will read it again and again. Someday she will show it proudly to her husband

Robert Cummings
RC

nda Marshall

NO SEX APPEAL?

He was too ugly for women to like, they said. So Glenn Ford turned out to be what every woman wants to marry!

IT HAS been a long time since Hollywood has housed a personage like Glenn Ford.

There are those reckless enough to go back to Rudolph Valentino for comparisons. Others who are less impressionable call him a Francis Lederer gone spiritual. A third group swears that he is Tyrone Power crossed with Paul Muni. About the only thing these curbstone psychiatrists have in common is the young man under the microscope.

Strangely enough it is the male animal that wastes time analyzing Glenn Ford. The female of the species is content with admiring him. Perhaps content isn't quite the word. Or admiring either. But the fact remains that right this minute young Mr. Ford could pick up the telephone and line up a date with almost any unattached lady in town. Not necessarily because every unattached lady in Hollywood goes to bed praying that the good Lord will arrange it so that Glenn Ford will knock her down gently the next time he drives his Cadillac roadster up Sunset Boulevard. A good deal of the local interest in the Ford lad springs from the dilemma "What Makes Sammy Run?"

Everyone in town, for instance, knows that when the bevy of belles

by
JOHN R.
FRANCHEY

It's the men who stop to analyze Ford; the women just admire him. Above: He plays tennis with starlet Patti McCarty

from snifty Stephens College (where Joan Crawford once studied the poetry of Byron, Keats and Shelley) came to Hollywood last spring and were asked by a wag to name the cinema idol with whom they'd love to get lost somewhere in the bayous of Burbank, the choice was Glenn Ford in a walk. What everyone in town doesn't know is that a young lady from Stephens lost a ten-dollar wager all because Glenn Ford didn't report to the studio on the day in question. She had bet her roommate that Emily Post or no Emily Post she was going to plant a refined smack on the proper spot of the Ford features as soon as he showed up. And what was Mr. Ford doing while scores of brave hearts were breaking and a determined little blonde paced the sidewalk in front of Columbia Pictures? He was spending a quiet day at home playing some records he had just bought, mostly Debussy and Tschaikovsky, on which composers he is something of a connoisseur.

That Stephens girls are as one with their sisters under the skin can be vouchsafed by the boys who toil in the mailing room of Columbia Pictures, the lucky employers of young Mr. Ford. Not in recent studio history has there been such a deluge of fan mail as is pouring in, some of it sweet, some sophisticated, some sizzling and some startling. In the wake of his toils and tribulations as the victim of Nazi persecution in "So Ends Our Night," the country's womenfolk want to make it up to the poor boy. Some talk of marriage. Others are less conventional. A third group would delight the psychologists. These are the ladies who want to mother Glenn. They send him fruit cake and peach preserves. They write and beg him to let them know what his draft number is and to tell him they have their fingers crossed. And they implore him not to go Hollywood.

Both species of fans crave photographs. The loot in a single batch of mail examined by this reporter was forty-four quarters and ninety-one dimes, which even Nelson Eddy will tell you is phenomenal. Mostly Glenn Ford sends pictures to all interested parties, dime or no dime. And unlike almost everyone in Hollywood he autographs every picture himself, instead of either turning the chore over to a relative or using one of those handy rubber stamps that produces signatures which look like the real thing. Operators of longer standing are ready to lay ten to one odds that Ford will mend his ways before the year is out and learn to cut corners. If they are right he will probably part with another of his charming habits which Hollywood finds even more incredible. Asked to sign an autograph, he does so with apparent joy and not the usual look of bored duty.

The topper to this is that the fabulous Ford never omits thanking the interloper, including the bore who hit him up for an autograph one night when he was having dinner with a young lady, was greeted so courteously that he stayed on and on, and even ordered a spot of dessert at Ford's suggestion. He probably would have accompanied Ford and friend to the movies if the lady hadn't risen to her defense and said to the dope, under her breath: "Beat it or I'll commit murder."

Young Glenn Ford, 1941's brightest comet, is a six-foot-one gentleman who doesn't look quite that tall. In a bathing suit he looks a trifle underweight. But don't go to fretting. Friend Ford is an assassin with boxing gloves, a brilliant horseman and a fierce fencer, so fierce in fact that he wishes his next picture would be a costume epic so that he could duel with Errol Flynn. Not that he dislikes Mr. (*Continued on page 77*)

Prize role was the lead opposite Cooper in "Sergeant York." It went to Joan Leslie, sixteen years old

The Love of

Joan Leslie

THREE SISTERS

The three musketeers from Michigan: Betty, Joan ("the kid"), Mary

You think she's the tops—Joan Leslie of "Sergeant York." But wait until you meet the other two and hear what happened

BY GLADYS HALL

THIS is a different kind of love story. It isn't the boy-and-girl kind. Perhaps it is misleading to call it a love story at all. But love can wear many faces and if the story of the one-for-all and all-for-one devotion between three sisters doesn't deserve the name of love—well, we think it does.

It is as pink-cheeked and bright-eyed, this story, as the cheeks and eyes of the three sisters. And as sturdy as their hard work and hard knocks and ambition. It does your heart good to hear it, this story of the three young musketeers from Michigan who struggled, three abreast, to conquer the world and reach the stars.

In their home town of Detroit, schools, banquets, clubs, Amateur Nights and Opportunity Nights came to know them as The Brodell Kiddies. Later, vaudeville in small towns knew them as The Brodell Kids, The Brodell Sisters and eventually, long before they reached New York, as The Three Brodell Sisters.

Hollywood knows them as Mary Trent, Betty Brodell and—Joan Leslie.

Which means that Hollywood knows only one of them very well, has taken only one of them to her gemmed bosom. But no matter. It is still all-for-one . . . and it is, equally, the story of all three. For without this unity, it can be doubted that "one" would have so soon become a rising star.

On the sound stage of "Sergeant York," Joan Leslie, happy tears in her eyes, went into the arms of Gary Cooper. The big love scene. She was acting. On the sidelines, happy tears in their eyes, Mary and Betty watched the scene. They were not acting. And the tears in their eyes were as self-forgetting tears as ever were. Because Mary, also under contract to the Warners, has only played bits in pictures thus far, has not yet had her chance. And Betty, who hopes to be under contract to Warners or some major studio someday, is studying dramatics and singing nights at Lindy's cafe.

When, a year ago, Joan's agent phoned the news that Warners had signed Joan to a term contract, the sisters, all three of them, joined hands with Mom and Pop and danced around the dining-room table, an old Brodell custom when the breaks come.

When Joan was assigned the role of the crippled girl in "High Sierra," when she played important parts in "The Wagons Roll At Night," "Thieves Fall Out," "The Great Mr. Nobody," there were more ring-around-a-rosie celebrations in the modest little rented house in Burbank. (*So* modest, indeed, was that house that when the studio wanted to make the first "home sitting" of Joan, the prop department had to take over chairs and drapes and rugs and practically refurnish the house so that "people will believe it's a star's home.")

When it was announced that comparative newcomer, Joan Leslie, "that sixteen-year-old kid, migolly!" would play opposite Gary Cooper, Hollywood screamed, "Gary Cooper, the lead with *Gary Cooper!* That's reaching the top! Does the child wear Seven League Boots?" Her sisters, alone, were not surprised. No, they tell you, not Seven League Boots; Joan wears sturdy, many times resoled little shoes, shoes that have trudged long and patiently the uphill route.

"We are not surprised," said Mary, "because ever since we started to work in the theater, when Joan was three and we were eight and ten, it was about Joan that people were always making prophecies. Old performers we met on the road, wise in the ways of show business, would tap their foreheads significantly and say, 'The little one, it is there, she will go a long way!' Betty and I felt it was 'there,' too. You see, she was so sure of herself. Not smug or anything like that. But when she stepped out on that stage, she had it!"

Now, undressing together at nights, helping Mom clear the table, sewing on the buttons Pop busts off his vests, he is so proud, the sisters reminisce about "the good old days" (all of a couple of years ago!). They laugh and cry together, saying, "Remember this . . . oh, gee, kids, remember that. . . ."

THE "nice house" in Detroit where they were born. Piano lessons and dancing school "just like other girls." Nineteen-twenty-nine—and the crash. How Pop lost his job at the bank. How they lost their home. Mom going about with an anxious expression in her eyes. And two little girls who knew it was somehow up to them to be the moneymakers of the family. At (*Continued on page* 95)

How to get a Fan Letter Answered

A correspondence course in writing to the stars for which your diploma will be a shiny bright letter from your favorite

BY VIRGINIA WOOD

Jeanette MacDonald dotes on letters that help her to plan her concert programs. Thanks to a fan, John Payne (left) cured his "athletic eyebrows"

Eleanor Powell took a tip on feet from a fan

ARE you one of those people who write fan letters to the stars in which you are continually asking favors? Or are you the type that coyly addresses the envelope in which you send your letter by using a rebus, a sketch, or something equally confusing and then complains violently because your letter was mailed a month ago and you haven't received an answer?

These are just two of the common mistakes fans are making every day in corresponding with the stars.

We're going to try to give you a few pointers as to why your letters fail to receive a reply.

First of all, we want to say that the stars enjoy receiving your letters. Unlike stage actors, movie stars get no applause when working before the camera, regardless of how fine a performance they give. Their only applause is the sincere appreciation expressed in your letters. And they love it—each and every one of them!

Naturally, most of the big stars employ secretaries or delegate someone in the studio to help them with their fan mail. When you consider that the average number of letters received by the stars range all the way from 1,500 to 5,000 a month, you'll realize they wouldn't have time to eat, sleep or act should they attempt to answer each and every letter without some assistance.

However, the secretaries of the stars are pretty intelligent people. They have to be. Sorting the fan

Bing Crosby's "Criticism File" is a very important part of the day's business

Jane Withers is an enthusiastic exception to the "don't ask for favors" rule. Jane even sends buttons off dresses on request

Claudette Colbert: "Only through the medium of letters can we know when we please or displease our public"

mail is one of their most important duties. Requests for pictures are turned over to the Fan Mail Department, as a general rule, and orders are filled automatically from the stacks of personally autographed pictures the stars have supplied.

Some of the stars send free pictures upon request. These are usually the post card or snapshot size. If you wish an 8 x 10 or 11 x 14 portrait, you are requested to send 25 cents for the 8 x 10 or $1.00 for the 11 x 14. This is because the stars themselves have to pay for all fan pictures and if you were in Clark Gable's boots, for instance—he sent out 156,000 pictures last year—you would see what an expensive proposition that would be.

For some strange reason—or maybe it's just human nature in the raw—the percentage of honest-to-goodness sincere letters is in the minority. In trying to work out some kind of a percentage, we find it works out something like this:

Requests for photographs..	50%
Flattering letters requesting money, clothing or some favor	35%
Letters asking for advice about careers	10%
Sincere fan letters.....	5%

From the above, you can figure out for yourself why more letters do not get a personal response.

At a glance, the stars have learned to tell the difference between an honest-to-goodness fan letter and one that is filled with flattery which is used for the sole purpose of obtaining a favor. Put yourself in their places. Suppose you should receive a letter, for instance, reading something like this:

"Dear Alice Faye:

"I think you are the most beautiful actress on the screen. I have never written a fan letter to a star before and you are the only one I am ever going to write to.

"Will you please send me the diamond bracelet you wore in 'One Night in Rio'? I am sure you have so many bracelets you wouldn't miss just one and it would mean so much to me to have it just because you wore it."

Then, suppose (*Continued on page* 87)

The way George met his wife, Julie, is another example of the dance-happy creed. One day when she was Juliette Johnson, the actress. . . .

GEORGE MURPHY has a creed. He believes dancing is a positive cure for almost every ill that comes along in an average day's work. He believes that if you are worried, sad, perplexed, you can shed worries, sadness, perplexities if you will just dance as hard as you know how for even five minutes. And the star of "Ringside Maisie" and "Tom, Dick and Harry" knows whereof he speaks—but definitely!

On the subject of his creed Mr. Murphy goes to town, with infectious enthusiasm. "Look," says he, those Irish-blue eyes of his putting in a lot of crinkling at the corners, "just look! When your feet start to patter, and your arms start to swing, and the blood goes coursing all through you as it is *meant* to course, I defy anybody to cling to a case of the blues. Get on your feet, in your own room, in the kitchen, in the back yard. Doesn't matter what kind of dancing you do—imagine you are in the arms of a partner, and whirl into a waltz. Or tap out a routine or two, if that happens to be something you can do. Or let your arms swing easily, loosely from the shoulders, and just move around doing casual steps. Try it! And when you stop, those mouldy blues will have jumped out of the nearest window—or I'm a Dutchman."

That is George Murphy's creed. He lives up to it, himself; and his energetic, busy life has proved that by dancing on, undefeated, a man can arrive at the top of the tree. He needs pluck, and stamina, too, of course. But according to George the pluck will come, and stay, if you make up your mind to dance the willies out of existence. As for the stamina, that goes with dancing, when you take it up in the professional sense. For dancers are the healthiest folk alive; they *have* to be! They are also the happiest, nine times out of ten.

George and Julie Murphy live in a small house, in the less fashionable section of Beverly Hills. Since their son, Dennis Michael, was born in November, 1938, they have added just one room to the house, for a nursery.

As in most Irishmen, there is a strong streak of sentiment in George Murphy. He is tremendously proud of the fact that his dad was the famous Michael Charles Murphy, athletic coach for many years at the University of Pennsylvania, and also coach for the Olympic Games. In a household devoted to health, strength, and athletics George grew up. To be in training seemed perfectly natural to him. His dad saw to it that his son kept every muscle as it should be, with the help of workouts in the big family garden. George remembers that garden as the best part of their home in New Haven.

George and Bob Montgomery are two of Hollywood's closest pals. Let's give the lowdown on their friendship and admit that they went to school together. At Pawling School, about sixty miles outside New York and not very far from the place where Bob has his farm today, young Mr. Montgomery took a dive into scholastic studies a trifle ahead of young Mr. Murphy; and consequently left school ahead of him. They saw nothing more of each other, though they had been good friends at school, until George was dancing with his wife at a New York night club.

Whirling in the spotlight's glare it is hard to recognize faces grouped round the tables. So George never knew who was there, until it was all over. Came one evening when, as they were dancing, the orchestra did a sudden dip from fortissimo into pianissimo, for a certain effect. In the abrupt lull a clear voice was heard announcing crisply—"It *is* Murphy!" And there was Bob, enjoying the show at a ringside table! That was their reunion. And now, they are two members of a little quartette that might well be named "Hollywood's Four Musketeers." The names? George Murphy, Robert Montgomery, James Cagney and Elliott Nugent.

When the Murphy-Montgomery-Cagney husbands-and-wives sextette puts in an appearance at an opening, in Hollywood, the fans get full value for their patience. Elliott Nugent, since he has been so busy on the stage in New York and points East, does not show up so often as the others. But he is one of The Gang, none the less. In his own house, or in the houses of other members of The Gang, George (*Continued on page* 79)

DANCE if you're blue

Go on—try it! Dance as hard as you can for five minutes. Then you'll frame this story about George Murphy

BY MARGARET CHUTE

To remind Ray Milland of Hollywood that he was born Ray Mullane of Wales is the 18-carat gold ring worn on his little finger. Given to him by his father when he was but fifteen, it is a crest ring of the Mullanes

Give me a Ring

Ring five for this prize item in Martha Scott's jewel box. An old-fashioned gold ring of Hungarian design, it has five separate bands, the outer circles set with rubies, the center band diamond-crested

Christmas graft is Barbara Stanwyck's topaz ring, a last year's Christmas tree present, with a matching bracelet, from husband Robert Taylor. The stone is a topaz; the setting is of rubies and diamonds

A-1 cowboy Gene Autry is an A-1 Mason who wears his ring steadily. Given to him by his wife when he took the 32nd degree, the ring is silver, has the Masonic double-eagle emblem on a separate diamond-set top

Pet of jewelry designers is Mary Martin, who adores novel rings. This one was a gift from her husband Richard Halliday. It is a special Paul Flato design composed of a tiny gold branch with diamond leaves

Third finger (but the right hand) decoration for Dorothy Lamour is this small old-fashioned round-cut diamond set in gold given to her by Greg Bautzer. Once his mother's, it is now Lamour's favorite jewel

Heart-on-hand pose of Joan Bennett gives a good close-up of the ring that Joan prefers to wear above all others. Of a delicate heart shape, it has a large diamond surrounded by red rubies

Some gems of pictures that will give

you a ringside look at your favorite stars

n some of their more sparkling poses

A third-finger left-hand man is Robert Young, who is seldom seen without the ring that marks his marriage to Betty Young. Of gold and platinum, it is made of a series of tiny, fine, very flexible links

First-fiddle cast for a first-run picture: Bob Montgomery, Irene Dunne, Preston Foster

Unfinished Business

She loved one man, but she married another, which was very stupid. But the way she squared things up was very wise. Matter of fact, it was stupendous!

THE CAST

Nancy Adams.....Irene Dunne

Tom Duncan.....Robert Montgomery

Steve Duncan.....Preston Foster

Elmer.....Eugene Pallette

Aunt Mathilda.....Esther Dale

Clarissa Smith.....June Clyde

The train gave another lurch as Nancy turned to face him. "Here," he said, "let me run interference for you"

Fiction Version by

LEE PENNINGTON

A Universal picture. Screen play by Eugene Thackerey. Produced and directed by Gregory LaCava.

"YOU'RE on your way to New York and adventure," sang the wheels of the Chicago to New York express as it pounded through the deepening Midwestern dusk. "You're on your way—"

"—to New York," a soft voice took up the refrain, began humming in rhythm with the speeding wheels, "and adventure." The voice belonged to a blue-eyed, honey-blonde girl who was struggling against the frenzied swaying of the express in an effort to get to the diner. "I'm on my way," she hummed joyously, but even as she repeated the words over and over Nancy Adams could hardly believe that they were true; could hardly believe that at last she had left behind the staidness and dullness of Messina, the small town which was her birthplace; could hardly believe that she had exchanged the security of her aunt's and uncle's home—which had been home for Nancy and her younger sister Kathryn ever since their parents' death—for a new and independent life of her own.

As far back as she could remember Nancy had dreamed of adventure in far places of the world, of thrilling huge audiences with the beauty of her voice as she had for so long thrilled Messina audiences, but always her dream had seemed impossible of attainment. Then came the day when Kathryn married, thus releasing Nancy from her self-imposed task of mothering the younger girl and leaving her free to start out on her own. Messina had melted into the horizon, New York lay ahead and "I'm on my way," Nancy sang contentedly.

Another lurch of the train almost pitched her into the arms of a passing porter. When she recovered her balance she asked him the way to the diner, but before the man could answer a deep masculine voice from behind her said, "Let me show you. I know where it is."

Nancy turned to face the speaker. He was a tall, bronzed young man with a devil-may-care smile.

"It shouldn't be difficult to find." She tried for a note of dismissal and didn't succeed too well. "I suppose it's on the train somewhere."

"I'm not so sure," he grinned in mock doubt, "the way we've been bouncing around."

"I imagine we're still on the track, though," Nancy observed tartly.

The train obstreperously rounded a curve. "Here," he said, "let me run interference for you," and somehow, Nancy was never sure how, he had taken her by the arm and was steadying her on her journey through the aisles.

"This is the first time," she gasped as the train went into another trembling fit, "that I've ever been on a train with square wheels."

Almost as an answer to her slur, the train gave a vicious jerk, throwing her off her feet and twisting her ankle so painfully that for a horrible black moment she thought the agony of it would make her faint.

Instantly the young man was all concern. "I say, I'm sorry," he cried, steadying her with a protective arm while she tried her weight on the injured ankle. The effort brought a grimace of pain and the man said decisively, "My billet's in the next car," and before she could protest he had half-carried, half-led her to his compartment.

"Please don't bother," Nancy said, "I don't want to put you to any trouble." But he paid no attention to her, as he seated her carefully on the low, wide seat, then dropped down onto the floor and began to examine her foot.

"A beautiful ankle," he observed, twisting it back and forth in strong, tanned hands. "The ankle of a thoroughbred."

"What are you?" Nancy laughed. "A horse doctor?"

He shook his head. "No, but I can recognize a thoroughbred when I see one. There's no damage," he looked up, his examination over, "that a few hours' rest won't cure. I shouldn't advise trying to walk back to the diner, though," he went on, "so why not begin the rest cure by having dinner here with me?"

SOMEWHAT to her own surprise Nancy found herself accepting his invitation and when they had finished dinner she realized, with even greater surprise, that she was telling Steve Duncan all about herself—about her drab life in Messina, about Kathryn and Kathryn's recent marriage and about her own determination to go to New York to try her luck at a career. She talked eagerly, leaning forward and fingering the three strands of pearls which encircled her neck.

Steve's eyes strayed from her animated face to the necklace and the soft white flesh beneath it. "Why," he asked, "do you wear those pearls? Why do you hide such a lovely throat?"

Nancy drew back, a little frown of annoyance between her eyes. "You certainly," her tone was resentful, "have a line."

"It isn't a line," Steve's own tones were serious.

Nancy was spared the necessity of making a reply by the arrival of the dining-car (*Continued on page* 98)

"Coop" of Hollywood: Gary Cooper, whose friends are legion, whose talent, displayed in Warners' "Sergeant York," is unsurpassed

Welbourne

Bergman,

heart

The little girl with the twinkle: Ginger Rogers, called "the rich man's Alice Faye," now playing in RKO's "Tom, Dick and Harry"

Miehle

NORDIC NATURAL

Number-one new rage in Hollywood today is Ingrid Bergman of "Adam Had Four Sons" and "Rage In Heaven"

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

"Better keep quiet about those things!" said the publicity men. But Ingrid Bergman, victorious newcomer, doesn't see why she shouldn't discuss what is closest her heart

IT TOOK a World War to bring a new deal in feminine charm to Hollywood. Ingrid Bergman is a Nordic natural who is going to make things a little tough for Hollywood's synthetic glamour girls from now on out.

Ingrid doesn't use make-up, false eyelashes, trick hair-dos, seminude evening wear, or a so-tired-of-it-all face. She doesn't need them. She's fresher, more beautiful in her unredecorated state, more unspoiled and real than any screen newcomer in a year of Sundays. She's a beauty who blushes, smiles and twinkles her eyes without realizing it—and the effect is devastating.

After "Intermezzo," two years ago, Ingrid Bergman was vaguely disturbing to Hollywood. But outside of that one picture she was only a lovely legend. No one knew her when she made it and she vanished back to Sweden the day it stopped shooting. But by now, after "Adam Had Four Sons," "Rage in Heaven," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and the war-isolated state of Sweden have kept her around long enough for a good look, well—Hollywood knows something has indeed hit it.

Ingrid Bergman is the number-one new rage in Hollywood today. And the current movie parlor pastime is analyzing just why. It's a little baffling to the home folks why this twenty-three-year-old foreign mother with long limbs and dairy-maid cheeks who has no pretentious tricks or publicity poses has lifted the limelight right over to her natural light-brown waves. For lack of a better answer they're saying she's a second Garbo.

We've just spent a swell afternoon with Ingrid Bergman and for our two cents worth on this pressing question, let us say that if she is the second coming of Garbo then Ernest Hemingway—who likes her too—is Little Boy Blue.

Ingrid Bergman (who calls it Eengreed Bare-mahn) is slim and tall and straight, with deep blue eyes and a throaty voice that registers, the sound men say, like Greta's. She can act like divinity and she's also a native daughter of Stockholm. But if she is another Garbo, she is a Garbo who laughs, a friendly Garbo who's full of fun and a good sport. She's a Garbo with genuine frankness and womanly charm. She's a Garbo with a heart.

A picture of Ingrid Bergman's heart is pasted on the inside cover of her make-up kit, ready to smile up at her every time she powders her face. She rushed from the last take of "Intermezzo," in costume and with tears streaking her cheeks, to board a train and journey to it. She came back to America last year carrying her heart off the boat in a little wool-lined knapsack slung over her shoulder.

Ingrid's heart is named Pia. The "P" and the "a" are for her father's first two names, Paul Aaron, and the "i" is for Ingrid. Pia is Ingrid Bergman's daughter, two years old now, golden-haired and sunny.

Nothing explains Ingrid's warm, natural charm more than her devotion to Pia and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. At the same time, nothing symbolizes more acutely the heart-rending conflict her Hollywood success has persistently posed between Ingrid's career and her private happiness.

The other (*Continued on page* 86)

Says Spencer Tracy of co-star Bergman in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde": "This girl is great—and you know how seldom I use a two-dollar word like that!"

Fashion Fables

From Foxy Grandpa's gay-blade grandson, who knows all about women

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

The Fable of the Hook, Line and Sin

ONCE upon a time there was little girl with a big waist. Sh thought she had to follow, to the word, everything written about styles, whether or not they suited her. So she did what that autumn fashion picture called for—had shirred peplums on all her dresses— and she bulged and bulged. Naturally, she couldn't hook anything (or anyone) with that line and she ended up by having to eat her sinkers all by her lonesome for the rest of her unnatural-born days.

Moral: Waist effort.

The Fable of the Veil of Tears

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who knew everybody said black was smart to wear. So she fitted up her closet like a funeral parlor and always went everywhere and did nothing togged up in black. Now it so happened that all black did for her was to make her look like a not-so-merry widow. So everybody started to cry when she came around and even the wolves shied away from her because, as history has it, they like little girls in red capes or night clubs and you can't get to a night club if you look like an ad for widow's weeds!

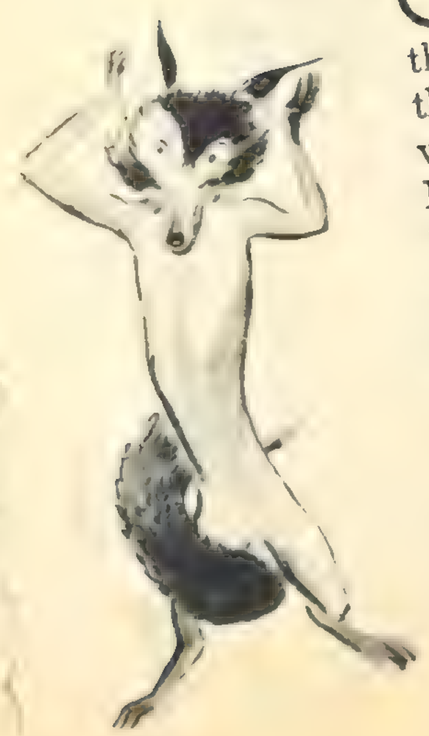
Moral: Black gets the bird.

The Fable of the Sour Grapes

ONCE upon another time th was a little girl who had gre eyes (but she wasn't jealous, sl was just dumb) and who blushe easily, which was very effective when she wore pink dresses that matched the blush. But she saw a pretty picture of a new autumn dress, a luscious shade of grape, the new fall color. So she went and bought it. And no one said she looked nice. She didn't. Every time she blushed—well, did that grape go sour!

Moral: You sometimes see red where there's purple.

The Fable of the Bad Crop



ONCE upon a time there was another little girl (that's two of them, kids), with two little curls that hung down over her ears, which were just like little Red Riding Hood's grandmother's, the big fake. She read where new hair fashions called for hair no longer than three inches and curled up. Alas and alack, her curls were three and a quarter inches, so she had her hair cropped short. From then on her auricular effects were terrific. But I ask you, what man, even if he were foxy, would want to whisper oracles into auricles (get it, kids?) like that?

Moral: Ear-muffed.

Yours,
Foxy, Jr.

The mode of the moment is military; Deanna Durbin cashes in on it with a striking white broadtail evening cape. Effective style strategy is the wide epaulet top with its stand-up collar that can be detached and worn over high-style suits or afternoon dresses. New husband Vaughn Paul approves the new hairdress; all girls endorse the jewelry—pink tourmaline leaf clip and a pink gold bracelet featuring emerald-cut amethyst, round diamonds and rubies; the Army will sanction the cape, a telling feminine maneuver on the autumn style front

Ray Jones

FOR FALL FASHIONS

YOUNG Mrs. PAUL PREFERS—

Mrs. Paul takes an option on black crepe for afternoon, selects a dress with self-belted girdle waistline, modified dolman sleeves and a gathered bodice to set off her brilliant diamond pin. A little black velvet calot with white ostrich plumes and starched black mesh veiling shows smart Durbin headwork and is a perfect pretty for p.m. fun

An "I must have" dress for the star of an "I must see" picture, Universal's "Almost An Angel": A Harvest Gold wool two-timer with dress and jacket that work overtime in fall weather. A tailored high-neck dress is worn beneath a self-buttoned collarless jacket that rates a second look because of its pin-tucked pockets set up high on the bodice

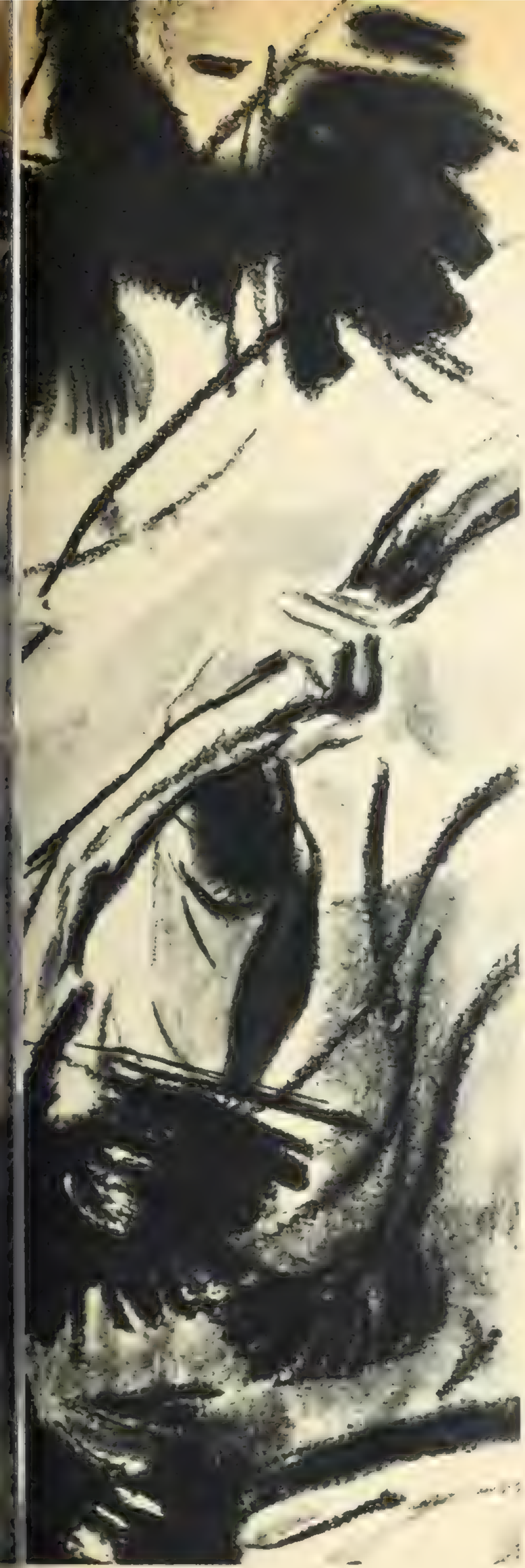
Deanna makes up her mind, but definitely, about a new fall fashion—lounging shorts that belong in any bride's trousseau and in every girl's closet. Tailored to fit a mood of formal informality are the new long black velvet shorts and the gay silk blouse patterned in tropical flowers—a combination that's purely party-minded

A double-entendre dress is first choice of Mrs. Paul for dinnertime dates. She goes sophisticated in black velvet, then causes a bit of delightful confusion by wearing her hair little-girl fashion and by preferring demure sleeves and white eyelet-embroidered lace inserts on her skirt. Which all ends up in high applause for the newest hostess among the young marrieds of Hollywood

Gay landed on a rocky slope, cutting her hands, but she didn't know it. All she knew was that Bob was coming towards her, calling her name

FLIGHT *into* NOWHERE

BY EDWARD DOHERTY



She was flying blind into nowhere, searching for him. And all she had to guide her was that strange and unearthly dream . . .

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER

The Story So Far:

Gay Stevens, fiancee of Hollywood star Bob Fuller, is the daughter of Major Stevens, retired Army officer. Carefully guarded in the Major's hangar are two important planes equipped with some inventions of the Major's that are of incalculable value to U. S. defense. On the afternoon of the day they are to be delivered to the Army, several strange men enter the hangar and kidnap the bomber and Major Stevens. Bob Fuller and his pilot, Scupper Davis, pursue them in the other plane, leaving Gay in the care of Bob's friend, Muriel Cowley. Two days have gone by with no word. Gay waits dully for the news that she knows must eventually come. . . .

THE telephone in the Stevens house rang shrilly.

Muriel Cowley leaped out of her chair. Gay merely opened her eyes.

"I'll get it," Muriel said.

"Thanks."

Muriel spoke in low tones into the mouthpiece. Gay closed her eyes again and Muriel, after she had put down the receiver, looked at her through a mist of tears.

"They've found his body?" Gay asked.

"No. But they've found pieces of the plane. The bomber. Army officers have identified it."

"In the ocean?"

"Yes. Five hundred miles off San Francisco."

Muriel went to the window and ran up the shades.

"Dawn. Can't I make you some coffee, Gay darling? And maybe you'd like some breakfast with it. You haven't eaten in two days. You haven't slept more than twenty minutes."

"I'm not hungry, Muriel."

Gay arose and circled the room slowly, looking at the newspapers that littered the floor, and at the pictures of her father, and Axel, and Robert Fuller that stared up at her, looking at the black headlines above the pictures.

"No news of Bob?"

"No," Muriel said. "I listened on the radio a little while ago. But he's a hero, thank God. The biggest hero in America. Nobody'll call him yellow now."

"No," Gay repeated blankly. "Nobody'll call him yellow now."

Suddenly Muriel burst out, "Oh Gay, if you could only scream, bite your fingers, go stark, staring crazy—then you wouldn't suffer so."

Gay stopped a moment in her walk.

"I know that my father is dead," she said softly. "The kindest, nicest, gentlest, funniest, most gallant man that ever lived. And I can't weep for him. He died as a soldier should, as I know he always wanted to die. Giving his life for his country. I knew they'd find pieces of that plane. I knew he'd manage somehow to blow it up, if Bob didn't shoot it down. There's a sort of glory about his death, don't you see?"

"No. I don't. If it were my father—" Muriel shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know what I'd do. I wouldn't just sit, and listen to the radio, and wait for the phone to ring, and read the newspaper stories over and over and keep fondling that old pipe."

Gay took the pipe out of her bathrobe pocket, thus being reminded of it, and caressed its bowl.

"It was still warm when I picked it up," she said. "He must have laid it down there on the workbench when those men came in."

She moved to the window and looked up into the serene blue sky.

"I had a dream last night," she said.

"About Bob?"

"Yes. He was flying out over the ocean. In the dark. I called to him, and he disappeared. I hunted through the clouds for him and looked down at every bit of the earth below. I sailed over mountains, but he wasn't there. And suddenly the mountains disappeared and there was nothing ahead of me or around me but smoke. Black smoke."

"Gay!" Muriel was alarmed. "You look like a woman in a trance. Snap out of it."

"SMOKE," Gay repeated. "Thick, black smoke." Suddenly she said, "That's it—smoke. He'll make smoke signals, wherever he is. I'll take his plane and find him. He'll recognize his own plane, won't he, if he sees it? Sure he will. And he'll signal me if he can. With smoke. That was how we met. In a cloud of smoke."

Muriel let the papers drop from her hands.

"Gay, listen. Every available Army and Navy pilot of California is looking for Bob Fuller. One of them is sure to find him. The phone will ring any minute to say he's been located—and if you're not here when it rings—"

Gay shook her head and started to the closet where her flying suit hung.

"No. It won't ring. I've got to find him, or try to. It may be a flight into nowhere, but I've got to make it, or never know peace again."

The red plane flew north over the mountains, circling, peering down into the valleys, skimming the tops of white and green and sun-seared peaks, scudding low over patches of woodland and (*Continued on page* 70)

Arthur Kennedy; Acting with his whiskers on in "They Died With Their Boots On." (Right) Anne Gwynne: A Texan, which makes her a natural for "Ride 'Em, Cowboy"

ROUND-UP OF PACE

Coming up! The latest data about the newest hopes of Hollywood, that will have you saying, "So that's why they hit the jackpot!"

Blond, Tousled and Going Places:

Jimmy Cagney saw him at The Lambs, famous theatrical club in New York. Arthur Kennedy, young, blond, and a mite shy, sat quietly through the get-together and spoke hardly a word. But you know old never-miss-a-trick Cagney. He remembered the lad after he returned to Hollywood and suggested him for the role of his musician brother in "City for Conquest." Arthur made an impression with his work in that picture, and has been here ever since, making "Knockout," "High Sierra" and "Strange Alibi" and is now enmeshed in the strangest lot of whiskers, sideburns and eyebrows you ever saw for his role in "They Died With Their Boots On." He grew them all by himself, too.

Behind him are four years of good sound solid dramatic training at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh. He had no idea of becoming an actor until he got hold of a pamphlet from Carnegie Tech and his eagle eye fell on the drama courses. No math, no sciences, no monkey business with the two sides of a right angle equalling something pretty gruesome on the other side, were included. And that settled it then and there for Arthur, to the astonishment of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Kennedy of Worcester (where Arthur was born), there having been no actors in their family.

Immediately upon graduation he joined the same Shakespearean troupe that gave Martha Scott her training. It was the purpose of the group to streamline the Bard into forty-minute versions; *Hamlet, Romeo, Macbeth* and the rest of the Gloomy Gusses could jolly well get across their belly-aching in forty minutes or stop their yammerings.

They were really good, these kids. They worked like demons, giving seven or eight shows a day in Dallas, Cleveland and New York, and people paid cash on the line to see them even though the troupe needs must compete with the summer attractions

(Left) Ray McDonald: The grin and the boy behind it are features of "Down in San Diego" (Below) Kay Harris: It takes a "bright girl to play a dumb one" so Kay has what it takes to be "Tillie the Toiler"

SETTERS

BY

SARA

HAMILTON

that surrounded them in the various parks, piers and fairs where they played.

Arthur remembers one performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." They were in Cleveland, playing in an open-staged theater. Suddenly it began to rain in torrents and to the astonishment of the audience—under cover, fortunately—out came the actors, each with an umbrella over his head. Imagine *Puck* chasing down stage, umbrella aloft, chirping, "Lord, what fools these mortals be."

Arthur's wife is blonde Mary Cheffey, also a graduate of Carnegie Tech. Her greatest concern is getting used to her husband's (*Continued on page* 90)

Ray Middleton: Muffles his superb baritone voice to play "Hurricane Smith"

"Sundown" scene: Gene Tierney as the East African native girl in the Wanger film

When a man has been loved by all who saw and worked with him, then suddenly passes beyond, everyone wants to know when — how — why

The last hours of JAMES STEPHENSON

BY IDA ZEITLIN

HE had taken out his first citizenship papers. He loved America and what he loved most about it was the absence of such class distinctions as exist in England. These he deplored as deeply as he delighted in the shoulder-rubbing we take for granted here. "The newsboy, the man at the gas station, the fellow who delivers the milk, they're so friendly," he said once. "You're their equal as a matter of course. It's heart-warming. If any good thing comes out of the hell of this war it will be the disappearance of social distinctions."

"The chance I'd been hoping for . . ." James Stephenson and Bette Davis in "The Letter"

There was nothing flamboyant about his feeling for people. He didn't talk about it. He had the Englishman's traditional reserve. To put what he felt into words was difficult. To translate it into acts of courtesy and consideration was instinctive. People recognized and responded to the warmth behind his reserve.

He'd been on the Warner lot three years when his performance as *Howard Joyce* in "The Letter" catapulted him into the limelight. Before that happened he didn't whine; after it happened he gave himself no false importance. The minor workers on the lot, often badgered by the ways of stars, rose up and called him blessed. He was always prompt for appointments; they could always get him on the phone. He thanked them for doing what it was their job to do. At all points his sense of appreciation was active. He got round an official ruling that fans were to be charged for autographed photographs by paying the charge himself. "They've paid at the box office once," he said, "that's enough."

Asked for a contribution to his fan club paper he wrote: "When the chance I'd been hoping for came at last in 'The Letter' I was a shivering mass of nerves. Two grand people took things in hand—Bette Davis and Bart Marshall. I shall never forget the help and encouragement these two gave me during the eight weeks of shooting; the complete unselfishness which allowed me every chance I was capable of taking. If only to be able to say so, I want to thank you for letting me write this letter."

Only a little over a year ago life seemed fresh with new promise. He was given the kind of role he'd been hungering for. And Peter, his baby, was born. He'd taken the news of Peter's coming with a calm which moved his wife to indignation, but she got her own back when he turned doting father. He was in the nursery one morning and she in the adjoining bedroom. Suddenly her face appeared in the doorway. "What did I hear you call that child? Not Coojy Woojy!" Caught red-handed he tried to be airy about it: "And what's wrong with Coojy Woojy?"

SIX months brought a cloud to the horizon. He'd been working hard, going from "Shining Victory" to the picture that was to be his last, "International Squadron." He was turned down on additional life insurance. His doctor assured him it was nothing serious; advised him to avoid strenuous exercise. It was characteristic that he (*Continued on page* 109)

Who Hates Whom

The word "flame" had special meaning for Marlene Dietrich and Bruce Cabot in "The Flame of New Orleans"

AS LONG as there are such things as temperament, ambition and competition, as long as frailties like jealousy and selfishness and egotism alloy human nature, as long as there are stars in Hollywood, there will be a certain amount of discord among them! Being, for all their glamour and exalted position, just people who live on this plain old earth and not in Utopia, it couldn't be otherwise.

All of which philosophizing is calculated to keep your spirits up and your dander down when, as you read on, you find out that that passionate kiss your favorite screen lover bestows upon your adored screen glamour girl may well have taken place in the middle of a rip-roaring row; that those screen pals, tried and true, really hate each other like poison; that those screen fights which you tell yourself were just good jobs of acting and directing were jolly well on the level!

In the first place, there are Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart. They've been feuding ever since the day "They Drive By Night" went into production. It began, as many feuds do, with a tiny, insignificant circumstance. Ida was sitting in a chair near her dressing room, studying her lines. Humphrey came hurrying by. Just as he passed her, she dropped her script and he kicked it, sending it skidding across the floor. But he went right on. No doubt he didn't even notice what he was doing. After all, all kinds of things lie around on the floor of a set. But Ida was annoyed. She muttered to herself about it. Came time for their first scene together. Ida, an unusually talented actress, did her part so well that Humphrey's "dead-pan" lines seemed to Director Raoul Walsh dull in contrast.

"Get into this scene, Bogie, or she'll take it away from you!" he remarked with more emphasis than tact. Color rising, Humphrey looked at Ida and she looked smug; or so he decided. Irritated at her and at Director Walsh as well, he put so much "into it" that he garbled his lines and they had to do the scene over. Whereupon, Ida

in Hollywood

BY "FEARLESS"

Starlighted feuds begin even as yours and ours—sparks set off by rubbing our neighbors the wrong way until the blaze gets out of control

A kick which the script didn't call for started the famous Ida Lupino-Humphrey Bogart battle

"Last man wins" was the cockeyed but grim basis of the Alice Faye-Betty Grable war. (At right) Anna Neagle's reserve plus John Carroll's pep clouded up the "Sunny" set

tried that old, maddening trick of the stage—she moved upstage, thus forcing Humphrey to turn away from the camera. That made Humphrey wild and he complained to Walsh. But the latter liked the new effect; he let it stand.

Came lunch time. Still ruffled but valiantly trying not to allow their differences to get the better of them, Humphrey and Ida ate at the same table with some others—and got into a political argument! Well, political arguments are dynamite these days, anyway, and with tension already between them, they were soon at swords' points.

And that was the way it went throughout the picture. Nor was this situation alleviated in "High Sierra." To the contrary. So when Ida was assigned to "Out of the Fog" and she learned Humphrey was slated for the male lead, she got on her high horse and refused to be in it if he was.

She won. John Garfield was substituted.

And so Ida and Humphrey still are —well, at outs. Funny how feuds start, isn't it? If Humphrey hadn't accidentally kicked Ida's script that day . . . But he did. And temperament and temper, assisted perhaps by plain allergy, did the rest. The Lupino-Bogart feud is one of Hollywood's liveliest.

There are also Anna Neagle and John Carroll (*Continued on page* 82)

THE MAN

Kathryn Grayson Married

Two who are young face Hollywood together—John Shelton and golden-voiced Kitty

BY JANE ANDERS

A CAR pulled up cautiously in the electric-lighted shadow of a tree in one of Hollywood's residential streets. The young man with dark hair glanced nervously at his wrist watch before switching off his motor. Presently his eyes picked up the slender figure of a girl rounding the corner. With one last glance over her shoulder she broke into a run for the car. Their greeting was brief as he swung open the door for her, then slid the car into motion. The sleepy street relapsed into silence, oblivious to the storm that was to center about the girl and boy who had used it as their trysting place.

For storm there certainly was, not only in the Hedrick home, but also within the giant den of Leo the Lion at Culver City, not to mention Hollywood police headquarters.

Meanwhile the car, bearing two excitedly happy youngsters, sped across the old 66 trail laid down by the pioneers across the continent so many years ago. At Barstow they skirted the Mojave Desert, heading for the Nevada line, and after five hours of wind and starlight pulled into the gaudy wastelands of Las Vegas, boom town of Boulder Dam.

It was well after midnight. A county clerk had to be routed out to witness between yawns their signatures on the license: Zelma Kathryn Elizabeth Hedrick and Edward F. Price. By special eloquence Dr. Albert C. Melton of the Immanuel Congregational Church was induced to marry them at one-thirty in the morning.

With the final "I do," the bridegroom took into his arms his young bride, kissed her gently, tenderly, and, shoulder pressed to shoulder, John Shelton and Kathryn Grayson started the long grind home.

There a sort of well-ordered pandemonium reigned. Not without reason were (*Continued on page* 93)

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desolate dark ravines. In midafternoon it landed at an airport north of San Francisco, a field Gay never could recall, refilled its tanks and took to the air once more.

Toward sundown the sparkling majesty of Mount Shasta came into Gay's vision and she thought, "I've failed."

For the last time she reviewed the calculations that had taken her on this course. The nearest point of land—starting from the X that marked the spot in the ocean where the wreckage of the bomber had been found—would be Cape Mendocino. Bob, Gay figured, would make for that Cape, especially if his gas were getting low. Then he would come down the coast, west of Shasta, and south, bearing east toward San Diego.

She soared up to an elevation of 15,000 feet and circled the mountain. There was no wreckage to be seen. She banked and started down, meaning to head for the landing field at Yreka. There might be news of him there. She looked into the glory of the sunset, and sudden warm tears gushed out of her eyes.

"Oh, Bob darling," she cried out, "where are you?"

She brushed the tears away and set her jaw. "Wherever you are, in heaven, or on earth, I'll find you, Sweet," she promised.

"Gay," she heard his voice saying faintly.

It was a trick of her imagination, she knew, but she answered, "Yes, Bob. I hear you. If I could only see you."

And then it came to her, electrifying and glorious. She had not just made up this voice out of her desperate need.

"The sky phone," she cried. "He's talking to me through the sky phone!"

"Gay!"

"Oh my father," she breathed, "how wonderful you were to invent that miracle. Thanks with all my heart."

SHE could not tell from what direction the voice came. She could see nothing below her but lengthening shadows and dying sun and great deep patches of black night.

"Gay Stevens. Attention. If you hear me, dip your wings."

Frantically Gay rocked the ship.

"Look for the smoke, darling," the voice commanded.

Gay looked everywhere, but the sun was in her eyes. She banked, headed south-southwest. And there was the column of smoke, black and thick, rising straight into the still clean air.

"That's it," Bob's voice said. "You're heading right toward us. We're all right. Only Scupper's wounded and needs help. I can't leave him. Make sure you locate us properly, Gay, and then get help."

Gay swooped down as low as she dared and the voice came to her more clearly.

"Don't try to land. You can't land. Circle around. Take landmarks. Come back tomorrow morning. You're lovely, Gay. I love you. Signing off, now. Bob Fuller."

Gay zoomed up again and tried to take her bearings. But she couldn't. The sun and the tears in her eyes, the tears she couldn't dam with her will or brush away with her hands, all but blinded her.

She circled the smoke column, two thousand feet above the mountain tops, three thousand, five thousand. And it grew fainter and fainter.

"It isn't evaporating, as it did in my dream," she thought. "But the darkness is hiding it. In a few minutes I won't be able to see it at all."

Her mind was made up in an instant. She would not try to take any landmarks. She would not leave Bob alone down there with his wounded friend. She made sure her chute was properly adjusted and headed the plane directly into the smoke. Then, at the right moment, she jumped.

There was no panic in her, as she had always feared there would be should she ever find herself compelled to bail out. It seemed to her the most natural thing to do.

She counted up to ten, pulled the ring and presently found herself floating down into the darkness.

She landed on a rocky slope, cut her hands and her ankles slightly, and didn't know it. All she knew was that Bob was coming toward her, scrambling up the mountain side, calling her name.

They stood a long time after he reached her, saying little, Gay's hands wandering over his arms, his shoulders, his face, as though to make sure he was real and unhurt; his arms holding her.

AFTERWARDS they climbed down toward a small bonfire.

"There's a highway not ten miles from here," Bob said. "I could see it. Right through there. But I didn't dare leave Scupper. I had to trust to luck that someone would see my signals and come rescue us. A pillar of smoke by day. A beam of light by night. But you're the first one to see anything."

Scupper lay near the fire, asleep and swathed in blankets.

"He got it pretty bad, but I managed to stop the blood and make him comfortable. He's tough. He'll pull through, if I can get him to a hospital quick."

"I'll go. I'll find the road."

"I'll have to let you try it."

They drew together again, and Gay said, "My father is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, Gay. We picked up the bomber half an hour after we took off and Scupper and I both fired a couple of bursts. But there must have been armor plate on that ship. There was none on ours. That's where Scupper got it. The bomber machine-gunned us and flew away. It never let us get near again. About an hour or so out, we saw a tanker. At its side was a long wide landing platform. Moored there. I didn't know what it was at first. Scupper said, 'Look, a sidewalk on the ocean. What's the gag?' We circled around, to get away from the tanker's anti-aircraft. But the bomber floated right on down. A perfect landing. Right on that strip of wood or cork or whatever it was. How they must have planned this job!

"It rolled along, slowing. Then, just as the derricks were starting to work, there was an explosion. When the smoke lifted, there was nothing below but driftwood."

Gay drew in her breath and shut her eyes tight. She remembered the Major's voice, "That ship must never be captured! In an emergency, it must be blown up!"

"I made for Cape Mendocino," said Bob, "to land Scupper. But I missed it in the fog. I didn't know where I was until I saw Shasta. And then I discovered the tanks were empty. I'd forgotten all about gasoline. So here we are. Lucky your father equipped the O. J. with such wonderful landing lights. Only for them I surely would have crashed. As it is I just washed out the undercarriage."

"Thank God," Gay said, and held up her lips for a kiss. She pressed her father's pipe into his hands. "Sit there by the fire, and rest, and smoke. And keep the fire blazing."

Scupper Davis woke and saw the two standing in a long embrace.

"Well how do you like that?" he said. "Company for dinner! Got any hamburgs with you, Sister?"

"Two with onions, coming up," cried Gay, and hurried down the incline to find the highway.

The End.

Flight Into Nowhere

(*Continued from page* 61)

How Old does your Face Powder Whisper you are?

Can your Face Powder Keep a Secret?

Of course your age is your own affair! But can your face powder keep a secret? Can it hide those first sly signs of age? Or does it cruelly accent every tired line—make you look a little older? Find your LUCKY SHADE—find your most flattering shade—in my new Twin-Hurricane Face Powder!

By *Lady Esther*

When someone asks your age, do you hesitate, just an instant? Do you drop off a year or two? It's no crime, you know... everyone wants to look young!

But if you want to look younger, more attractive—why use a shade of powder that may age you—even a tiny bit?

Are you *sure* that the shade you are using is the perfect shade for you? Some shades can hide your loveliness and charm—just as certain harsh, unflattering lights can. But the *right* shade of powder can give your skin new softness and freshness—enchanting new glamor!

I hope you don't choose your powder by looking at the shade in the box. You must try different shades on your own skin before you decide which shade is yours, which makes you look your youngest.

That's why I offer you this gift; I'll send you FREE all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all—let your mirror tell you which is yours!

What is the secret of Lady Esther Face Powder? It's the new way it's made—the first really *different* way in generations. It's blown and buffed by Twin Hurricanes until it is softer and smoother by far than any powder made the ordinary way. You'll love it! It goes on so smoothly and evenly, and clings 4 long hours or more. Women by the thousands say it's as loyal and flattering as any face powder they've ever used!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

Try All 9 Shades FREE!

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder—without guesswork and without cost. Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier! Mail this coupon now, before you forget.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (72)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

FLASH! ***Beginning September 15th, Lady Esther announces ORSON WELLES in an entirely new kind of radio entertainment. Columbia network, Monday evening. See your local paper for time.***

Who's Ahead?

BY GLORIA MACK

Well, you are, if . . .

. . . you're thinking about your hair. You should, you know, because it's the one thing men's eyes light on first and the subject that women always talk about. It's always bothering you because lots of things get in your hair—ends that are so brittle they break off and leave you looking like a peevish shorn lamb; ends that turn temperamental and fuzz up blithely in damp air or shamelessly turn to fuzz right in your own bathtub, for that matter; hair that keeps its set for about twenty-four hours and then disintegrates weakly into a kinky mass of nothing, leaving you grinding your teeth in desperation.

Well, you can stop ruining your inlays and start being happy because you now can have a soft wave that behaves itself beautifully and never cuts up. You can thank a newly perfected permanent process for that. It's the new tru-curl process and it does a lot of things: It does away with chemical odor when the operator is giving you your permanent; it shortens the time you sit under a heating machine and most of all it gives you hair you yourself can do anything with at any time.

Put on your thinking cap . . .

Joan Blondell, one of the "Three Girls About Town"

. . . and listen to Joan Blondell, who shops around when she buys a permanent, as every woman should. She wants a soft wave that she can brush and brush without having it go fuzzy. She also wants a wave that the studio hairdresser can play with and delight her womanly soul—and the director's—by fixing it in as many different ways as he has ideas without the slightest danger of its looking stiff as the proverbial ramrod.

So Mrs. Powell gives you this kernel of thought on permanents: "I couldn't possibly get the effects I like with my hair if I didn't keep a soft permanent in the ends, though I can't imagine this is news, as everyone in Hollywood does the same thing, whether she has a natural wave or not. Of all the time-savers and beauty-makers that modern science has given us, the permanent wave is certainly one of the best!"

Ride the crest of this wave . . .

. . . This is one of the newest coiffures in the hair-styling business. It's a slick three-in-one that works in the morning, has fun in the afternoon and goes dancing at night. All you need is a tru-curl permanent that you can handle yourself, and these simple directions:

A. M.—Pure and Simple

Using a good stiff brush, smooth the top crown section, then brush the front and side wave pompadour upward and blend together over the left hand placed flat on the head. The right side is brushed back, then up, while the nape hair is fluffed out.

P. M.—Suntime

Holding the front forelock section with the left hand, brush forward and upward. Then comb it smoothly over the back of the hand, holding the strand ends with thumb. Place hand at hair line and remove from the side of the bang pompadour and push slightly to accent wave impression.

P. M.—Moonlight Merrymaking

Brush the forelock back and upwards. Side sections are brushed in a definite upward line rather than back from face. The back crown and nape sections are brushed up diagonally from right to left with strand ends curling to the right. Hold in place with combs.

Come on, be an eavesdropper . . .

. . . Women are always skeptical, the perverse creatures. They sometimes don't believe what they hear, but they will swear by what they see. At the right is a picture of one of the fair sex equipped with a tru-curl permanent. We showed the picture to a young college boy. Said he, grinning, "It's about time the gals got wise and didn't wear those sausage curls!"

Photograph courtesy Frederics Permanent Wave Company

We showed it to a young businessman who immediately said please could he take it home to show his bride the way he'd like to have her do her hair.

We showed it to a young career girl. She wasted no time. She asked us what kind of permanent the girl in the picture had. We told her about the tru-curl process. She came right back at us and asked us where she could get it. We told her. We'll send you a list, too, if you'd like, of the salons in your community where you can go feeling like satan and come out looking like an angel.

"I do solemnly swear..."

BOSTON, MASS.: INVESTIGATORS TESTIFY THAT 892 OUT OF 1019 USERS OF ANOTHER NAPKIN SAID, "MODESS IS SOFTER!"

Professional visitor. This woman is a professional investigator. She is swearing to the results of an amazing "softness test" conducted in Boston, Mass.

1019 women made this test. Each was a user of a leading brand of "layer-type" napkin. Not a single user of Modess, the "fluff-type" napkin, was allowed to make the test. Yet 892 of the 1019, when asked to feel these two napkins, said Modess, the "fluff-type" napkin, was softer!

Those little kits carried by investigators held the napkins so that all identifying marks were completely concealed. Women making the test could not see which was which. The investigators themselves did not know for whom the test was being conducted.

What could be simpler? "Just feel these two napkins and tell me which is softer." That's all there was to the test. The only napkin these women might possibly recognize was the one they habitually used, and no Modess user made the test. Yet Modess won by a staggering majority.

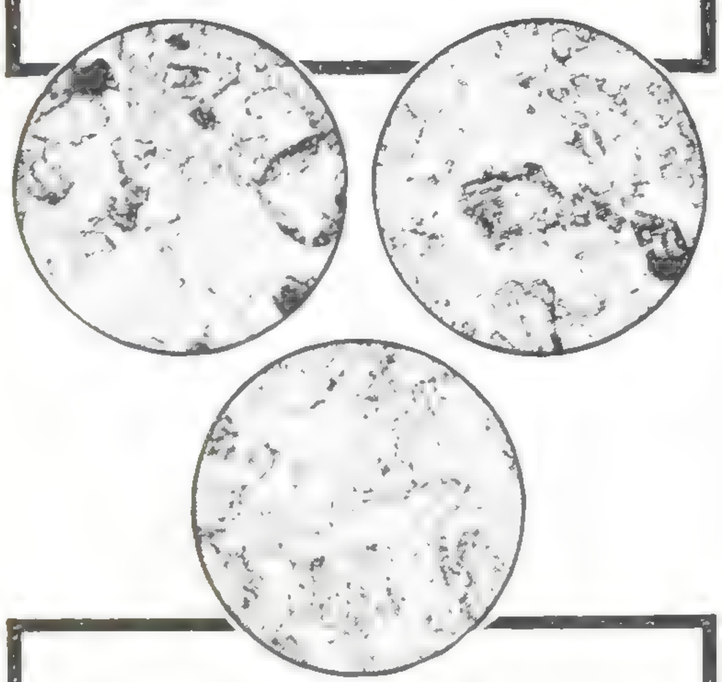
On the night of May 27th, when the final results were in, 892 of the 1019 women had said that the "fluff-type" napkin (Modess) was softer. And remember—these were all women who were users of the "layer-type" napkin. Amazing, isn't it, that women could go along, overlooking the fact that another and newer type of napkin might be softer?

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? That is something you can answer only by actually *trying* Modess. Buy a box of Modess today. Learn for yourself if it gives you the same comfort that has won millions of loyal users. You can buy Modess in the regular size, or Junior Modess—a slightly narrower napkin—at your favorite store.

Modess

892 OUT OF 1019 BOSTON, MASS. WOMEN SAID—"IT'S SOFTER!"

What baby powder is *smoothest?*



These photographs show how 3 leading baby powders look under the microscope. Note the superiority of Mennen (at bottom). It is smoother, more uniform in texture, because it is made by an exclusive Mennen process, "hammerizing."

Being smoother, Mennen gives better protection against chafing. Being definitely antiseptic, it helps protect baby's skin against germs. And you'll like its new, delicate fragrance.

MENNEN
BORATED POWDER
(*Antiseptic*)

"I Paid HITLER'S Way to POWER!"

Fritz Thyssen, who as Germany's greatest industrialist poured millions into the Nazi regime, almost single-handedly financed Hitler's maniacal scheme to bring chaos to the modern world. Although Thyssen has mysteriously vanished, he has given the world a priceless document—his historic memoirs, and secret papers about Nazism as only he knew it!

And Liberty is now publishing this extraordinary expose for the first time in the world. Read this history-making news—the unblanched truth about Hitler—in Liberty today.

Get the Latest Issue Today

Liberty 5¢

Is a Girl's Past Ever Her Own?

(*Continued from page 35*)

you? They always have something to talk about that seems worth listening to. They lead interesting lives. They are always doing something worth while and, since they have nothing to hide, they can share their deeds and thoughts with others.

Here's another thing for good girls to think about. I never met a man, in any walk of life, who wasn't honestly and sincerely glad to meet a good girl. Now, don't misunderstand me. That same man might be temporarily disappointed to discover that the girl present was good because a good girl could not possibly fit in with his plans for the evening—he probably had a bit of deviltry on his mind. But, nevertheless, right down in his heart he's tickled and sooner or later he'll call that girl for a date and when he does it will be for a date in keeping with her goodness.

Does the word "prude" make you cringe? It should make you beam with pride because when someone shouts "prude" at you, you know that the shouter has recognized in you something lacking in his (or her) own make-up. Goodness, you know, always rankles with the not-so-good and the only way they can cover up that feeling of inferiority is to sneer, "prude."

Too many girls stake their popularity on the fact that they are recognized as "good sports" and never stop to realize that they are also staking their reputations on the same thing. When the expression first originated, it probably had a very flattering meaning, but today it is used to cover up most any act and therefore it is no longer a genuine compliment. When you hear some girl referred to as a "good sport" you don't know whether she is being praised because she has just played an excellent game of tennis or whether she is being excused because "she'll try anything once."

It seems to be an accepted fact that "good sports" are popular and "prudes" are not. Nothing could be more untrue—in the final analysis. Good sports are dated every night in the week—prudes are saved for special dates. Good sports get plenty of rings on the telephone, but prudes get them on the finger. Men take good sports *out*—they take prudes home, —yes, right home to Mother and Dad and all the neighbors.

NOW we come to the question of just what we mean by goodness. It isn't easy to explain, but maybe this will help. There is only one person in the world with whom you must live the rest of your life. That person is yourself. Be sure that you are the sort of girl with whom you won't mind living forever. At all times you must like yourself because you cannot be very happy living with someone you don't like. Whenever you are about to do something tonight just pause long enough to consider whether or not you will still like yourself tomorrow.

Now, we're all human; therefore, none of us is perfect. We all have foolish faults and annoying habits. Don't be too strict with yourself. Give yourself the same tolerance you would give your best friend. There are times when you might be forced into a situation that shows you in a bad light. If it isn't your fault and you can't do anything about it—then don't brood about it, but see that it doesn't happen again. Anyone is apt to make a mistake, otherwise experience would not be the great teacher that she is, but if you keep on making the same mistakes, you're a pretty dull pupil and teacher is apt to assign you a lesson that you'll never forget.

Woodrow Wilson used to say, "The truth needs no defense. It is strong enough to stand by itself." That may be true provided the truth is known, but circumstantial evidence is pretty strong, too. If you're seen with a rowdy crowd, you're pretty apt to be considered rowdy by those who do not actually know you. So you not only must *be* good—you must *look* good.

That's where doors come in handy. You can close your door against people who would ruin your good name. And don't be afraid to close it! Suppose you do sit there alone once in a while—isn't it better to be alone in your own house than alone in a crowd? People should appreciate doors much more than they do because doors can be opened to happiness and can be closed upon unhappiness.

A little while ago I said that we all make mistakes, but I feel that we can be forgiven any mistake that did not seem wrong at the time it was made.

OFTEN the question arises: Should a girl tell her past to the man she loves?

Yes, I think so, especially if it contains the sort of mistakes we just mentioned. If she does not tell she is always running the risk that someone else will. That someone else might not be so tactful in the telling and the knowledge would come to the man as a shock. A confession can usually be forgiven—that is not so true of a shock. Of course, no person, man or woman, ever tells *all*. He or she might honestly try to, but there is always something held back—something personally emotional that cannot be shared with anyone else. Perhaps it is better to reveal the facts of the case and not attempt to turn your soul inside out for the world to see.

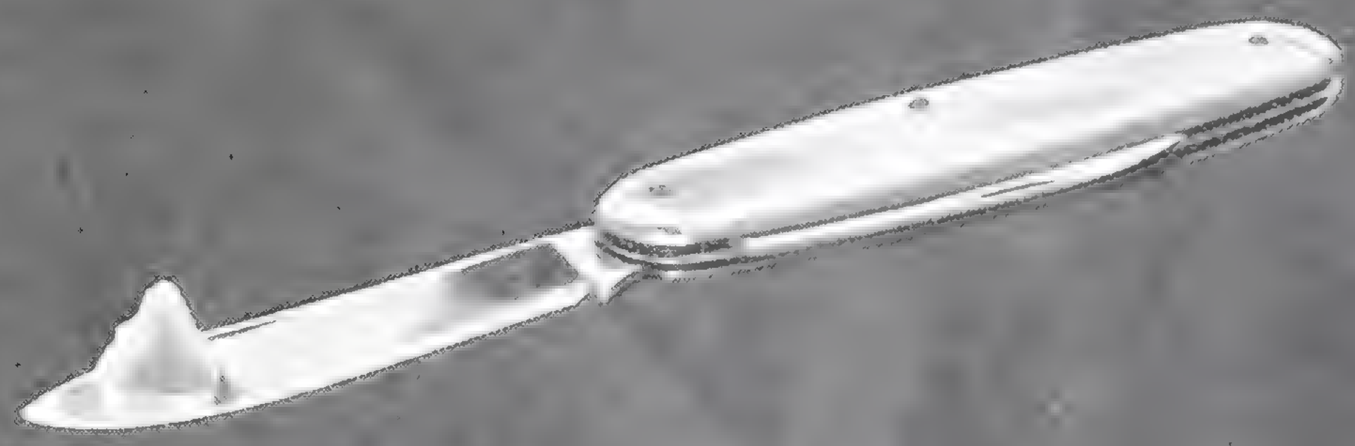
Will the man forgive you? If he truly loves you, I'm sure he will. He should. For, after all, when a man asks a girl to marry him it goes without saying that he also automatically asks her to forgive his past indiscretions.

Some girls make the mistake of thinking they can run away from a past, or separate it from a future. To attempt such a thing is folly. It will only arouse unnecessary suspicion. Sooner or later, Joe Doakes will show up. If you refuse to introduce him, you'll find your man of the moment thinking, "Now, just why doesn't she want me to meet Joe?" You can cope with an open mind that knows the truth, but you'll be pretty helpless against a mind filled with doubt and suspicion.

Sometimes I think it is too bad that a man cannot look deeply into the heart of the girl who loves him. If he could he would realize that no matter how many men she may have known in the past, she now regrets them all and wishes that he were the only man she had ever known.

It is too bad that girls cannot look into their own hearts. If they could they would realize that all the time they are seeking popularity, they are actually seeking love—and when love comes, popularity is a burden and a bore.

You have asked if a girl's past is ever her own. I would say "yes," all her own—her own problem. No one else has to answer for it. No one else has to bother with it. Very, very lucky, indeed, is the girl whose past doesn't bother her.



FIRST LACK OF DEFENSE

You hear a lot today about a shortage of aluminum.

You hear of bottlenecks in the defense industry . . . of a scarcity of planes and tanks.

But one of the greatest deficiencies in our national defense is a white crystalline powder—a tasteless, odorless, colorless food ingredient that is as vital to our national strength as battleships or TNT.

This ingredient is Vitamin B_1.

• • •

WITHOUT VITAMIN B_1, human muscles tire easily, the brain does not think well, appetite fails, we become moody, sluggish, even lose courage.

The strength of the nation lies in its man power, and the power of men, we have come to know, depends to a great extent upon Vitamin B_1. A national deficiency in this essential, therefore, means a serious shortage in national energy—and we *have had* a national deficiency!

American bakers now have ways to supply Vitamin B_1 and other members of the B-complex "family" plus food iron in "*Enriched Bread.*"

You will find "*Enriched Bread*" so labeled regardless of who the baker is who bakes it. This is the signal to you that this *white* bread has been given certain qualities of the whole-wheat grain heretofore lost.

This "*Enriched Bread*" looks and tastes exactly like ordinary white bread, yet it adds to *your* diet precious food elements that everyone must have.

WHERE YOU SEE "*Enriched Bread*" displayed, where you see "*Enriched Bread*" advertised in counter and window signs, those bakers and grocers are contributing to our national strength.

This advertisement is approved by the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Dept. of Agriculture. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

THE *MAGIC* FOODS

"Man does not live by bread alone." But it takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add anything else you like—which agrees with you—to your table.

MILK—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein and calcium. "Irradiated" milk—for Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.

EGGS, lean meat and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-complex vitamins; eggs and lean meat also for iron.

GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables—for Vitamin C, Vitamin A and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

BREAD, whole grain or enriched, for Vitamin B and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure more abundant health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

Brenda Joyce's short cut to happiness is fruit in a glass jar

GLASS HOUSEKEEPING

Scene: The Owen Wards' kitchen. Stars: Brenda Joyce's sister-in-law, Janet Ward, and Mrs. Ward

BY ANN HAMILTON

I'LL never get over being amazed at the versatility of our young Hollywood stars, their superb ability to combine a career with a number of other interests and do a bang-up job on all fronts. Brenda Joyce, for one. Here's Brenda starring away like mad out at 20th Century-Fox, finishing up "Private Nurse" and going into "Marry the Boss' Daughter" with hardly time to catch her breath in between—and it really isn't any wonder that when I went out to see her the other day I sorta expected that she might be doing a heavy job of relaxing in the latest fluffiest lounging attire and that she would talk about her career. I was mistaken.

Brenda herself opened the door and instead of frou-frous she was wearing something very trick indeed in the way of a house dress, topped by the snappiest looking fruit- and flower-motif apron I've ever seen. Career? Nary a word did she say about it. She just chattered away a mile a minute about her husband, Owen Ward; their recent camping trip up the Kern River and their new home.

The new home is really a gem. It's a three-room apartment, as modern as tomorrow's newspaper, and Brenda is going about the business of home-making in just the competent, gracious way you'd expect her to. She thinks the essentials for pleasant living are comfort, beauty and usefulness and everything in the apartment must and does live up to these requirements. Glass, of all materials, seems to Brenda to combine efficiency and beauty to the best advantage so she has used glass in a variety of intriguing ways—mirrors to catch and reflect the light and so give additional spaciousness and brightness to a room, ornaments and gadgets to contribute gaiety and sparkle. Her dining table has a glass top. On it is an inverted bowl of glass, filled with water to magnify the flowers which float within it. And the cupboard shelves in her small and shipshape kitchen are filled with fruits in glass jars.

When I commented on this Brenda admitted that she preferred them to any other kinds of canned fruit. "Only the finest 'Grade A, Fancy, Government Standard' fruits are used," she explained, "so you know you are getting the very best, even if you couldn't see the fruit itself before you buy it. But I'd have them, anyway," she added with a smile, "because they're so decorative. And I'm mad about the mint and cinnamon pears for dessert."

These pears, incidentally, played an interesting part in the young Wards' camping trip. The trip was really an adventure. They had to go in on horseback, since the country is too rough for motoring, and besides the horses they rode they had a pack mule who carried ample provisions for the trek. Then along came trouble—one of those unexpected and unseasonable bouts of cold weather, with more snow than there had been in that section for thirty years and a very fancy bit of nose diving on the part of the thermometer. It was so cold, in fact, that it was unsafe for Brenda and Owen to sleep out in the open, but fortunately they were able to find refuge with Forest Ranger Rust and his wife.

"They were so nice to us when we dropped in like that, half frozen," Brenda told me. "Well, we'd had some of the pears with us on the trip and I gave Mrs. Rust some and she liked them so well that I sent her a case of them."

If you've tried these super-duper fruits in glass you can appreciate Brenda's enthusiasm for them. She has devised a number of recipes based on them and the ones I like particularly and believe you will like too are the pork chops with apricots, a jellied fruit salad and cherry and cantaloupe dessert.

Pork Chops and Apricots

6 pork chops
1 jar apricots
Salt and pepper to taste

Brown the pork chops and place in buttered casserole or baking dish. Cover with a layer of apricot halves, pour on a cup and a half of apricot juice and cook, covered, in a 350-degree oven for 45 minutes. Serve with sweet potatoes or rice and a green vegetable.

Jellied Fruit Salad

1 package lime-flavored gelatin
2 cups fruit salad
Hot water (if necessary)

Drain fruit salad and heat juice, adding hot water to make one pint of liquid. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot liquid, allow to cool and when mixture begins to thicken fold in fruit salad. Turn into ring mold and chill until firm. Unmold onto crisp lettuce leaves or watercress and fill center with mayonnaise.

Cantaloupe and Cherry Dessert

2 cantaloupes
1 jar white cherries
Juice of fresh lime

Chill cantaloupes and cut into halves. Chill and drain cherries. Fill cantaloupe centers with cherries, squeeze a few drops of lime juice over each portion and serve immediately.

No Sex Appeal?

(*Continued from page* 39)

Flynn. It's only that dashing Errol is one of the choicest swordsmen in Hollywood and Ford likes them choice.

The Ford face is no particular masterpiece of nature. It's the Ford eyes and the Ford smile that are the chief divertisements. The eyes are dark and flashing. The smile is boyish and friendly. The Ford voice, while we're doing a catalogue of charm, is more or less *ne plus ultra*. It's low and slow. And not overworked. Mr. Ford can sit back and listen. There is no glamour whatsoever to the Ford hair. It is inclined to be stringy and the coiffure casual, the kind you attend to by giving the head a sudden jerk upward or maybe by passing a hand through it.

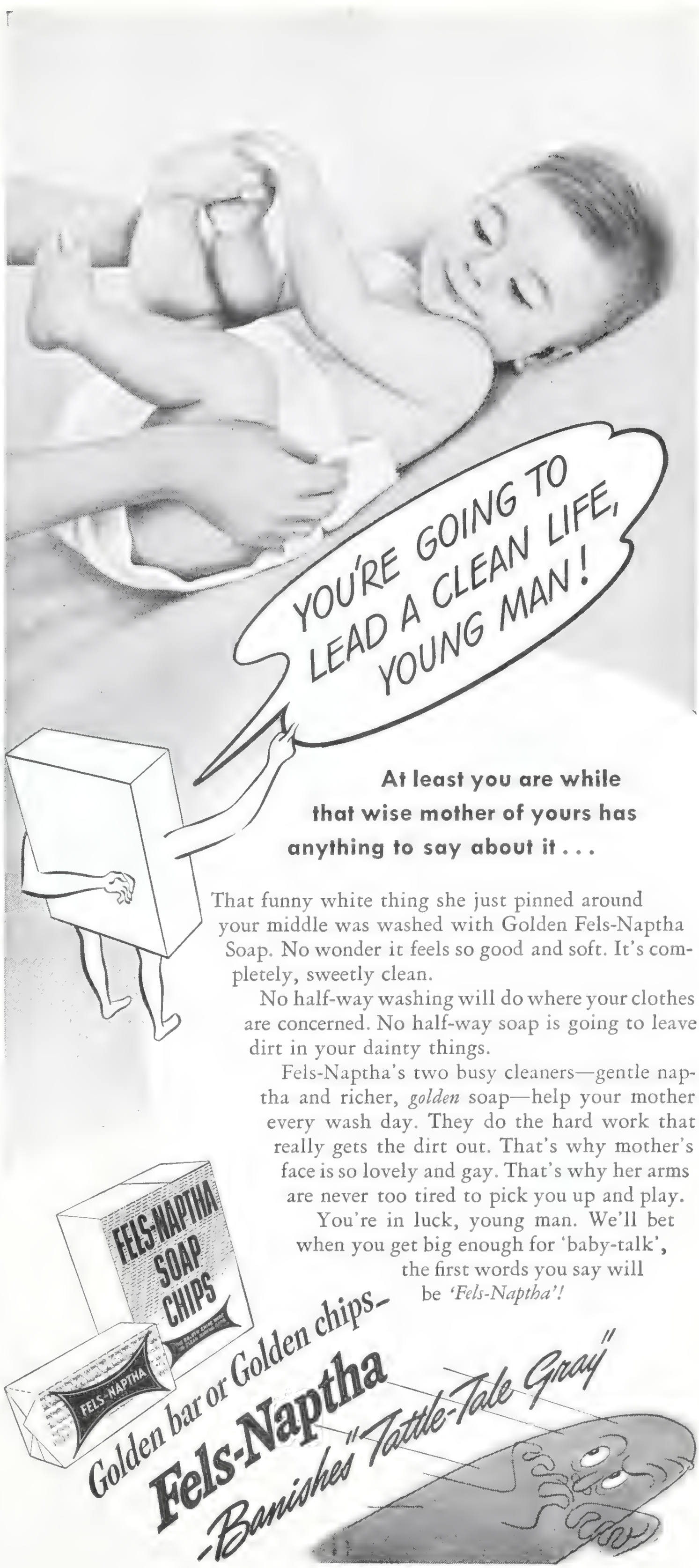
Glenn Ford is not your prattling pretty boy who breaks his neck trying to sound like Oscar Levant. Nor does he douse his lady with compliments, ply her with praise. He's more apt to volley words back and forth on impersonal subjects. The R.A.F. in which organization he has a cousin, or Henry Fonda, his favorite actor, whom he would like very much to meet some day.

He doesn't like to dance—especially the rhumba. This deficiency in the rhumba Rosemary Lane, whom he admires no end, tried to iron out one night at the Mocambo by giving him a couple of lessons. They didn't take. He has never rhumbaed since.

For a young man who preys upon the thoughts of our American womanhood, the Ford person can scarcely be called typical. Far from owning a smart apartment with pictures by Picasso hanging on the walls—as members of the *Isn't Ford Fun Club* of Smith College are certain he does—Columbia's pride and profit lives with his widowed mother in a modest apartment out in Santa Monica. There are no servants. Nights when he makes the long voyage home from the studio he is apt to make a small detour so as to drive by the villa of Joan Crawford in Brentwood and honk just for the heck of it. They met before the Ford fixation hit our country. Miss C. thinks his work is "sensitive, warm, and imaginative." He saw "A Woman's Face" two times.

Some Ford partisans are a little sore at Hollywood for taking so long in getting around to Glenn. Not Glenn. An optimist from the word go, he thinks that Hollywood probably knows best. That is the way with Ford. Everything is for the best, he believes, in this best of all possible worlds. When he talks like this, part of Hollywood wonders aloud whether he's sincere. Another part wonders if he isn't naïve.

THE Ford sincerity is beyond question. New York reporters, notorious ribbers of young actors who come up overnight, were all prepared to give him the works when he hit town. But five minutes with Ford were the tip-off. The first thing he did was to tell the writing boys how swell he thought they were coming over to interview him. After that he launched a rhapsody on the subject of Margaret Sullavan and Fredric March who, he thought, were wonderful to put up with an unknown like him in their picture. He was going strong on the humanitarian producers David Loew and Albert Lewin who were nice enough to put up almost a million dollars to make the picture when the reporters saw the error of their ways. They halted his talk cold and quizzed him about himself. In their articles which appeared the next day they



At least you are while that wise mother of yours has anything to say about it . . .

That funny white thing she just pinned around your middle was washed with Golden Fels-Naptha Soap. No wonder it feels so good and soft. It's completely, sweetly clean.

No half-way washing will do where your clothes are concerned. No half-way soap is going to leave dirt in your dainty things.

Fels-Naptha's two busy cleaners—gentle naptha and richer, *golden* soap—help your mother every wash day. They do the hard work that really gets the dirt out. That's why mother's face is so lovely and gay. That's why her arms are never too tired to pick you up and play.

You're in luck, young man. We'll bet when you get big enough for 'baby-talk', the first words you say will be *'Fels-Naptha'!*

Golden bar or Golden chips—

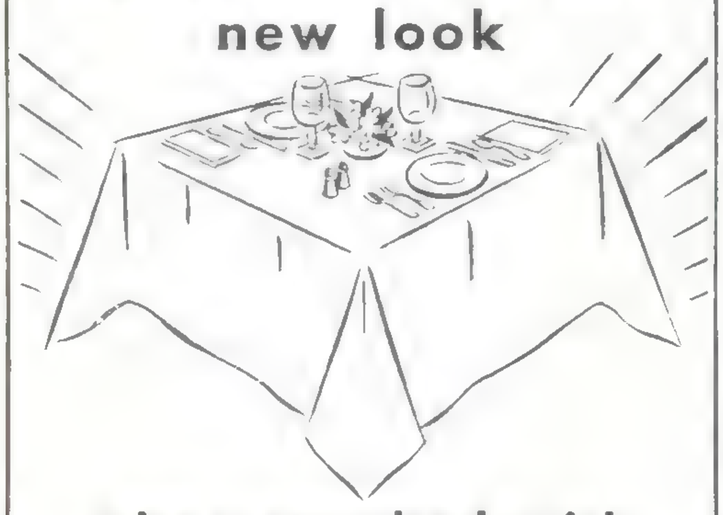
Fels-Naptha

Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Wash-weary

TABLE LINEN

takes on a proud new look



when starched with

LINIT

"The Friend of Fine Fabrics"

Napery getting that limp-as-a-dishrag look? Worse still, does it launder up stiff as a board? *Listen,* "dress" it up as fine laundries everywhere do—with Linit! This *modern* laundry starch penetrates the fabric instead of merely coating the surface. Table linens iron up with a smooth, even finish, a luxury-feeling. They stay fresh and clean looking longer.

Protect and Display Prints in an album - to full advantage with *Engel* Pocket "Art Corners"

— Get the Genuine! — They mount prints tight or loose. Negatives may be filed in back of prints for ready reference. 10c buys 100 of a color - black, white, gray, gold, silver, sepia, red.

At your dealer or write to Engel Art Corners Mfg. Co., Dept. 70-X, 4721 N. Clark St., Chicago.

sounded like a bunch of press agents.

His debut as an actor his mother remembers very well. He was five when the symptoms first appeared. Mrs. Ford walked into the living room one day to find that her scion had spread a newspaper on the floor, had assumed an oratorical stance and was ranting at the top of his voice, waving his hands in the approved fashion of speechifying hams. The malady looked pretty serious for a couple of months there. The climax came when he was making twenty speeches a day, mostly on the same subject. He outgrew this flare for solo work when he turned seven and the family moved from Quebec province in Canada (where he was born) to Los Angeles.

The Fords quit Canada for California because Ford *père* felt that it offered better opportunities for his son. In California the elder Ford who had been an official of the Canadian Pacific Railroad found no opportunities for himself, alternated his talents between manufacturing knicknacks and, later, acting as foreman for a bus line while his son was getting educated. The self-sacrifice of the elder Ford (who never so much as mentioned it to his son) was made all the more poignant by his sudden death just about the time that Columbia decided to put Glenn under contract.

It was the faith of the elder Ford that made possible the interminable theatrical grooming that the younger Ford received. Once he was graduated from the Santa Monica High School, where he was Commissioner of Entertainment and a ranking actor, he made an assault against the little theaters of Southern California, being at one time embroiled in the activities of seven amateur companies at a single time. The siege was pretty long. He must have done something like 150 plays before a Los Angeles producer named Homer Curran got tired of saying "No!" to him and gave him an inconsequential part in a West Coast production of "The Children's Hour," marking Glenn's first appearance as a professional on the stage. He got rave notices for his bit.

He was doing a stint in a play called "Petticoat Fever," for one of the amateur theaters, when a Paramount scout spotted him, plunked him into a silly short subject called "Night in Manhattan." Young Ford, who was twice as unworldly-looking then as he is now, played a sappy-looking and sappy-talking master of ceremonies of a New York night club. He got twenty-five dollars for working almost a week, paid out eight dollars to the man who rented him the tails he wore in the picture. The short was a terrific flop.

A Metro spy discovered him in "Parnell," another little theater opus, and invited him to visit the studio talent department. When he did, the gentleman had a change of heart. Seems that Glenn was nowhere near the bargain in real life that he was in grease paint.

They charted his ailments as follows:

A. Subject too ugly.

B. Subject minus sex appeal.

The Metro diagnosis didn't bother him much. A few weeks a third discoverer hove to. He was direct from Darryl Zanuck and offered Ford a test, which, of course, he took. The Fox people weren't very happy over the test but they went ahead and put him in "Heaven With A Barbed Wire Fence," which everyone liked but Ford. He took one look at the phoney glamour boy which the make-up department had created and he walked out on Mr. Z. In fact, he served notice on his agent, Gummo Marx, that he was through with the movies. Gummo asked for ten days, promised him a contract. He kept his word. On the tenth day Columbia was ready to sign Glenn Ford. The starting price was $75 a week. But strangely enough the contract provided that Glenn Ford would do leads. Not in A pictures, to be sure. But *leads*—not *bits*. He had seven pictures behind him, including his performance in "The Lady In Question," his best work under the Columbia banner, when Loew-Lewin picked him for that memorable role in "So Ends Our Night."

The Glenn Ford whom you will next see in the Columbia picture "Texas" is the same Glenn Ford who got shoved around by three major studios. If anything, he's a trifle shyer. Not one to harbor any grudges, he visits the Paramount commissary for lunch when he isn't working and is promptly surrounded by a half-dozen chums: Martha O'Driscoll who thinks he's "peachy"; Susanna Foster who once had tea with him at the Brown Derby and describes him as "super"; Don Castle who hails him as "Little Paul Muni"; and even wee Betty Brewer.

These are his idiosyncrasies, his quirks, his habits: He likes ice hockey, saw a half-dozen games at Madison Square Garden when he came East last winter. He collects pipes, smokes one that costs $1.50. He retires early, stays up late reading. He has never seen an opera and he isn't sure he's sorry. He likes dogs, isn't fond of cats, although he makes it a point never to shoo any of the animals out of his way. He dislikes gabby people, dislikes them so much that he is silent out of a fierce determination not to offend in this manner himself. He loves the smell of bread baking, the touch of fine leather, the sight of a sleek thoroughbred hunter. Although he doesn't have an inamorata at present, he prefers the blonde of the species to the brunette, as witness the English beauty, Evelyn Ankers. He thinks redheads are provocative. (Of what, Mr. Ford?) He'd walk a mile to see a good musical comedy, would love to disenfranchise movie-goers who repeat all the dialogue that the characters are spieling off on the screen. People whom he could get along without most handily are phoneys. After knocking on the gates of Hollywood for six years he's sure he can spot one a mile off. He isn't too fond of actors. Most of his friends are out of the profession. Flashy clothes he doesn't like. His wardrobe consists of two suits and an odd sports jacket for which he paid $65. He has no full dress get-up. Santa Monica he wouldn't trade for Beverly Hills. "I'm one of the boys at Santa Monica and I want to stay that way." He doesn't think he's an actor—yet.

Philosophy of life? He isn't too sure he has one. About all he expects out of life is a chance to put a lot into it. What he manages to get back in return isn't too important.

"It's the game that counts—not the score."

Personal to House-Hunters:

HOW LINDA DARNELL LIVES

Come and meet the family, the pets and the personal problems of this charming young star in next month's Photoplay-Movie Mirror

Dance if You're Blue

(*Continued from page* 44)

Murphy frequently demonstrates his theory that dancing is swell for what ails you. With Cesar Romero as his assistant he does excruciating burlesques of the De Marcos and of Veloz and Yolanda.

The idea is to snatch all the silver foxes in the powder room, turn the lights low and stage an entrance that is better than anything the famous dance teams ever dreamed up. George and Cesar twist and twirl, twirl and twist, until George does a couple too many twirls and starts to shout, "Butch! Butch! Save me!" But as a rule he shouts in vain; and ends up by taking a nose dive over the nearest piece of furniture, collapsing in a welter of silver foxes and laughter.

The story of the way George met his pretty, popular wife—whose stage name was Juliette Johnson, and who is known as Julie to all and sundry—is another example of George's faith in dancing. George was being very active as a runner on Wall Street, having tried life as a coal-mining engineer and left it because a cage descended when it had no right to descend and cracked him up in a revoltingly hardhearted way. While putting his heart and shoe leather into being a Wall Street runner George met Miss Juliette Johnson and liked her.

ONE day she told him she was going into a musical show, at fifty dollars a week. It was to open at Palm Beach. "Huh!" mused George. "Just going to put yourself in with a bunch of ordinary chorus dames. I don't like it! Besides, the money is far too little. You are worth a lot more than that."

What, Miss Johnson wanted to know, would Mr. Murphy suggest as an alternative? George replied, "We'd better do a dance act!" Coming out of the blue this was startling, but interesting. So Miss Johnson made a bargain with Mr. Murphy. She would give up the show if he could land a job for both of them by the time rehearsals ended. Fair enough? Swell deal, was George's opinion. So he planned a campaign to sell himself and partner to night spots and other places where they dance. Each morning before leaving on his travels he put in some vigorous dancing in his room and walked out treading on air, convinced he would win. After scouring every available emporium and failing to hit the jackpot, he marched into Number 10 East 60th Street, a very high-class tea dansant spot, and emerged with a job dancing with Emil Coleman's famous orchestra.

"It came because I managed to sell myself to the manager," is George's explanation. "When I told Julie she gave in her notice and then our headache was to find a place to practice and some music to swing us along. Having neither a practice room nor music I tackled the manager of a Chinese restaurant and offered him our services, free, as exhibition dancers, for two weeks. He swallowed the bait; so Julie and I put in our hours of practice under the noses of hundreds of cash customers. Little did they guess that the couple they watched dancing so earnestly to the music of a good band were really rehearsing for an act with which they intended to crash the big money."

In 1927 George and Julie were married. Later they went to England with the gay musical show called "Good News." Julie had a part; George just did a dance with her and understudied

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the juvenile lead. The show went to Manchester, to open; and George, a keen golfer, was delighted to find some good courses close at hand. On their third day the manager asked George if he knew the juvenile lead's part. "Why?" inquired Mr. Murphy. "Because you will have to play it tomorrow night!" was the answer.

"Couldn't you put it off until the next night?" was Mr. Murphy's plea. "I've arranged to play golf all day tomorrow, so I couldn't rehearse."

The answer was a somewhat violent no. George, therefore, tried to forget about his golf date, like a good little understudy. All night, after the show, he worked away at the juvenile lead's role, assisted by Julie and two girls from the company, who volunteered nobly to come to his aid. The next night he went on for the part and says he remembers absolutely nothing about the show, nor what he did in it, from the moment the curtain went up. He must have done fairly well because the man he understudied never came back. So George played the part for the remainder of the tryout and right through the long run in London.

While the show was running in London George and Julie met Sir Francis Towle, a very big hotel magnate. He invited them to dine one Sunday and during the evening they heard him inquiring if they would be interested to do a dance act in a night club. "But that's how we started. How did you know?" said George. "I didn't!" replied Sir Francis. "But I have a spot open and waiting at the Mayfair Hotel, if you'd care to step in there tomorrow."

Things happened quickly, after that. Sir Francis telephoned Ambrose, famous dance band leader, who was playing at the hotel; told him to hold his men when the Sunday evening concert ended, as two new dancers were coming down to run over some numbers ready to open the next night. A taxi took them all to the Mayfair. Ambrose and his merry men were there; and to their exhilarating music George and Julie swung into their routines. The next night, without

Very decorous is this George Murphy-Cesar Romero dance—but in a moment George will yell, "Save me, Butch!" and then will come the fireworks

any more rehearsal, they opened!

George thought it would be wise to put a few new routines together for the Mayfair, so what they did should not be too like their work in the show. They practiced hard all day Monday; and when they hit the Mayfair dance floor they got through the first two new routines without a flaw. Then they blew up! It was useless to go on; so they stopped, and George stepped forward, nervously, to make a little speech of apology. He explained how the breakdown had happened and asked the audience to be kind and let them all get nice and intimate and friendly. They cheered, both then and later; and from that night onwards George had to make his diffident little speech at every performance. He says that was the beginning of his labors as master of ceremonies.

George is proud of the fact that he is the first person, on stage or screen, to be Eleanor Powell's dancing partner. When they came to work out that big number they did in "Broadway Melody of 1940," the lovely dress made for Eleanor looked fine but was long and clinging and got in the way. It was George who suggested putting several weights round the hem, to make it swing out as she moved. It worked like a charm. The weights did their job, and the dress took on a new graceful sway-movement that had the cameramen raving.

FOR that same dance, George made up his mind that he wanted some long slides built into the set, so that he and Miss Powell could stand still at moments in their dance and go sliding down to a lower level. The studio's arguments against this idea were many and strong. The set was practically ready; the slides might be dangerous; the extra cost would be high. "All right—I'll pay for them myself," said George.

The slides were built; and George did *not* pay for them. They proved the most sensational and original part of the dance. In the same film Fred Astaire and George worked together like a couple of demons on all their own dances and on those they shared with Miss Powell. The toughest number was the one Fred and George did as a pair of hoofers, in a night club, near the opening of the film. It began well and moved along easily; but they could not get a real punch into it for a finale. For days those two experts walked about carrying canes—the canes being part of their evening-dress outfit, anyway.

Finally, as they were walking along one of the studio streets to the practice stage, George dropped his cane, Fred dropped his cane; they picked them up and suddenly started using them as foils; like a couple of fencers. "That's it!" yelled two voices, as a single yell. To the stage they raced; and within five minutes they knew they had found their finale—the canes being used as crossed swords. The idea was so good that they undid all their earlier work and started to rebuild the entire number around those canes.

Speed is George Murphy's idol. Give him swiftness of movement, either on his own feet, or in a car, or on skates or skis. Not long ago he founded the world's first Water-Ski Club, along with Frank Shields, the tennis genius, and Courtland Hill. Their headquarters are at Lake Arrowhead; and there they ride on ordinary skis lashed behind speed boats. It's a dangerous, thrilling sport. George says it almost beats dancing for giving you that glorious feeling of pep which makes you know you can fight the entire universe—and win!

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Skeletons in Hollywood Closets

(*Continued from page* 26)

Bing by the back of the neck and made him dig in on his voice and Bing thanks him for it to this day. It was Everett's determination and patient driving that made Bing get there. And now Everett's one ambition is to foster the musical education of his wife, Florence George, and someday have the thrill of hearing her sing at the Metropolitan. When that time comes, believe me, the happiest person in that team will be, not the prima donna, but Everett, who all his life wanted to sing, but kept his talent hidden under a bushel in order to foster the success of those he loved.

John Payne paid his way through college singing in a Broadway burlesque house for twelve dollars a week, though that isn't exactly a skeleton, 'cause he's proud of it and I don't blame him. Still, I'll bet that's the reason he hates night clubs so. In his youth he saw enough of "Main Street after Dark" to last him a lifetime.

A VERY funny skeleton, if you could call it that, is in the closet of one of our old-timers. When Vilma Banky married Rod La Rocque, she got more presents than this town had ever seen. She was Sam Goldwyn's top star, and he not only gave her the wedding, but she had twenty-two separate showers beforehand. Vilma, a very simple Austrian girl, was so dazzled by the splendour that she wanted to rent the window space of the biggest department store in the city and place all her presents on display along with the names of the donors. They finally convinced her it couldn't be done, but Vilma stuck to her guns. She said, "If I were being married in my own village, you bet I'd do it!"

Recently at a benefit, I saw as dramatic an incident as was ever flashed on any screen. Harry Davenport, that grand character actor, and Wally Reid Jr., were to appear, and although Harry is the boy's grandfather, they'd never met. Wally walked over and offered his hand. "I think we should know each other, sir," he said, "I'm Wally Reid Jr." Harry shook hands, said, "How do you do? I'm very glad to meet you." And walked away. Here's the story:

Years ago, Harry Davenport was divorced from his first wife and lost touch with that branch of the family. His daughter, Dorothy Davenport, after the death of her famous husband, Wally Reid, has brought up her son without any help from anyone, and how she's worked to do it! She's one of the most courageous women in this or any other town, and few people know what a struggle she's had. But you realize it's all been worth her while when you see Wally Jr. I'll never forget the sadness in his voice when he said to me that night, "My father and grandfather were great men, Miss Hopper. The world knew them well and loved them. I never did."

There's no end to our Hollywood skeletons. There are the ones that have kept Conrad Nagel and Fred Niblo off the screen for lo, these many years, because they fought for the underdog and spoke out of turn at the right time for the actors—which was the wrong time for Conrad and Fred. There's the story of why William S. Hart dropped from sight fourteen years ago—one of the most amazing things in all the annals of Hollywood history. But that skeleton isn't in Bill's closet. It's in the closet of one of the higher-ups of Hollywood and, when the time comes, somebody's going to write a picture around it and it will be put on the screen for all the world to see!

And how about the death of that famous director and soldier of fortune, William Desmond Taylor? The death of Paul Bern? And the so-called suicide of lovely Thelma Todd, whose name still hangs above a cafe along the great Pacific, as a sad reminder of a youthful flame which was quenched before her radiance had dimmed? One could go on and on indefinitely.

But my time's up now. Some day I'll tell you about our mummies. There are more of them around this town than skeletons, and they're more fun to talk about!

Who Hates Whom In Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 67)

who played opposite her in "Sunny." Anna is dignified, impersonal, reserved as only a well-bred British girl can be. John is bluff, devil-may-care, in awe of nobody. It was natural maybe, that they should clash. And clash they did.

It happened when one bright sunny morning, John arrived for work feeling particularly merry and exuberant. Long before he appeared on the set, you could hear him coming. "Good morning, *good morning*, GOOD MORNING!" A slap on the back for the gateman; a rousing "Hi" for the studio cop; a tweak for the ear of the script girl and—*a whack, gentle and affectionate, but a whack, nevertheless—for the—er—back of the dignified Miss Neagle!*

Well! She drew herself up, while those present held their breath.

"Hiya, Annie!" roared the ebullient Mr. Carroll, wholly ignorant of any breach of etiquette. Chummily, he went into the subject of what a swell day it was and how swell he felt and what a time he'd had at the races the day before. "There was a certain nag name of—" he began.

But he never finished. Miss Neagle didn't say a word. But quietly with majestic disdain, she went into her dressing room and closed the door. She didn't even slam it. But Mr. Carroll realized he'd been out of line, all right. He grinned uncertainly; took out his handkerchief and wiped his suddenly perspiring brow.

"I get it," he remarked. And then, with characteristic jauntiness, "Th' heck with it!"

And so, throughout the production of "Sunny" the chill never thawed out between Miss Neagle and Mr. Carroll. It hasn't yet.

Another pair of screen lovers who actually would rather throw things at each other than embrace are Marlene Dietrich and Bruce Cabot who, as you may remember, were in "Flame of New Orleans" together. I am not taking sides but I do know that Bruce had about two strikes on him as far as Marlene was concerned before he ever reported for work in this picture. You see, Marlene didn't want him for the role of the swashbuckling sea captain who ultimately wins her heart. She wanted a bigger name—someone along the Clark

Gable line, if possible. But Producer Joe Pasternak thought differently. He wanted Bruce and Bruce it was . . . All of which put Miss Dietrich into a pet and she proceeded, apparently, to take it out on Bruce. When he was introduced to her, she put on the *grande dame* manner, and, as the days went by and you'd have thought they could have at least built up a speaking acquaintance, she could never seem to remember his name. If it were necessary to speak to him about anything, she'd either call him "Mr. Calvert" or "Mr. Campbell" or some such name, or she'd hesitate after the "Mr." as you do when you've met someone once but can't for the life of you place him. She even did it before their big love scene. "Come on, Mr.—er—Mr. . . ." she said, as she took her place before the camera.

All of which was pretty devastating to Bruce, aware that in this picture was the best break of his career. At first he fussed and fumed plenty. But finally, he decided he'd beat her at her own game, and he did. When he answered her summons for the scene just mentioned, *he* stuttered over *her* name! And moreover, by the time the picture was finished, he had stolen it from under her nose. "Flame of New Orleans" was not a great success, but it did a lot for Bruce Cabot. He now has a contract with Walter Wanger and a starring role in what promises to be one of the best pictures of the year—"Sundown," which you'll be seeing in due time.

BETTE DAVIS and Jimmy Cagney don't like each other either, and don't let anyone tell you to the contrary. Their feud began when they worked together in "The Bride Came C.O.D." which, incidentally, Jimmy's brother, Bill Cagney, produced. At first things went very pleasantly. Bette thought Jimmy was wonderful and, frank and generous as she is, was prompt to say so. She actually announced that he helped her with her acting—which is something from an Academy Award winner twice over, wouldn't you say? But as time went on, discord put in appearance. Jimmy, for instance, with his brother's okay, began to change lines in the script, even Bette's lines—a word here, a line there, a whole speech elsewhere. Bette didn't like this a bit and with usual Davis frankness told him so. He argued with her and she came back with a feminine but nevertheless telling remark: "I'm so sorry I never thought to fix it so my *sister* could produce pictures! Perhaps if I had, I could change scripts, too!"

Which of course, made red-headed Jimmy furious and the feud was on. He continued to change lines, perhaps more than he would have if he hadn't had a "peeve" on. And Bette, who couldn't seem to do anything about it, withdrew into a shell of reserve—*but* reserve. She'd do her best in each scene. Bette Davis could not do otherwise. But away from the camera, she ignored Jimmy as though he were a prop. She'd even knit when the two of them rehearsed their lines, which seemed particularly to annoy him.

On the other hand, with that photostatic memory of his, Jimmy would read his script once and be letter perfect—and very smug when Bette needed more time to memorize hers.

Oh, they had a lovely time—those two famous, talented stars! Of course, usually, they managed to confine their animosity to icy silence, or at most, brief, barbed comments. But they had a real row over their lines just before making that scene where Bette throws the pan of water in

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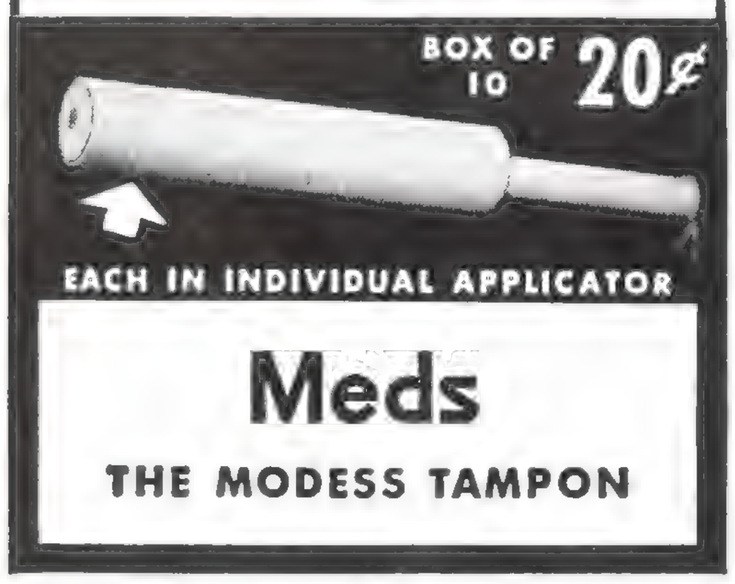

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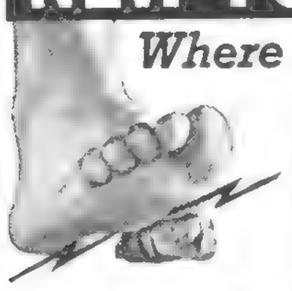

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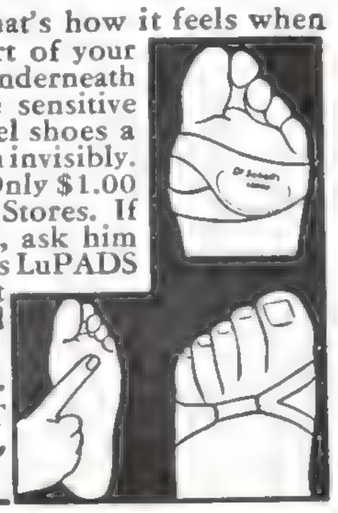

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Jimmy's face. Remember the gusto with which she did it? Well, she meant it, all right! She loved it!

Ann Sothern and Eleanor Powell didn't get along very well, either, while "Lady Be Good" was in the making. Ann is quiet, sophisticated and reserved. Eleanor is exuberant, loquacious, very much the "good trouper" type. She is always humming a tune, or jigging, or perpetrating some gag or other upon someone or other. Like a true trouper she is also possessed of a healthy jealousy of a professional rival . . . Which probably explains why she seemed at times to be "moving in" on Ann. I mean, when Ann would have a conference with Adrian about clothes, for instance, it inevitably seemed necessary for Eleanor to call him away. When Ann was discussing something with Director Norman McLeod, Eleanor always seemed to find something which required his immediate attention. When writers and visitors came on the set to see Ann, Eleanor in a ladylike but efficient manner usually managed to capture the limelight.

Ann, on the other hand, reticent as she is, couldn't compete at this kind of thing. Therefore, like Bette, she retired into a shell of reserve, emerging occasionally to snipe at the lively Miss Powell, sweetly but effectively. To wit:

Eleanor (breezily to the assembled cast): And how do you all like my new lip rouge? Elegant, isn't it? And a swell brush came with it!

Ann (whose own mouth is a perfect Cupid's bow): Yes, when you have to change the shape of your mouth, it is much easier to use a brush, isn't it, *dear?*

Of course, jealousy between equal rivals is only natural, human nature being what it is. There is also that perpetually recurring situation in Hollywood wherein an older, or at least a well established, star becomes jealous of a newcomer. There is the case of Alice Faye and her new rival at Twentieth Century . . . Well, could you expect Alice to embrace with open arms so obvious a rival as Betty Grable? Just take stock of the two of them. Alice is blonde, so is Betty. Alice has a lovely, curvaceous figure; so has Betty. (Do I hear you adding a fervent "And how?") Alice can sing; so can Betty. Alice can dance; so can Betty. Put the two of them together in the same studio, sometimes in the same picture, and it is natural that they should mix like oil and water.

Of course, such a set-up was a natural for the publicity department when the two went to work in "Tin Pan Alley." A rarin', tearin' feud! Good copy, even though the wiseacres of the press didn't take it very seriously. But it was true, all right, and because of it some funny things happened.

For instance, I walked on the set one morning to find Director Archie Mayo raving. Here he was, ready to shoot, and the two feminine stars hadn't appeared.

"First one is late and then the other," he stormed. "And each morning, they are later than the last. What's got into those two?"

Well, the answer was simple. It is the prerogative of the star to be the last one arriving at work. Alice and Betty knew it. Only there was the little problem of *who* was that star with the right to be the last! The upshot was that each tried her darndest to out-do the other in the matter of tardiness.

Honors were about even the morning I speak of. They arrived at the same time. But what Archie Mayo said to both put a stop to such monkey business. An idle camera is one expense no director will tolerate; it looks too bad on his cost sheet.

You undoubtedly heard much about a feud between George Raft and Eddie Robinson in "Manpower." The big fight in that picture was another "natural" for a publicity department. But in that case, too—and I'm not kidding—there was plenty of real trouble between them.

In the first place, long before the famous fight scene, Robinson kept adding to his lines, which made George mad. In retaliation, he, too, would try to add to *his* lines, but George isn't very good at that sort of thing and so the additions didn't get by the director. Then George tried every other trick he knew in scene stealing, but again he was blocked because Robinson, experienced stage actor that he is, knew all the answers.

So it seemed that all George could do was a slow burn—until came a certain day when Director Raoul Walsh asked Robinson to give up one of his lines to an extra. "Why should I?" Eddie remarked.

Of course, one line doesn't seem very important. Nevertheless, if the extra could have spoken it, his pay for the day would have been upped about fifteen dollars. So here was George's chance to tell Eddie what he thought of him without appearing to be merely jealous. He did tell him, not mincing words. When he had finished, Eddie was red and sputtering and it was open war between them. It will be from now on.

This month we told you about who hates whom in Hollywood. Next month "Fearless" will reveal who loves whom in Hollywood —secret, heart-warming friendships you don't know about

---

"Defense for America" is the stirring title of Paramount's patriotic short with young Peggy Fitzgerald and Artie Quinn as stars

Close Ups and Long Shots

(*Continued from page 4*)

colossal boner in thinking that "A Woman's Face" wouldn't be a hit . . . it is . . . a terrific one . . . and about the only thing I can say in self-defense is that at least that one surprised Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, too . . . and for an interesting reason. . . .

As you are perfectly well aware, if you are any kind of movie fan, Metro have always made Joan their super-duper glamour girl . . . Joan is a glamour girl, in fact . . . so naturally Metro have always sold her to the public on that basis . . . it remained for a Detroit theater manager and "A Woman's Face" to show them that maybe they weren't entirely right. . . .

This is how it came about . . . when "A Woman's Face" was first released, it was advertised as "a psychological study of a woman's soul" and words to that effect . . . it went into the de luxe houses and it didn't do so well . . . until the Detroit theater manager, having booked the film, took matters in his own hands . . . and words . . . and advertised . . . "A Scarred She-Devil" . . . "A Female Monster" "A Soulless Woman" . . . and such epithets . . . and brought the public into his theater in mobs . . . Metro used that form of advertising thereafter . . . dropping the glamour-girl angle entirely . . . and they've coined money, as the result. . . .

THE war is really beginning to get in at Hollywood . . . and through the casting department as well as through taxes . . . with Jimmy Stewart and Richard Greene gone . . . with Robert Montgomery signed up with Washington and Wayne Morris in the Navy . . . with directors like Woody Van Dyke under constant call . . . and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. on South American good-will missions, and John Farrow stationed in Canada . . . picture production is really getting into a snarl . . . yet some things go on untouched by time or war . . .

An honestly delightful touch is the dignity of our younger set . . . and in this case I do mean young players . . . like the set in which Miss Jane Withers is the reigning sub-deb, whose pleasure is sought by such varied swains as Mr. Freddie Bartholomew, Mr. Jackie Searle, Mr. Joe Brown Jr., and Mr. Buddy Pepper . . . for while I think Hollywood would lose much of its color if all its inhabitants got so dignified, it still is true that no art can survive for long if it and its practitioners are not in tune with their times . . . these are serious days, days in which we are all learning new and simpler values—or at least the virtues of old values we had somewhat discarded . . . the values of our homes, our friendships, of uncostly fun . . . and this attitude on the part of its younger generation shows that Hollywood is learning that lesson too . . .

Besides, the wild and colorful people always pop up, no matter what the times or the social pressures . . . rise up and capture our wild hearts and dreams, too . . . perhaps this is exactly why the best beloved of Hollywood's younger crowd are Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney . . . Mickey, the madcap, and Judy, whose heart is wrung because she couldn't have the kind of wedding or the kind of publicity that Deanna had . . . since she married a divorced man. . . .

Which, I suppose, simply means that life keeps on being just the same . . . even in Hollywood. . . . .

But I still am not sure that any of us out here knows what makes hit pictures!

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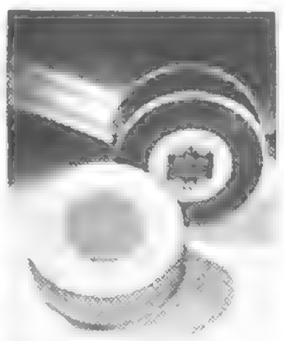

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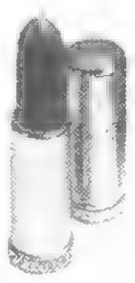

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COTY

Nordic Natural

(*Continued from page* 53)

day in Reno, where Ingrid had flown on her first Hollywood vacation for some mountain skiing, reporters besieged her en masse. A few blurted, "Are you in Reno to get married?" and others, "Are you in Reno to get a divorce?" Ingrid blushed, speechless, and her eyes filled. It shocked her to realize that, despite her new Hollywood fame, the greatest thing in her life was still unknown in America, in fact, almost a secret.

INGRID BERGMAN is an orphan. Her parents died when she was a small girl. She grew up in girls' schools—one, prophetically enough, called "Flickor" (although the term is Swedish and has nothing to do with the movies). Her teens were spent in the Royal Theatre of Dramatic Arts and within the walls of the Swedish film studios. Although Hollywood thinks of Ingrid as a discovery, she made eleven Swedish pictures before she was twenty and starred in nine of them. "Intermezzo," which brought her to Hollywood, was originally made in Sweden.

All her life Ingrid has been storing up the maternal affection denied her in childhood. When she married Peter Lindstrom, a young Stockholm surgeon, success and fame were old stuff to Ingrid. She yearned, as every actress yearns, for more and greater triumphs. But she also desperately wanted the undisturbed happiness of motherhood and the arrival of her daughter was set to seal her happiness.

At that point Hollywood interrupted.

Of course, David O. Selznick had no idea Ingrid was about to have a baby. He'd merely seen her in the Swedish "Intermezzo" and decided that both picture and actress were what he needed for Leslie Howard. Ingrid's first urgent Hollywood summons arrived almost in the maternity hospital. Naturally, she never considered accepting it. It was impossible.

But after Pia arrived, the cables grew more insistent. And soon Selznick's representative, Katherine Brown, showed up in Stockholm personally to apply her persuasive powers. "I have a home, a husband and a wonderful new daughter," Ingrid told her. "Why should I ever leave them?" She honestly thought she never would.

But seven months later she was traveling alone, bound for a fantastic, frightening place she had never seen, thousands of miles from what she loved most in all the world.

Her bewildering struggles with American, as she is spoke, make her chuckle today. On the funny side, too, were Ingrid's ghastly fears of a Hollywood remodeling job on her features. Hadn't every European star returned practically unrecognizable? "I walked trembling into the studio the first day," Ingrid grinned, "and when the make-up man said, 'Step this way, please,' I almost fainted. I knew they were going to pluck my eyebrows, dye my hair, lift my chin and do all sorts of horrible things. I resolved to fight to the finish. Imagine my surprise when Mr. Selznick looked me over and said, 'H-m-m-m-m! You won't need any make-up.' This couldn't be Hollywood!"

In Sweden, mothers are proud of their babies and love to talk about them. Here in this strange Hollywood studio publicity men frowned slightly, shook their heads and said, "Better not." Ingrid couldn't understand. When something lies always on your heart it's hard to keep it forever to yourself. Ingrid was puzzled but she said nothing. She would soon leave, anyway. She was in Hollywood, all told, three months, and then she went home—to a Sweden isolated from the world, almost, by Hitler's hostilities.

The local picture industry, never exactly big-time, had shrunk under the shadow that hung over Sweden. Ingrid did one picture at home, discovered that both husband Peter and daughter Pia had thrived very nicely without her, and wondered, on second thought, if it had been Hollywood that was so lonely—or just herself. When David Selznick kept cabling for her to return and do "Joan of Arc," a part she had always been dying to do, Pia was old enough to travel and husband Peter confessed he had always dreamed of studying medicine in America.

Adding all that up explains why Ingrid Bergman is in Hollywood apparently to stay. For her, it is indeed a wonderful new career, a thrilling new life. In a few short weeks she has become the talk of all the movie-conscious world. Not through "Adam Had Four Sons" and "Rage in Heaven"—her cheering section in America, while vociferous and solid enough, was still small until Ernest Hemingway wrote a phenomenal book called "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and the movies snapped it right up like a second "Gone With the Wind." Parlor casting parties gathered all over the land. Then Mr. Hemingway had his official say.

He said Gary Cooper was his idea of *Robert Jordan,* one central character in the book. For the other, *Maria,* the only girl in the world was Ingrid Bergman. In fact, Hemingway allowed that he wouldn't cooperate with the filming of his masterpiece unless Ingrid played the part. And he sent her a copy of FWTBT inscribed thus on the flyleaf, "To Ingrid Bergman, who is the *Maria* of this book."

But after all Paramount paid $150,000 plus for the novel and they'll have something to say about who plays *Maria.* Already they're testing every actress in town.

Meanwhile, everywhere she goes in Hollywood Ingrid is making friends and influencing people. What particularly appeals to everyone is Ingrid's natural humanness, if that's strictly correct grammar. She's naïve and girlish, and at the same time worldly. She sees the funny side of everything, but her heart is sensitive. She can break into tears at the tiniest sadness and giggle like a schoolgirl the next moment. She's a great actress and a wonderful sport at the same time—something you very, very rarely find.

As for the acting:

A gentleman who should know, Spencer Tracy, told us this about Ingrid. "When you see 'Jekyll and Hyde' you're not going to know I'm in it. This girl is great—and you know how seldom I use a two-dollar word like that!" That's the sentiment all over Hollywood. But Ingrid isn't letting it throw her. If you mention salaams like that to her now, she just chews her blackjack gum (which she adores) a little more furiously, blushes and changes the subject.

She dresses her five feet eight-and-a-half inches and 130 pounds in smart feminine fashions which she adores, slipping into slacks, sweaters and plaid sports coats only in her at-ease moments. At the same time she can laugh at her size without self-consciousness. Ingrid has taken quite a beating in "Jekyll and Hyde." In one scene she wrestled around with Slats Wyrick, a

former UCLA football tackle. "Look out, Slats!" the camera crew yelled. "Don't get hurt!" Ingrid thought that was very funny.

Yes, it would take plenty to make Ingrid Bergman good and mad in Hollywood at this point. She has both Pia and Peter with her now. She's only a few hours from the best ski slopes (she's swell on skis) and the outdoor life she loves is all around her—swimming, tennis, riding and the sea. She has a brand-new bright red roadster which she drives herself and a cozy apartment. You aren't going to hear any beefs out of Bergman. Nor is her sensible head likely to turn with time in Hollywood.

How to Get a Fan Letter Answered

(*Continued from page* 43)

you discovered the same person had written a similar letter to Betty Grable, Claudette Colbert and Bette Davis?

You wouldn't feel a bit flattered, and if you were in the star's shoes you'd do just what she has already done, or had her secretary do for her—throw the letter in the waste basket!

On the other hand, if you had written Alice Faye, for instance, to tell her how much you enjoyed her performance in the picture, that you thought she looked lovely in Technicolor and should do more pictures in color—or even if you threw in a little honest criticism—you'd not only get a courteous reply from Alice, but might be doing her a good turn in the bargain. Because fan letters pertaining to certain pictures or roles are carefully noted and the results turned over to the heads of the studios periodically, so the producers can find out what you fans really want to see in the way of motion picture fare.

One of the most important things to remember, when writing your favorite star, is to be sure both the star's address and your own is legible. Don't try to be tricky when addressing the envelope—unless, of course, you don't care whether your answer is delayed. Thousands of letters go astray every year because the postmaster doesn't know to whom the letter is addressed or because you haven't written your own name and address plainly. If your handwriting isn't so hot, ask your big brother or your girl friend to address the envelope and write your return address on the letter inside. And write, don't print, whenever possible.

The postage is important, too. Be sure you put enough stamps on your letter before you drop it in the box. This goes for packages, too. Many gifts are lost or mutilated because they are held at the post office for postage, or because the wrapping paper has been torn off in transit.

And while we're on the subject of gifts, if you send a gift to a star, be sure and send a letter at the same time, explaining that it is a gift. And don't, for heaven's sake, send candy, cake and other perishables. Marlene Dietrich would just love to sample your homemade angel food, but can you imagine what it would taste like after knocking about in a freight car or mail delivery truck for a week or so?

An awfully good practice, although you probably won't believe us, is to address your letter to the star in care of the Fan Mail Department! You think the star will never see your letter and it will be answered by some clerk in the studio. And that's where you're wrong! We have seen many of the stars receive

"A DARK SUSPICION HAS JUST CROSSED MY MIND!"

"WONDER IF GRANDMA could have forgotten the rub-down after my bath this morning!!!

"I'll admit I was still too worked up about the soap in my eye to worry about powder at the time . . .

"By Jupiter, though, come to think of it—I *didn't* get a rubdown! It was right out of the tub and on with my shirt! Not a particle of that delicious Johnson's Baby Powder did I have! Not even so much as a hasty dusting!

"I remember now—I thought 'This dressing business is going mighty fast'. . . *Fast*—I'll say it was!

"The idea of Grandma thrusting me into a romper without even one little sprinkle of Johnson's! I'd just like to tell her how smooth and slick and comfortable I *haven't* been feeling all day!

"Believe me—this is the last time I go visiting without a can of downy-soft, soothing Johnson's clutched in my fist. A baby can't be too careful!"

"No doubt about it—Johnson's Baby Powder is the loveliest stuff that ever soothed a baby's prickles! Fine for chafes, too. And really very inexpensive."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

and answer stacks of their letters in their studio dressing rooms, where they are delivered daily by the studio messenger boys. This practice is infinitely safer than sending mail direct to some address which you hope and believe is the star's home. The star may have moved by the time your letter arrives—and surely he or she *must* move if an unfriendly magazine publishes a supposedly confidential address—or he may be on a three-month vacation. Meanwhile, your letter remains unseen and unacknowledged. When sent to the studio, on the other hand, instructions are always left as to where the star may be reached at all times.

Most of you don't do the following but a word in passing may throw a little light on the subject. If you expect an answer to your letter, don't ask for money, clothing, and so on. In the first place, no one but a fool would mail out checks and money orders to a perfect stranger just because he asks for them. And the stars aren't fools. All of them have their money distributed at regular intervals to worthy charitable organizations, figuring that the really needy will receive their share by making application for it in the proper way.

As far as clothes are concerned, most of these are owned by the studio to which the star is under contract. After the star has finished with a costume, it is returned to the wardrobe department, where it is passed on to the smaller player, then to the extras, finally ending up in a bundle for a charitable organization. The stars' personal wardrobes are invariably also turned over to charities, many of which supply clothes to young people who are trying to get a start in pictures.

Another important "don't" is, "Don't ask the stars to get you into pictures!" For one thing, most of the stars do not have this authority. Every studio in Hollywood has a talent department. Talent scouts are searching the country daily for new faces and promising young actors and actresses. This is their job, not the job of the stars.

ON the other hand, many of the stars are willing and ready to give you the benefit of their experience if you ask for advice. But when you write, be specific. Don't just say: "How can I become an actor?" Go into detail and tell something about your background, what facilities you have for studying and why you think you have talent.

Eleanor Powell gives an example of the kind of letter for which a star is truly grateful. One of her fans wrote her criticizing her tap shoes. Eleanor hadn't realized until she received his letter that her shoes were bunglesome and unattractive on the screen. As a result of this intelligent criticism, she had a new pair of shoes designed for future use.

Don't be unfair in your criticisms, though. Remember that many of the stars do not select the roles they play on the screen but are required to act in the screen plays that have been selected for them. Some of the bigger stars, however, are permitted to have a hand in story selection. These people are more than grateful for your suggestions.

On the other hand, don't send stories to the stars to read. It is a rule of every studio—and the stars observe this as well—to return, unopened, all unsolicited manuscripts.

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are particularly grateful for suggestions from the fans as to musical selections.

"The only trouble is," Nelson complains, "I never will get around to singing everything the fans have requested. All I can do is try and select the ones requested by the largest number of people and hope to get them all in eventually."

Jeanette loves to hear from the people she meets while touring the country and welcomes each and every letter which suggests new musical numbers they would like to hear her sing.

"It's a tremendous help, when planning a tour, to find out just which songs people like the best," she says. "Covering the whole country, as I do, I never seem to get enough material in advance to see me through."

Jeanette, also, is always on deck to help people who ask for advice about careers. Her little book, "No Royal Road to Stardom," which she has had specially prepared, has been mailed to hundreds of people all over the world.

Here's a tip which we almost guarantee to bring results: write the stars about their favorite hobbies. For instance, when you know that Carole Lombard and Clark Gable are interested in fishing and hunting, spend a little time and effort in finding out a good place for them to go on their next vacation. Or if you've heard of a new gadget in connection with camping equipment, Clark would be most grateful if you'd pass it on to him.

Wally Beery, for one, admits he hasn't gone on a vacation in years that hasn't been suggested by his fans.

Star and guest-star: Louella Parsons of Radio's "Hollywood Premiere" and Herbert Marshall

"The fans seem to know that I like out-of-the-way places for vacations," says Wally, "especially where the fishing is good. I'm always grateful for any new suggestions."

As another example, Jimmy Cagney and Errol Flynn are both gun collectors, as is Gary Cooper. If you have any inside tips on a new type of rifle, send them along to Jimmy, Errol or Gary and they'll be duly acknowledged and appreciated.

Most of the feminine stars, we find, appreciate more than anything a word of advice from the women fans about clothes, coiffures, make-up and other such personal and feminine interests.

"We who work in pictures," says Claudette Colbert, "know that the films are being made for the public, but ordinarily our time will not permit us to meet and know these people. Through the medium of their letters, we know when we please our public and when they are displeased we then have the opportunity of correcting our mistakes."

It's a well-known fact that Bing Crosby has his "Criticism File," which receives his personal attention. Bing's father has charge of his fan mail and goes over each letter carefully. The letters of criticism, however, are put to one side and these Bing answers faithfully.

Ever since Deanna Durbin has been on the screen, she has had all her fan mail sent directly to her by the studio. She reads each and every letter and answers as much of it personally as time allows. Through her fan club, Deanna has enabled many young people to correspond with one another, introducing them by letter. These she calls her "Pen Pals." She was deeply gratified the other day to receive a letter from two of them, saying they had met and were engaged to be married!

LITTLE Gloria Jean receives an amazing amount of fan mail from children all over the world. These letters she is delighted to receive. Gloria has a passionate desire for knowledge, and she feels they have given her a true picture of conditions as they exist in other parts of the world which she would never have learned in any other way. Gloria also loves to receive birthday cards.

Incidentally, you'll find that most of the stars are most appreciative of greeting cards on holidays and birthdays. They're a sentimental lot at heart and it's a real thrill for them to know their admirers don't forget these dates.

Another little hint we want to pass on to you fans is to be sure you have spelled the star's name correctly. Most of us are rather proud of our names and it's most annoying to have even our best friends misspell them, as sometimes happens.

John Payne is extremely grateful to the young lady who called his attention to a mannerism of which he was not aware.

"Even though I enjoy your performances," she wrote, "I've noticed one bit of overacting you do. Couldn't you do something about those athletic eyebrows of yours?"

Johnny hadn't noticed that he had a very bad habit of working his eyebrows as he talked, but through this sincere fan's criticism, his attention was called to it and he has now overcome the habit.

If you're a "shut-in," Don Ameche and Betty Grable will give your letters their preferred attention. Both Don and Betty have been corresponding with a number of these lonely people and feel that they have become really friends.

"Besides," Betty explains, "many of these letters are brilliantly written. They're the kind of letters that make you want to take the time to sit right down and answer them."

Jane Withers, whose fan letters number up in the thousands each month, adores answering them with the help of her secretary and friend, Jo-Jo. And Janie, being a collector herself, never fails to oblige her fans who write to ask for some small object such as handkerchiefs or buttons off dresses she's worn.

As a parting warning, remember these important points:

1. Don't ask the stars to do the impossible.
2. Be sure your letters are addressed properly and have enough postage on them.
3. Wherever possible, address your letters to the star in care of The Fan Mail Department at his home studio.

And, kids, don't ask Jimmy Stewart and Lana Turner to marry you! If all the unmarried stars in Hollywood were to accept one out of every ten proposals, they'd be polygamists!

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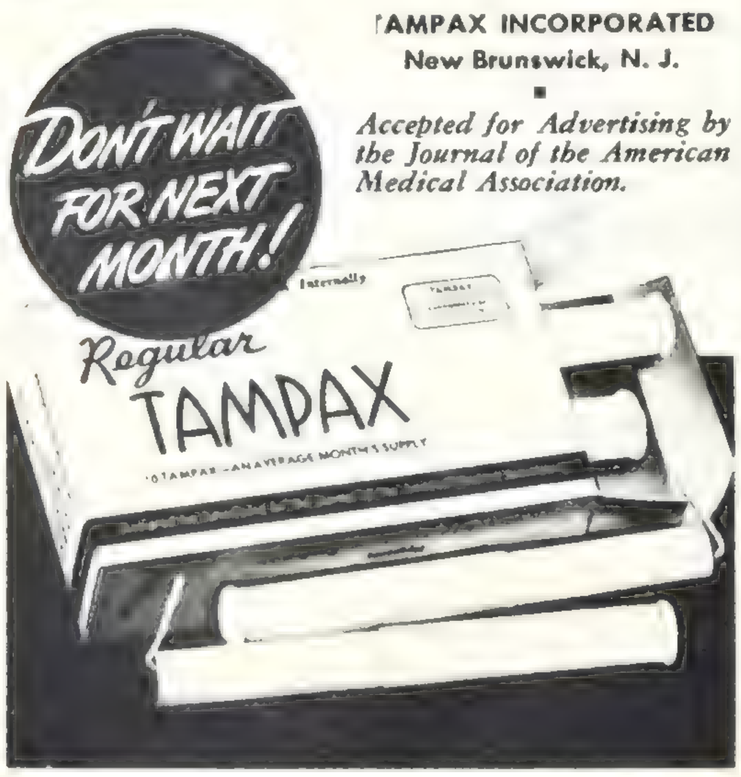

Round-Up of Pace Setters

(*Continued from page* 63)

change of names. At college he was John Arthur Kennedy, and on the stage he was just John Kennedy. But there were two other John Kennedys on the New York stage, and Arthur's agents, who were pleased with the lad's success on Broadway, persuaded him to change to J. Arthur Kennedy. The "J" disappeared altogether when he came to Hollywood, and even Arthur doesn't know where it went or what might happen next.

He likes to swim and looks the swimming type. The studio likes him because he offers not one word of objection to the little B's they shove him into every time he's caught looking the other way.

High on a hill over Hollywood is his house where he lives with his wife, a couple of dogs and a Persian cat that has just had kittens. They called the first born "Jocsur." The last born is called, appropriately enough, "Caboose."

Sure-to-Win Gwynne:

On that bet we lay our last dime. The tenacity, the determination, the do-or-die spirit that permeates Anne's blonde loveliness will reap her a golden harvest one day, you mark our words. In fact, she is well on her way right now, bringing in such sheaves as "Nice Girl," "Tight Shoes," "Spring Parade" and "Ride 'Em, Cowboy" with Abbott and Costello. Incidentally, Anne in her out-west costume is something to see.

ANNE'S the kind of kid that deserves the breaks and had everyone on her side right from the start. Born down in Waco, Texas, she went in for declamations and recitations all over the place. Once she lost the declamation contest by one vote, coming in second. "I'll get you next year," she stormed inwardly and with that Texas determination of hers, she did.

When her parents moved to St. Louis, Missouri, in 1936, Anne entered Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, and went in for drama in a big way. She was wild with joy when Miss Maude Adams took over the drama department. During a summer vacation in Los Angeles, Anne was offered a job as a model. In the evenings she attended the Bliss-Hayden Little Theater and worked in the plays. It was there a Universal scout spotted her and sent for her to visit the studio.

Anne was signed to a long-term contract after the shortest interview imaginable. It consisted of exactly three questions.

"Have you ever acted on the stage professionally?" she was asked.

"No," said our Annie.

"Have you ever been in pictures?"

"No."

"Would you like to be in pictures?"

"Yes," howled Anne and signed the paper.

Her greatest disappointment to date came when she was too ill to rehearse her role as bridesmaid at Deanna Durbin's wedding. But when the time came for Anne to march up that aisle, she never missed a beat.

She has no intention of becoming a bride herself until she gets that career of hers firmly under control. "Besides," says Anne, "I'd be afraid to marry right now for fear the man might be drafted. And one thing I wouldn't do is marry a man to keep him out of the draft. And anyway, I haven't met the fellow."

Her studio gives her a gold star daily for cooperation. Anne will cheerfully break a date to make publicity pictures any time she's asked. She never wastes a minute foolishly but studies and watches other players at work.

She rides well, swims, lives with her mother in a Hollywood apartment and works, works, works. That's why we know she'll win. Her one bright consoling thought is that no one so far has comforted her with, "Oh well, Gwynne and bear it."

An Imp on Wheels:

Young Ray McDonald, about nineteen years old to be exact, is really just a grin with a boy behind it; a sort of composite picture of every kid you've liked well enough to remember and one who says "Sure" to practically everything. Highlighted with that grin, it becomes a one-word riot.

"Sure," he says and grins. It's worth paying good money to see. And you will be paying good money to see him when "Babes on Broadway" hits the screens. Ray is the long-legged dancing kid who is teaching Judy Garland her first real dance routine and will dance with her in the film.

A nose exactly like Mickey Rooney's, hair as shaggy and uncut as Buddy Ebsen's, that grin, dancing feet like Ray Bolger's—that's the nifty package labeled Ray McDonald. Roger Eden, M-G-M musical coach, found him during rehearsals of "H'ya Gentlemen," the Max Baer revue that didn't hit, and arranged a test for him that turned out to be this side of terrific. No one enjoyed the results more than Ray. "I didn't care for the dancing and singing," he says, "but I sure enjoyed the acting." The studio enjoyed it too—all of it, in fact—and here he is in Hollywood living with his mother and dancing like a wild man.

His father, circulation manager for a theatrical trade paper in New York, was determined his two youngsters should have a stage career, which is reversing the usual situation a bit. Both Ray and his sister Grace were more than willing so they whipped up a dancing and singing act, and first thing you know there they were at fourteen and sixteen entertaining at Leon and Eddy's, one of New York's biggest night spots. Around about four or five each morning, Ray and Grace would trek home and always the same milkman would stand and watch them, in dumfounded amazement. He never could understand such goings-on for two such obvious youngsters.

RAY'S biggest break was a good role in the big-time musical, "Babes in Arms" that Broadway loved. After that there came a series of shows that ranged from not-so-good to plain stinky, but Ray kept right on grinning—and look where it got him. Sister Grace is also making pictures, so it's still a double success.

He was born in Boston, but his family moved to New York when he was a mere babe-in-arms (no relation to the play of the same name) and between Ray's hoofing and acting he managed to get himself graduated from Cathedral High School. He claims he isn't such a hot shot of a ballroom dancer because he always wants to put in his own variations.

His one great idol is Fred Astaire. "If I could meet Fred Astaire," he says, "I'd—well, of course I won't," he concludes, putting Freddie somewhere in the realm of the unapproachables.

He still can't get over having seen and

spoken with Eleanor Powell. That's the kind of kid he is.

When he wants to create new steps he hires space in a dancing salon and "knocks his brains out," he says.

"Gee, this is fun," he kept saying during our interview. "I thought it would make me nervous. Gee, this is great."

"It says here in your biography your career was 'nipped in the bud,' " we said. "Could that be possible?"

"No," he replied, "or I'd have felt it."

O—Kay, Tillie:

She came out with her glasses on! No one had told her that Penny Singleton and her husband, Producer Robert Sparks, were interested in her as a potential screen star. Miss Wheeler had said merely, "I want you to meet Miss Singleton and Mr. Sparks before they leave," and without waiting for make-up, a quick glance in the mirror, or even to remove her glasses, Kay Harris came out of her office to say hello.

She actually said "hello" to Hollywood, to a brand-new career in movies, and to the role of *Tillie* in Columbia's newest serial, "Tillie, the Toiler." Only, of course, she didn't know it then.

It all happened when Penny and her bridegroom were on a honeymoon tour and had stopped off for a visit in Cincinnati. Naturally the radio, because of Penny's "Blondie" programs, seized on her for a broadcast and celebration afterwards.

"You should see my secretary," said the sponsor of the Marsha Wheeler program, when Penny spoke of Columbia's long search for a *Tillie*. "Or is that merely a publicity stunt?"

PENNY assured her it wasn't, and agreed to see the secretary; brought her husband along, in fact. And they knew, when Kay—glasses, shiny nose and all—emerged from her office, Columbia had found *Tillie*.

"Will you come for a test at our expense?" read the telegram that reached Miss Harris two weeks later, and feeling there was nothing to lose, Kay and her mother started for Hollywood.

The test was awful. Kay didn't mind too much. After all, she had a good job in Cincinnati. But Producer Sparks knew the slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed Kay had something, and personally supervised Kay's second test. It was perfect, and Kay stepped into the famous comic strip role of *Tillie*. It seems fitting somehow that *Blondie*, another famous funny-paper idol, should be the one to discover a *Tillie*.

Kay Harris, a one-hundred-percent American small town girl, was born in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, on August 18, 1919. Her father is vice-president of United Milk Products there, and after Kay was graduated from high school, he sent her to Milwaukee Downer College in Northfield, Minnesota.

Kay agreed to two years of college before she attempted the stage career she longed for, and when they were over, she joined a little theater group in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin and Grand Tower, Illinois. When the season was over, Kay stayed with her aunt in Chicago, modeling for Marshall Field until the radio job opened for her in Cincinnati.

Besides being secretary to Miss Wheeler, it was part of Kay's job to write and sometimes deliver commercials, to take part in radio sketches, and interview interesting visitors in the city.

Kay is one of those wholesome, unharried girls in Hollywood, that the town loves and respects.

Naturally, she hopes very much to

Dances 10 Miles a Day!

She chooses Odorono Cream for her Daintiness Routine

Jean Bjorn, Nassau teacher, holds all partners entranced by her exquisite daintiness.

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KING of the world's greatest empire! He left it—for the woman he loved. The grandest gesture in history and perhaps the greatest blunder. Today, Edward, Duke of Windsor is far from his homeland and the center of the most perilous times in the history of his country. What does he think as he looks back? In "The Secret Thoughts of Edward Windsor" is a stirring answer with a startling look into the world's most famous romance. Read it in October TRUE STORY.

BEHOLD THE WOMAN By BETTE DAVIS

OCTOBER

A splendid story by Bette Davis whose written word will fascinate you as deeply as her screen portrayals is another scoop for October TRUE STORY. Others are Rapture—a gripping book length novel by Nina Wilcox Putnam • Wendell Willkie's personal hero • A.W.O.L.—a soldier boy gives some lessons in love; and many other magnificent stories of real life, plus the usual delightful departments of home and national interest.

ON SALE AUGUST 29.

True Story

make good in pictures. If she doesn't, no worlds will end, no comets fly. Because she can go back to her radio job.

Her wardrobe remains about as casual and slender as it did the day she arrived, her naive, straightforward honesty constantly baffles reporters, and her good manners won the respect of the wolves and the lambs. Fraternity dances and quiet parties at friends' homes comprise her night-life.

The instant her picture was finished she went back to Elkhorn to visit her family and friends. In fact, Kay is the only young actress in a long long time to go Elkhorn instead of Hollywood.

Tall, Single and Terrific:

Well, sir, girls, let us tell you about a lad out here in Hollywood that the Cirogoing blondes haven't got hold of as yet. As he stands (and he goes up in the air about six feet and then some) he's the most eligible bachelor in the whole town and why he hasn't been grabbed off is beyond us.

Of course, now, Ray Middleton ain't purty, you understand. But he's got a man's face, a man's ways and a man's good healthy approach to life. And he's out here in Hollywood, making such pictures for Republic as "Gangs of Chicago," "Lady from Louisiana" and "Hurricane Smith," none of which gives him any opportunity to display his very wonderful baritone voice, inherited by the way, from an uncle who was a celebrated opera star.

BORN in Chicago, he was graduated from the University of Illinois with a degree in music and a fellowship at the Juilliard School of Music in New York. When the play "Roberta" was *the* hit on Broadway, Ray Middleton played the lead with actor George Murphy and an up-and-coming comic, Bob Hope, to aid in the proceedings. A year or two later Ray felt his luck had surely played out, for after road-touring with the show, there were no more jobs. And that's where his voice came in for Ray gave concerts here and there and finally joined the St. Louis Opera Company.

During the winter of 1936 he sang with the Chicago Opera Company and then toured with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. That's just how good he is.

In fact, Ray finally had to choose between the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York and a Hollywood contract. He made a mistake and chose the latter. We say mistake for things didn't turn out so well and Ray soon returned to New York for an engagement with Walter Huston in "Knickerbocker Holiday," then into George White's "Scandals" and "American Jubilee."

As a radio star, Ray takes a back seat for nobody and has starred on the General Motors, the "Pursuit of Happiness" and the "Honest Abe" programs. He gave that up for another Hollywood venture, and starred in the singing spot in the Chase and Sanborn hour until Nelson Eddy returned from his concert tour.

He swims a lot, eats Chinese food for six and even seven nights in a row, loves the zoo in New York and has watched every animal baby there grow up into adolescence.

He has unactorish brown hair, doesn't even dress like the Hollywood lads, has a good Illinois twang to his voice and is so American somehow it makes you want to wave flags. He's waiting for the draft board to get around to his number, but in the meantime he's going ahead with his career, enjoying the climate and maybe, for all we know, waiting for the blondes to catch up with him.

The Man Kathryn Grayson Married

(*Continued from page 68*)

Mother and Father Hedrick a little frantic —their carefully reared nineteen-year-old "Sissy," as the family calls her, out all night! The police were asked to watch for accident reports. And, of course, the studio would have to be notified of the disappearance of the girl whom they considered their greatest singing property since Deanna Durbin slipped through their fingers. What they would say, Mrs. Hedrick, whose heart is wrapped up in her daughter's career, shuddered to think. Studios don't like their young innocents to dash off and become young matrons.

The morning papers solved the problem. Sharp-eyed reporters had picked up the innocent-looking names of Hedrick and Price and recognized at once their significance. John and Kathryn had thought they might keep their marriage secret for a month or so until they could prepare their two families for the shock. But all this was abandoned when, as Sissy stood uncertainly on the threshold, Mrs. Hedrick advanced, eyes red-rimmed but a smile on her lips, and gathered the little bride to her with a prayer of thanksgiving.

And what did she see when she beheld the upstanding young son-in-law who had made such a promising name for himself in "We Who Are Young"? Obviously she saw the height of him, topping six feet by an inch, and the breadth of him, with his Gablesque shoulders; the brown hair and blue eyes of him. But these were not enough to bowl over her quaint, sober-minded Sissy with the golden voice and platinum future.

Could she have looked with the eyes of Kitty at the man who had suddenly become a magic thing in her life—her husband—she would have seen way, way back a bright little boy, romping the sun-showered streets of Los Angeles and learning to hold his own with the bigger kids by his native gift of commerce.

"I did regular business with the junk man," John spoke frankly of those years "I could spot a milk bottle a block away and beat any kid in the neighborhood to it. The bottle business carried over to Venice where we used to spend our summers. I'd pick 'em up on the beach and set them down in neat rows for the customers to knock down. Coronado was the next jump when I was twelve. I used the bottle scheme for a concessions stall and business was so good I was soon hiring three other kids to help me."

John's mother was Madge Sheppard Price who appeared in the theater under David Belasco's banner and from the moment her son, at the mellow age of four, recited a poem for a woman's club program, life held but one ultimate aim—to be an actor. His father, a substantial Los Angeles attorney, didn't share that aim and John had to realize his goal by whatever devious paths presented themselves. Devious indeed they proved to be—everything from digging ditches in Tahoe to thumbing his way east. But let not the lowly thumb be underestimated. It got John his first job in the theater, for the man from whom he got a hitch hike had a stock company in Ogden and took on his enthusiastic passenger for the rest of the season.

THEREAFTER, John tried stock companies in various parts of the country, finally turning to radio as one of "The Three Chords." The boys managed to get themselves on the networks in both New York and then Los Angeles, at which latter point they lost one chord—the main one. He thought he was good enough to go on the air alone.

Out of this unhappy predicament came John's first real break. Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, conducted the drama school on the RKO lot. When she didn't have enough students inside the studio, she brought in likely youngsters from the outside. One of these was John Shelton. Pandro Berman, then head of the studio, saw the lad and word got about that John was to play the boy in "Winterset," a plum indeed if only it had ripened. But Berman flew east and came back with Burgess Meredith.

After several such instances Shelton got himself an agent who signed him up with Warner Brothers. It would have been an unimportant episode, because he was presently dropped by the studio along with thirteen others of his agent's clients, except that you can't call an episode unimportant which brings about a man's marriage. The young lady was Sally Sage, Bette Davis' stand-in, so you may know she is little and blonde. They met on the set of "Kid Galahad" where John was playing a newspaper reporter and Sally was playing a secretary. Their courtship was quick, their wedding quiet, their marriage short-lived.

Not that they didn't try and try hard. But working wives and out-of-work husbands never made for happiness anywhere. John made desperate efforts to make ends meet. He went into the agency business. He opened a vocal school. He even tried Culver City politics—civic, not studio—and was well on the way to becoming councilman when the petition of names necessary to be filed before he could run for office was stolen from him. The crescendo of failures was too much for the marriage. Sally took the train to Reno and, after one last fling at pictures in "Dramatic School," John hitchhiked to New York.

In New York he again ran into Lela Rogers. She still had faith in his ability and arranged for him to meet the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout. Once more

Eye-to-eye and heart-to-heart: Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton at Ciro's after their elopement

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It's true! Grip-Tuth holds *any* style hair-do lovely longer! Slipped into place in a jiffy, each split tooth grips your waves, puffs, curls —holds them gently but firmly, so they keep looking perfect for *days* longer. And it's ideal for ribbons, bows, flowers, hair ornaments!

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the picture game's enigma of East vs. West was enacted. Shelton, who couldn't give his services away when he was in Hollywood, was signed in New York and shipped back with a contract to play juvenile leads for the biggest motion picture studio in the world.

This time he determined to forestall the chances of oblivion by seeing to it that he got plenty of practice between pictures at his chosen profession. So he sought out Lillian Burns, M-G-M's talented dramatic coach, and offered his services in making tests for other players.

"In that way," he said, "I played the parts taken by Gable, Tracy, Taylor and all the best actors. Then I could go into the projection room, see my faults and attempt to correct them. There was only one bad feature to the plan. When someone was tested for a part and failed, I felt that there must have been something I could have done to have helped him or her succeed."

It was in his work with Lillian Burns some two years ago that John first met Kathryn Grayson. There was nothing in the least arresting about her appearance except perhaps the wide-set gray eyes. But the earnestness of this seventeen-year-old about her singing made a deep impression on him. Miss Burns' moan about Kitty was that she didn't want to act, didn't like to act and probably wouldn't act when the time came. Then what of the long year's preparation for the promised test?

YOU see, Kathryn, when she was still Zelma Kathryn Elizabeth Hedrick, had come to the studio on the strangest agreement ever to be witnessed by the picture industry. It all came about when someone in the neighborhood who had connections at M-G-M heard Kitty singing away in the kitchen as she washed the family dishes in their Hollywood apartment. In due time the Hedricks were astounded to receive a request that their daughter come out and audition for no less a person than Mr. Louis B. Mayer.

Kitty was the least impressed of all. What earthly good would it do for her to sing for a movie mogul when her goal was grand opera? Five long years ago she had decided on that course when Frances Marshall, Chicago Civic Opera star, had caught the child singing on the empty stage of the St. Louis Municipal Auditorium just for the lark of it and had given her the only music lessons she had ever known.

Besides, she wouldn't be any good in pictures, Kathryn reasoned; not with her homely face. But this was a chance to sing and Kitty, who always sang just for the inexhaustible love of it, decided to brave the meeting.

When she finished her aria from "La Traviata," Mr. Mayer began to talk soft words about a contract. Kitty listened politely and said, "No." But, argued Mr. Mayer, she would receive instruction in French, dramatics, piano, dancing, plus the finest voice coaching in the country—and be paid while she studied! Still Kathryn demurred. Finally he dragged the reason from her: It was her horror of the camera. All right, said Mr. Mayer who is one of the best gamblers in Hollywood as well as the smartest psychologist, she would not have to go before a camera, even for a test, until she had had a full year of training.

That was too much. One whole year of training before they threw her out after seeing her test! Kitty succumbed with a conscientious statement that she was sure the investment would prove unprofitable to the studio.

But one year later the bet Louis B. Mayer laid on Kathryn Grayson to win paid off handsomely. For the test she was sure would be atrocious was so good that the studio put her into "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary" and her glorious singing won spontaneous applause at every showing of the film.

However, neither Kathryn nor John could know all this that first day when Lillian Burns introduced them. John only knew that he was desperately unhappy over his career and the way things were going with the picture he was then making, "We Who Are Young," ironically the finest opportunity he has yet had. Evidently the wide gray eyes got in their work for he found himself telling Kitty all his troubles. Forthrightly she launched into the very heart of his problem—he must do this, he must do that.

Amazed to find her advice absolutely sound, John made occasions to seek her out for other conferences, not so much in the first six months they knew each other, but with increasing regularity toward the end of the year.

Knowing studio policies, they kept their meetings out of the limelight; mostly swam, played golf and went to the movies. On the one night when they sallied forth to the Mocambo each received a solemn summons from the front office and was told that Kathryn Grayson must not be seen in night clubs. Thereafter John did his night clubbing with current attractions like Ruth Hussey, Carole Gallagher or Lupe Velez, to whom he was reported to have become engaged.

But all this time John was growing more and more emotionally dependent upon Kathryn. Each day that he didn't see her, he would call three or four times on the phone.

On one of these calls some six months ago John suddenly had an inspiration. The day was a dream. He was sitting out on the lawn of his Westwood home, talking to her over the wire. Why should they be separated like this? "Let's get married," he urged.

More than once in the following weeks Kitty considered the excitingly practical details of whether there would be time enough for a round-trip elopement. Finally on the night of Friday, July 11, they climbed into John's car and sped across the State of California to become Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Price.

BUT the great problem lies ahead for these two youngsters, and their friends in Hollywood are distinctly worried. What happens to young married love in the eyes of the studio?

For John, the issue is not so pressing. Five months ago M-G-M, who are strictest about their young stars, sold his contract to Twentieth Century-Fox with the understanding that they could borrow him whenever necessary to continue the "Keeping Company" series.

But how about little Kitty Grayson and that wonderful future Louis B. Mayer dreamed for her?

Those who are most concerned point to the parallel case of Jean Parker. Jean, after a brilliant start at the same studio in "Rasputin" and her delightful performance in "Sequoia," found her option quietly dropped after her runaway marriage to George MacDonald. Despite talent and charm, she has never since been able to hit her stride on the other lots where she has worked.

Is this to happen to that heavenly voice of Kathryn Grayson's? Earnestly we hope not. With all due sympathy for the investment the studio has made not only in training her but in buying stories to build their girl-star singer which may not now apply, we still believe little Kitty Grayson has too much joy to give millions of movie-goers to warrant oblivion.

The Love of Three Sisters

(*Continued from page* 41)

first, it was just Betty and Mary. They had studied ballet which gradually involved clog and tap. They had entertained at school and now they began to appear at clubs and banquets. They graduated to Amateur Nights. They became professionals, The Brodell Kiddies, entertaining at the big theaters during Christmas vacations and week ends.

But then . . . remember? . . . Joan was two and stood in the wings of the Michigan Theater in Detroit one night, watching her sisters' act. The manager stood there, watching, not the act, but Joan. He asked the girls, "The baby, can she do anything?" "No," the girls said, "she can't, she's only two." "Pity," said the manager, reflectively, "if she could do something, we could use her."

"We were only kids ourselves," Betty says, "but I think we heard premonitory bells ring in our little belfries that night. I think that was our first inkling that managers and producers would always say of Joan, 'We can use her.'"

The next year in the same theater, little Joan, aged three, made her first appearance on the stage. She made her initial bow to the public singing, "Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella." She did a hula. She danced the Merry Widow Waltz with a blade of four done up in military costume. She also did a little Bowery dance, as tough a little toughie as ever did a boogie beat on the famed street. Then, as now, she handled a repertoire of moods as dexterously as a juggler manipulating a whole set of china.

Years later, in Hollywood, on the set of "Men With Wings," Director William Wellman was to point to the lovely Mary and ask Joan, "She your sister? Can she act?" and Joan was to answer, "Can she *act*? Sure. She taught me how to act."

For a time the baby Joan worked in the same show with her sisters, but separately. Later they decided to "incorporate" and it was then they became The Three Brodell Sisters. Then, too, that they took their sacred ritualistic oath one windy night by candlelight, to be "one-for-all and all-for-one—forever."

"The three of us—or nothing," intoned Mary, administering the oath, "let this be our slogan—always."

"A-men," chorused Betty and Joan, faces solemn above flannelette nighties.

SUMMERS on the road, then. During the winters, school, St. Benedict's Convent, with week-end engagements at local and neighboring theaters. Winters *and* summers, they practised four to five hours a day. "We worked out our routines by ourselves, usually." Joan began to do her impersonations. "The regular rigmarole," she laughs, "Zasu Pitts, Garbo, Luise Rainer in her telephone scene from 'The Great Ziegfeld,' Katharine Hepburn." When, not often, they had a little extra money, they would hire a coach to help them smooth out their routines.

"Mary always wanted to be a ballet dancer, remember . . ." says Joan, "and Betty thought she would like to sing on the radio. But I always wished to be a movie star. I never dreamed it would come true, though. I used to stand out on the sidewalks and spin round and round and round until I was dizzy and then I'd fall flat and I'd lie there, thinking. *Maybe a big talent scout will come along and see me and say, 'Why, this is just what I want!'*"

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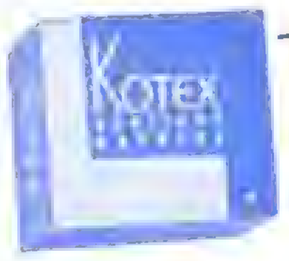

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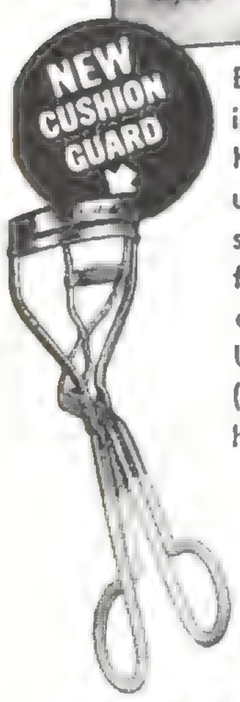

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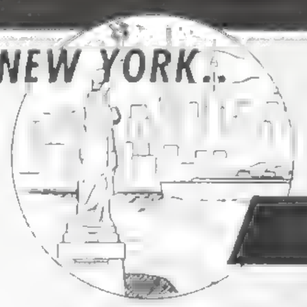

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KIRKEBY HOTELS

The Kiddie Revue, then, remember . . . and the road. How Mom made all their clothes, for the act and for street wear, too. How Mom did most of the cooking, too. When they could, they took small apartments instead of going to hotels so that Mom could make her old-fashioned Irish stew. They did their own laundry . . . gosh, all the fire escapes where their costumes hung to dry between shows! They dried their hankies on mirrors and window panes. They hung their silk stockings, a whole pair apiece when they were lucky, over the gas heaters.

The group of boy musicians who joined the Kiddie Revue and how the girls had to learn to play instruments, too. Mom decided that Mary should learn saxophone, Betty the banjo and Joan the piano-accordion. The time when Mary and Betty were doing a novelty dance which wound up with a baseball act. At the end of the routine, Betty made a slide for home base. During the supper dance, she came in two meters ahead of time and, in no time at all, an irate orchestra leader was backstage, demanding, "What's the matter with you, little one? Why didn't you follow the boom? Tonight you make your fall *before* the boom, what's the matter, huh?" And Joan, piping up, "Mr. Leader, I'm awful sorry, but you don't understand. *We* are Artists. We don't do everything on schedule!" ("She pronounced it 'skedge-ool,'" shriek the girls.) And how funny "Mr. Leader" looked as, eyeing the embattled midget with some alarm, he backed away, muttering feebly, "Better she fall with the boom!"

They had to learn to handle people. "They got pretty annoyed with kids in show business," Joan says. "We'd come into a theater and there'd be thirty men in the orchestra. They'd settle back in their chairs and you could *see* them thinking, *Ouch, another kid act!* Mary thought up things to put them in good humor. She'd draw cartoons on the backs of our sheet-music—remember, Betty?—and we'd hand down our sheets of music and they'd all begin to laugh. You've got to pretend to know a lot you don't know when you're kids in show business. That's why we're so old for our ages, I guess."

SO the road unwound, year after year, and time, too . . . and the kids grew up. A vaudeville unit; eventually, New York . . . Ben Marden's Riviera, the Park Central Roof, the Club Paradise. But in between these engagements, long, lean intervals of days spent seeing agents. Until that night the M-G-M scout saw them at the Paradise, made tests of all three of them and—signed Joan.

"We insisted that she go," said Mary. "She was offered $200 a week, more than all three of us were making together. When she left, she made you go with her, Betty, remember? She said, 'Come out with me and I'll pay a singing teacher for you,' and you said, 'Okay, and when I get a job, I'll pay you back.'"

Three months. And the kids back in New York, disillusioned about Hollywood. M-G-M let Joan go, after one bit in 'Camille.' They'd let Deanna Durbin go, too. But that wasn't much consolation.

In New York, Joan got a short to do at the old Biograph Studio. It lasted two days. She came home in tears. "I'll never be that happy again," she sobbed. Mary said, "Then I knew she really loved it, that this was her work."

Mary went to Hollywood and sent for Joan and Mom. She got enough jobs to keep them going. She went in and fought for Joan. At Universal, she interviewed Casting Director Kelly, urging him to give Joan a chance in a Durbin picture. "She isn't young enough to play a little kid or old enough to play an ingenue," objected Mr. Kelly.

"My word," cried Mary, "you make people up for character parts, don't you? Why can't you make her look younger or older? She's got the stuff, I tell you!" And Casting Director Kelly said, gently, "What about your own career, Mary?"

She talked Director Chuck Riesner into giving them both small parts in "Winter Carnival." When it went into production, Mary lost her part to Virginia Gilmore. But no matter, Joan got hers.

Joan made "Laddie" for RKO. She was beginning to go places. She got a part in "Men with Wings." Posing as eighteen, her real age was discovered, which meant that she could not work for more than an hour at nights. Mary took Joan to the airport where the night scenes were being shot and where Director Wellman was going crazy because he needed more time with Joan. His only alternative was to find someone who sufficiently resembled her, same coloring, red hair, blue eyes, natural wild roses for cheeks.

It was then he spotted Mary and said, "Your sister, you say? Can she act?" —and Mary pinch-hit for Joan. A Technicolor picture, it might well have been Mary's chance. Her skin texture, hair, all perfect for color. The night of the preview, Mary fought her way into the theater to see herself. Her part came in the last reel. But before they got to that last reel, "The End" flashed on the screen. The cutting room had run its scissors through another young heart.

"That night," remembers Mary, "I wanted to make a hole in the river. I admit."

But next day, the reviews commended Joan. Her part, that of Ray Milland's daughter, had been good. So, no matter.

NOW things were gaining momentum for Joan. Betty had a job with a name band in New York, but Mom thought she should come to Hollywood, that they should all be together, as always. Betty came. If the kids wanted her . . . .

When Mary got a job singing in San Diego, an agent handled Joan. Which brings us to the moment when the news came, "Joan's got a contract!" Mary came up from San Diego and the sisters joined hands with Mom and Pop, dancing around the dining-room table.

In San Diego, while Mary was singing there, some of the kids on location with a Warners picture had told her she should be on the screen, they were going to root for her . . . Bill Orr and the others. She was calling herself Mary Trent then and it was as Mary Trent that the Warners signed her, never dreaming she was Joan's sister.

Now it is said they are interested in Betty, too. And who knows but what, in time, The Brodell Kiddies may be playing the Lane Sisters' screen children, grown-up?

Now they need scrap no longer over the one "good pair" of hose; now each girl has her heart's desire.

Mary has a silver fox jacket . . . "I got it down to $45.00 this week. Two more weeks and its mine, all mine."

Betty is "working towards" a lynx coat. And Joan has her own car, "*with* a radio in it." The other morning, before breakfast, Mary found Joan in the front seat of her new car, in her nightgown, the dog beside her, the radio playing. "You'll catch your death of cold," snapped Mary, crossly, then stopped.

The child's face was radiant. She was saying, under her breath, "Isn't it *won*derful!"

"The Rise of the Sun Goddess," the sisters say, kidding, when they talk about Joan's success . . . to Joan. She doesn't wear Seven League Boots, but she's not going to wear a ten-gallon hat, either, not if they know it.

"When it was announced in Louella Parsons' column that Joan was a star," laughs Mary, "we ribbed the poor kid for a whole week. 'Miss Leslie,' we'd say, 'how does it feel to be a star?' We'd step back and, with low bows, let her enter a room ahead of us. If ever she loses her temper around the house, we hold our noses and scream, 'Ugghh, Miss Leslie—Cut!' She really takes it.

"The day she was photographed as the Sun Goddess, she was so tired when she came home, she forgot to take off her crown and wore it to dinner. We kept saying, 'Look at Queenie' and 'Your Maj-esty!' And when we poured the tea, we served her first, saying, 'The Queen first, remember—Royal Etiquette!'

"She finally got wise to the fact that she was wearing the crown and did she rip it off! We went a bit too far that night, though. She cried. So we took her to the corner drugstore and blew her to a soda, just like old times—a soda will fix anything for Joan. We blew her to *two* sodas, in fact, and it was all right."

"But what of *you?*" the girls are asked, as they stand on the sidelines, watching "the kid" working with Gary Cooper. Then Joan comes off, says anxiously, "Did I do all right in that scene, kids? Say, Mary, will you look at my rushes with me? Say, kids, will you go shopping with me tomorrow?" And they go into a huddle, so all-for-one you can't tell which is which . . . and Mary looks back to answer, "Me? Oh, I believe the kids will help me if I ever need help."

A story that deserves the name of love, we said . . . what do you think?

Your Wardrobe Tree

(*Continued from page 29*)

up one of the colors in the plaid skirt and match it with a blouse or sweater.

¶The belt for the black evening dress should be jeweled to match the evening bolero. Both bolero and belt can also be worn with the basic black dress.

¶Striped sashes in combinations of black, white, and yellow or gold and scarlet would be very smart to wear with the long black dress.

¶As for your jewelry, choose it for color. And remember always, one stunning clip is a thousand times more effective than a necklace, earrings, bracelet and clip worn all at the same time. With the suit use gay clips of wood or enamel. With either of the black dresses wear pearls or coral or turquoise beads. Wear jewelry that is frankly costume jewelry —and no fooling!

¶Purses should be of medium size and as plain as possible.

¶Gloves, unless you can indulge in good suede, should be the best quality washable fabric gloves, handstitched. Pigskin gloves with the suit, by all means.

IN summation Edith Head says: "You're well-dressed when you're attractive but not conspicuous. The colors you use can be outstanding but they should supplement you, not dominate you."

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Unfinished Business

(*Continued from page* 49)

waiter to remove the dinner dishes. While Steve was engaged with the waiter Nancy furtively removed the pearls.

"I suppose you think I'm silly," she began nervously. "That it's hopeless for a small-town girl to go to New York and try to find a career."

Steve didn't answer right away. His appraising eye noticed the absence of the pearls. He dropped onto the seat beside her and drew her slowly into his arms. "I don't think you're silly, Nancy," he said at last. "I think you're very lovely—and very sweet," and he tilted her face so that her lips met his own.

NANCY dreamed about Steve all night long and in the morning when the train reached Grand Central she looked eagerly for him in the crowd. At last, disappointed, she went to the small hotel he had recommended and waited there for him to telephone her as she was sure he would do. But he didn't phone, that day or the next. It wasn't until three days of unhappiness and worry had passed that she understood the reason for his strange silence, for it was then that she read in a society column the announcement of his engagement to Sheila Winthrop. "The engagement," the item said smugly, "comes as no surprise to their friends."

"No surprise to their friends." The words brought heartbreak and bitterness to Nancy, for they told her that even while he was making love to her he had known—must have known—that he was going to marry Sheila. The caresses which to Nancy had been a promise of love and happiness forever had been, to Steve, only an amusing way to break the boredom of a long train journey.

Almost as heartbreaking as her sorrow about Steve was the discovery that the career which had seemed so certain when she was in Messina was farther away than ever now that she had reached New York. She went bravely, doggedly, from audition to audition, only to receive the same discouraging verdict after each one: "Your voice is very promising, but it needs more training." Then came the terrifying realization that her money was almost gone and the frantic search for a job—any job—which would enable her to live even though it couldn't provide the voice training she should have. Final humiliation was the job she finally got at the Kohinoor, New York's newest and smartest night club, for instead of being hired as an entertainer, she was cooped up at a telephone switchboard where she had to answer calls by singing:

"This is the Cafe Kohinoor
Sterling 8-5234."

One evening when she'd sung this inane musical greeting until her throat ached, she was startled to hear a masculine and not too musical voice sing:

"Crenshaw 9-0130
Into which booth do I go?"

She turned coldly to face the singer. He was tall and lithe and his eyes and mouth quirked amusingly in a face so tanned that it reminded her stabbingly of Steve's. He was slightly, but amiably, sozzled and he grinned at Nancy as if he were a little boy on Christmas morning and Nancy a festive-looking package.

She ignored the grin, plugged in the number he had sung out and said in her most businesslike manner, "Booth 2, please." Then she forgot all about him when a waiter came up to tell her that the boss was waiting for her in the pantry with a birthday cake to be presented to one of the diners.

When she reached the pantry, Ross pointed out the man to whom she was to give the cake. He was seated with his back to Nancy and there was a girl with him. The young man she had left in the phone booth was just slipping into the third chair at the table. The orchestra began to play "Happy birthday" and Nancy picked up the cake. The lights had been turned off and a spotlight shone on her as she crossed the floor.

"Happy birthday to you," she sang. "Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday from Club Kohinoor—" she came to a stop at the table and the man turned so that his face was revealed in the spotlight. For one awful moment Nancy thought she was going to drop cake, candles and all, then she pulled herself together and placed the flaming offering in front of the man. It was Steve Duncan and he gave her a sickly smile.

"Happy birthday—to—you—" she finished in a sob, then she ran back to the shelter of the switchboard.

"NOW what did that lug of a brother of mine say to you to make you cry?" came an angry voice from behind her. Nancy lifted her tear-splotched face from her hands and turned to see the young man who had been at the table with Steve.

"He's not a lug," she sobbed. "And he didn't say anything at all—that's the trouble." She was too shaken to know or care what she herself was saying. "Is he really your brother?" she sniffled.

The young man leaned over the railing. "You don't suppose I'd say so if he wasn't, do you? It's not the kind of thing I'd boast about. Steve," he explained, "is the whited sepulchre of the Duncan clan and I'm Tommy, the black sheep. Need I add, we don't love each other?"

Nancy didn't say anything; she was too busy sniffling into her handkerchief to pay any attention to him. At last he burst out, "Why don't you go off somewhere and have yourself a good cry?"

Nancy shook her head. "I can't leave the switchboard without Mr. Ross' permission."

"I'll fix it up with Ross, then," Tommy said, "and we'll go for a ride.

And fix it up he did, so that a few minutes later they were in a taxi, winding through the curving driveways of Central Park, with Tommy's arm around Nancy and her tears making a wreck of his collar. At last her sobs quieted and then Tommy said, "I don't know what it's all about, but it's pretty obvious that you've met Steve before and that you've been carrying the torch for him."

"Yes," Nancy admitted forlornly.

"Well, you might as well forget about him. He's going to marry the girl who was with him at the Kohinoor. And Steve," Tommy added bitterly, "is a guy who always does what he's going to do."

"I know." Nancy's voice was a faint whisper in the darkness. "But how," she asked mournfully, "do you make yourself forget about somebody?"

Tommy thought it over, then said, "Liquor helps."

"Then," Nancy cried in reckless desperation, "lead me to it."

And Tommy did. They went to a night club in the East Fifties and drank milk punch. They went to another one in Greenwich Village and drank more milk punch. When they were in the third one, Tommy said abruptly, "You know, Nancy, maybe you'd forget about Steve quicker if you'd marry somebody else."

Nancy's blue eyes grew thoughtful. "Who, for instance?" she asked.

"Me, for instance. I'm free, white and twenty-one—and a very nice fellow."

Suddenly Nancy felt almost light-hearted. "You are a nice fellow, Tommy," she said warmly. "But how," she teased, "can I be sure you're free?"

Grinning, Tommy pulled an assortment of papers from a pocket, shoved one across the table. It was a legal-looking document and it informed Nancy and the world at large that in consideration of $100,000 Clarissa Smith had withdrawn her breach of promise suit against Thomas Duncan.

"That certainly seems to take care of that," she agreed.

"Then what about it, Nancy?" Tommy's voice was eager. "I know a chap who has a plane. He'll fly us down to South Carolina and we can be married tonight."

Nancy shook her head. "Thanks, Tommy," she said gently, "but I don't want to marry—anybody. I want," she forced laughter into her words, "excitement—fun. I want to go places and do things—crazy things I've never done before."

"Marry me and we'll do them together."

"But we don't love each other, Tommy," Nancy protested. "We don't even know each other."

"We don't need to be in love with each other," Tommy retorted with a laugh. He caught her hands and cupped his own around them. "Come on, Nancy," he urged, "let's take that plane."

Something of his own eagerness was transferred to Nancy. She'd wanted love, adventure, excitement, she reminded herself. She couldn't have love, but was that any reason why she shouldn't have the other things? She made up her mind swiftly, then jumped to her feet. "All right, Tommy," she cried recklessly.

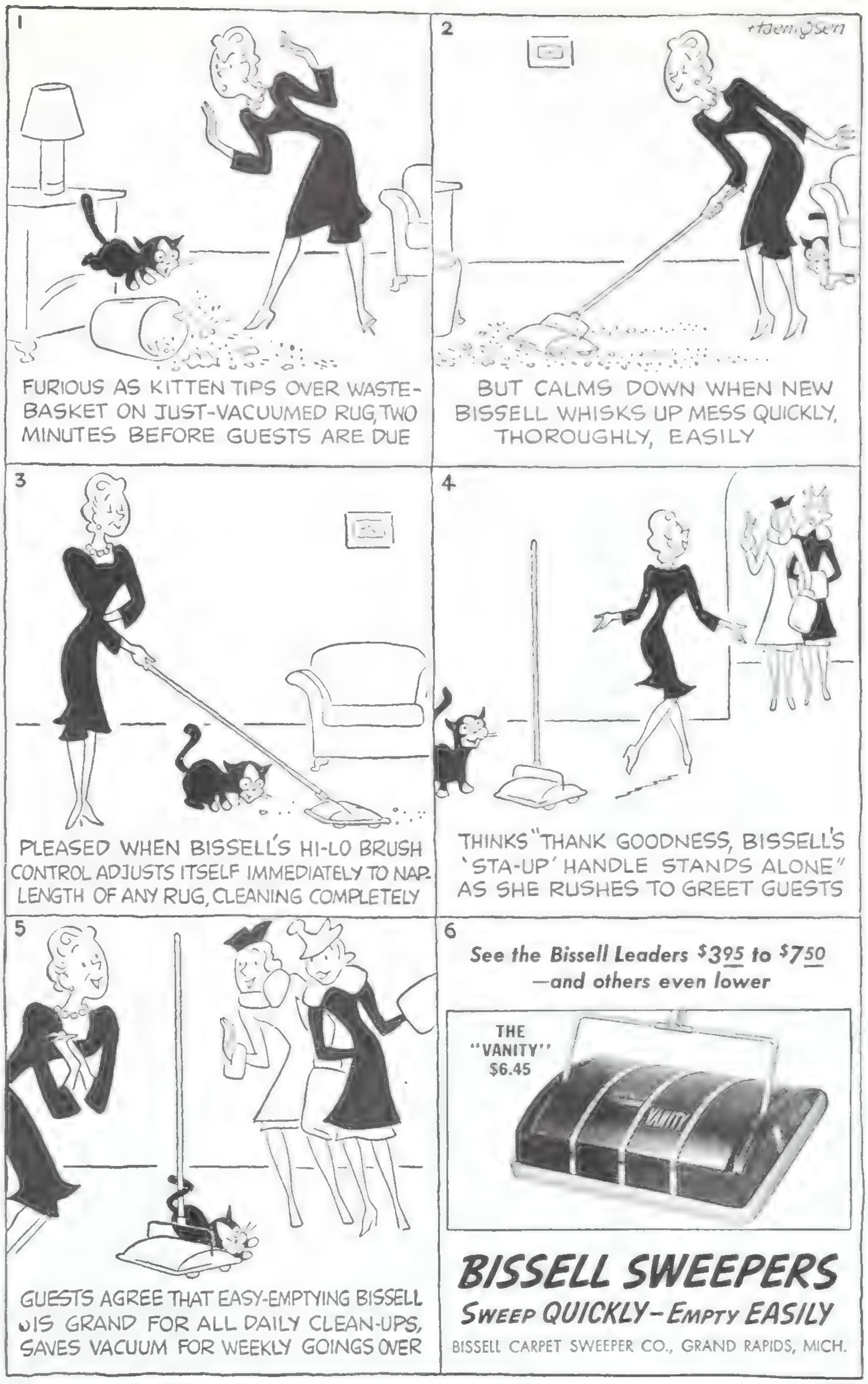
THE weeks that followed Nancy's marriage were the gayest, maddest, most unbelievable she had ever known, and perhaps the most unbelievable feature of all was Elmer. Elmer was a large, lugubrious individual who had, some years earlier, attached himself to Tommy as cook, butler, chauffeur and valet, with occasional dashes of best friend and severest critic. He was devoted to Tommy—and promptly bestowed on Nancy the same devotion.

Life was so different from anything Nancy had ever known that at times she couldn't really believe it was her own. Shopping for clothes and furs and jewels, a round of theaters, concerts, cocktail parties and night clubs; all helped mercifully to ease the aching memory of Steve, helped her to put him into the back of her mind, "where he rattles around," she confessed dolefully to Tommy one day, "like a piece of unfinished business."

She saw Tommy's lips tighten as they always did at mention of his brother and she asked almost timidly, "Why do you dislike Steve so, Tommy?"

"Dislike is hardly the word," Tommy corrected. "I hate the guy. Always have. He always had first choice of toys because he was older. He always maneuvered to find out which one I was crazy for, then he chose that particular one. And when he got tired of it, I'd get it. Everything I wanted I got only after Steve had discarded it first."

He broke off and looked at Nancy shrewdly. "I suppose this all sounds rather childish to you?" he said questioningly. Nancy nodded. "Well, I began to think so, too," he grinned sheepishly. "I decided it was silly to live in the same house with him and spend my time hating him, so that's why, as soon as I came into my own money, I got this apartment



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of my own. I hadn't even seen him for a year, until that night of his birthday celebration at the Kohinoor. And I hope," he added decisively, "I never see him or hear about him again."

THEN came the night when Tommy astonished her by dropping wearily into a chair in front of the fireplace and asking whimsically, "Would it be too disastrous if, instead of going out, we'd just sit at home and relax?"

"I've spent all my life sitting at home," Nancy objected.

Tommy shrugged in resignation. "All right," he said. He bent over and began poking at the logs in the fireplace. "But you can't," his eyes were intent on the flames, "go on this way forever. You ought to give your real self a chance."

Nancy leaned forward so that the firelight made a golden halo of her hair and turned her eyes into deep shadowed pools. "I'm not sure," she said in a bewildered little-girl voice, "that I know what my real self is any more."

Tommy stood up so abruptly that the poker clattered onto the hearth. "Then I'll tell you." He leaned on the mantel, looking down at her with eyes which were suddenly serious. "Your real self is sweet and generous and fine. It's that real self that I love, Nancy," he finished tenderly.

"No, Tommy," Nancy protested. She jumped up in agitation. "You mustn't fall in love with me," she added unhappily. "We weren't supposed to fall in love."

"Are you sure, Nancy?" Tommy asked. "Are you sure," his voice was low, "that it wasn't always meant to be—like this?" He kissed her then, his lips eager, possessive against her unresponsive ones. Then suddenly her unresponsiveness melted and she was returning his kisses with an ecstasy that was sweet and new.

A few weeks later Tommy decided to give a party. His Aunt Mathilda and her daughter Nell, Tommy's only relatives aside from his brother Steve, had returned from California and Tommy was anxious for them to meet Nancy. Nancy thought it was a fine idea, but she insisted that Steve and Sheila Duncan, who had just come back from their honeymoon, be included. At last Tommy gave in, his only stipulation being that since Nancy wanted Steve, he should be allowed to invite his ex-flame, Clarissa.

Nancy was ready for the party ahead of time, and she went into Tommy's room to show him her new dress.

"It's a good thing you have such a nice back," he commented, "since you're showing so much of it." He kissed her lightly, then said, "Go away and leave me alone. A white tie requires solitude and prayer."

Nancy wrinkled her nose at him and flung herself into a chair, pointing to a furry toy which stood on his dressing table. It was a black cat; its back was arched, its tail was bottle-brushed and its lips were drawn back in a lifelike snarl. "That's a very disagreeable-looking cat," she remarked.

Tommy grinned at her in the mirror. "That cat," he said, "illustrates the Thomas Duncan face-the-facts-and-lick-'em school of philosophy."

"You sound a trifle sozzled, darling."

"No," Tommy contradicted, "cold sober. When I was little," he explained, "I was afraid of black cats—terrified by them. Well, one day Aunt Mathilda decided to cure me. She collected black cats by the dozen. Simply filled the house with them." He reached for his vest and coat.

"Go on," Nancy prompted.

"I got so I wasn't afraid of them any more. I'd simply," his mood changed swiftly from gaiety to seriousness, "got so I could face the fact of a black cat—and then I wasn't afraid of them any more. So then I got this fellow to be a mascot. He sits there yowling at me all the time and whenever I want to I can yowl right back at him. Like this"—he gave an ear-splitting howl. "And now, Mrs. Duncan," he was gay again, "let's face the fact that we have guests."

THE party was one of those gay riotous affairs where everybody knows everybody else. Nancy liked Aunt Mathilda and Cousin Nell. She talked music with the old lady, screaming through her ear trumpet; she talked horses with Nell, night clubs with Clarissa, current novels with Sheila.

It wasn't until late in the evening that she found herself alone with Steve. For a moment mutual embarrassment held them silent and during that moment Nancy automatically began comparing Steve and Tommy. It was Steve who

Nancy lifted the baby in her arms. "He's had a little cold," she told Tommy worriedly, "but he's all right now"

suffered by the comparison. Where Tommy was warmth and generous good nature, Steve, she sensed now for the first time, was cold and selfish. And since she realized this, it was silly for the old "unfinished business" of Steve to pop back into her mind and begin to nag her again.

AND she didn't want it that way, she told herself. She didn't want her old memory of Steve now; she wanted only the present—and Tommy.

At last Steve spoke, a stilted, "Hello, Nancy," that was no more constrained, after all, than her answering: "Hello, Steve," or than the silence which immediately engulfed them again.

Then suddenly, Nancy's thoughts went back to Tommy's black cat theory of facing the facts and she began to wonder crazily whether, if she were to feel again the reality of Steve's embrace, she would then be able to drive the haunting memory of him away for ever. If she could do that, if the real Steve could dispel the ghostly Steve of her imagination, if . . . impulsively she decided to try the experiment and she threw her arms around his neck.

She felt Steve tense with surprise, then she felt his arms clutching her and his hot kiss on her mouth. For a moment she clung to him, unable to believe at first that the miracle had happened. But it *had* happened! There was no thrill for her in his caress, only a glorious sense of freedom from him.

"Thank you, Tommy's little black cat," she giggled wildly.

From behind her there came Clarissa's high, piercing voice. "Tommy! Sheila!" she shrilled. "Come look. Nancy and Steve are playing post office!"

The scene that followed was a nightmare. Tommy lunged at Steve, accusing him of making love to Nancy, then he turned on Nancy just as furiously and accused her of two-timing him with his own brother. Sheila, too, divided her accusations between Nancy and Steve, then she went into hysterics. When she recovered she dragged Steve out of the apartment and then, one by one, in great embarrassment, the other guests left.

As soon as everybody had gone, Nancy said contritely, "I'm sorry, Tommy. I didn't mean to start a scene that would spoil the party."

Her remark seemed to infuriate him. "Oh, you're sorry you spoiled the party, are you?" he shouted. "You don't seem to care about spoiling our marriage. That's not important to you, now that you've got Steve back!"

"But nothing's happened to our marriage," Nancy said soothingly. "I haven't 'got Steve back,' as you call it. I've—"

"That's fine!" Tommy blazed. "My wife's in love with another man, but that's not supposed to make any difference to our marriage, because she can't get the other man. That makes everything just dandy."

"Tommy!" Nancy was half-frantic with her failure to make him listen to her. "You've got to let me explain," she said. "It was just your black cat theory—you know, facing facts so you'll never have to be afraid of them again? I thought if I kissed Steve I'd know once and for all whether he means anything to me or not. And I found out—"

"It's no use, Nancy," Tommy interrupted bitterly. "No woman like you ever kisses a man unless she's in love with him." She tried to stop him, tried to put her arms around him, but he ignored their appeal. "It's been Steve all the time," he went on harshly. "I knew that the first time I saw you and I was a fool to forget it or to think you had."

He pushed her arms away then. "All my life I've taken what Steve has discarded. But I'm damned," he went on violently, "if my wife is going to be one of his discards!" and he stormed out.

"Tommy, Tommy," Nancy called, "I *have* forgotten Steve. I've forgotten everything except that you and I love each other. Please come back, Tommy, so I can make you understand."

But he didn't come back, and at dawn Nancy, carrying a small suitcase, crept stealthily out of the apartment.

A LITTLE more than a year later, Tommy dropped off a train at Pennsylvania Station. After Nancy had walked out of his life he had endured a torture of self-reproach and heartbreak. He had hired detectives, but none of them had been able to find her. At last he'd gone off and got blindly tight, climaxing the binge by enlisting in the Army. He had spent the succeeding months at camp and this was his first furlough.

The night before he was to return, he took Aunt Mathilda to the opera. He yawned through the first act and part of the second, then Aunt Mathilda thrust her opera glasses into his hands and pointed excitedly at the stage. "Second row, fourth from the left," she whispered.

Tommy took the glasses and peered apathetically at the figure she had indicated. As he looked his apathy vanished and for the first time in months there was hope in his heart. He was shoving his way out of the box when Aunt Mathilda whispered anxiously, "Was I right? Is it—Nancy?"

Tommy nodded, then patted her on the shoulder. "Thanks, old girl," he said.

When Nancy came out of the stage entrance Tommy was waiting for her.

Richard Arlen, Eva Gabor and Nils Asther, appearing in "Forced Landing," a Paramount Picture.

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NOT 8—NOT 10—*BUT*
12 FOR 20¢

★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

They rushed toward each other joyously, eagerly—then they were suddenly, painfully constrained and their "Hellos" were subdued, their conversation noncommittal during the short ride to Nancy's rooming house. When they entered the hall, Tommy said, "May I come up? There are things I'd like to talk about."

"I—I'M afraid not," Nancy said in confusion. "I share a room with somebody and—she'll be asleep now."

"Then we'll talk here," Tommy said determinedly. "I've got to know about—us, Nancy. Are we still married or not?"

"That's up to you, Tommy," Nancy replied slowly.

"It can't be up to me, Nancy," Tommy said wretchedly. "It's up to you and the way you feel about—Steve."

"Tommy," Nancy began eagerly, then she stopped. A girl had come in the door and started up the stairs. Halfway up she paused.

"Nancy," she called, "how's Mr. Duncan's cold?"

For a moment there was sharp aching silence, then Nancy said almost inaudibly, "Better, thank you," and the girl disappeared up the stairs. Nancy turned to Tommy again and started to speak, but he didn't give her a chance.

"I understand everything now," he said hoarsely, "including why I couldn't come upstairs." He was white-faced, working himself into a rage to conceal the suffering within him. "There's somebody waiting for you upstairs—and 'Mr. Duncan' has a cold!" He started to pass Nancy and go up the stairs. "All my life I've wanted to punch Steve's head."

In the upper hall a young man appeared and started down the stairs. "What's the matter, pal," he asked, "your girl giving you the air? Well, mine did, too. Let's go out and get a drink, pal, and forget about 'em," and he linked his arm chummily through Tommy's.

Nancy grabbed his other arm and it was as though her touch, once so dear to him, had become hated. He felt all energy, all hope, even all desire to fight Steve drain out of him and he wanted only to get away from her, to forget what she had meant to him and could never be again. He said to the stranger:

"Lead the way—pal."

THE next morning, after he was dressed and ready to take the train, Tommy told Elmer to pack up all the clothes and jewels Nancy had left behind her and take them to her rooming house. When Elmer returned, he seemed ill at ease and at last he burst out, "When I took the things down to Mrs. Duncan, I saw—I saw," he gulped, "Mr. Duncan."

"What?" Tommy shouted. "You saw that—that—" he broke off, then ordered, "Get the car. That lug is going to get the beating of his life."

Ten minutes and two traffic tickets later Tommy banged into Nancy's room without knocking. Nancy was sitting at the window. She jumped up in amazement when the door flew open and color flooded her face. "Oh, Tommy," she breathed happily.

"Where is he?" Tommy demanded. "Where's Steve?"

The color, the happiness drained out of Nancy's face. "I've tried to tell you—"

"Wait a minute," Tommy interrupted. He was staring at a child's crib in the corner. In the crib was a very small baby, waving his feet aimlessly in the air and trying to catch them as they went by. "Who—who's—that?" Tommy asked.

"That," Nancy answered serenely, "is your son." She lifted the baby in her arms. "He's had a little cold," she said worriedly, "but he's all right now."

For a moment Tommy just stood there, looking blankly from Nancy to the baby, then with a strange sound which was half sob and half a shout of joy he caught them both in his arms.

"Hey," Elmer warned from the hallway. "What about that train?"

Tommy groaned, pulled his lips away from Nancy's and freed his hair from his son's determined fingers. "Train leaves in an hour," he said, glancing at his watch. He lifted the baby awkwardly onto his shoulder. "I'll take care of this fellow," he told Nancy proudly, "while you and Elmer pack."

"Where?" Nancy demanded, "am I going?"

"CAMP." Tommy shifted the baby to the other arm. "With me. I can't have my son grow up without his father." He looked at Nancy then, all his love and longing in his eyes. "You will go with me, won't you," he pleaded, "give me a chance to make up for—everything?"

Nancy kissed him swiftly. "I'll go with you," she said, "anywhere, any time."

"Elmer!" Tommy shouted. "Come in and start packing. And," when Elmer appeared, "meet my son."

"I met him this morning," Elmer said blandly. "Hello, Mr. Duncan."

Mr. Duncan! Suddenly a host of disconnected thoughts began to chase through Tommy's brain. Somebody had been asleep in Nancy's room last night—that was the baby, of course; he remembered how Nancy had tripped over saying "*she's* asleep." The baby had had a cold. "Mr. Duncan" had had a cold, too. Elmer had seen "Mr. Duncan" this morning—and now he had called the baby "Mr. Duncan." Tommy looked at Nancy, happily and feverishly hurling things into bags. He opened his mouth, started to speak, then closed it again. He looked at the baby in his arms.

"Hello, son," he said softly. "Hello, Mr. Duncan."

(Continued from page 6)

Arizona Bound (Monogram)

It's About: *A retired marshal who returns to duty to solve stagecoach robberies.*

THREE favorites, Buck Jones, Tim McCoy and Raymond Hatton, band themselves together for a little old-time out-west shooting, scrapping, riding, and a-carryin' on. That Buck and Tim are about tops in their roles of Western heroes and Raymond the best old laugh provoker in the whole gol-derned West is evidenced by the audience's enjoyment.

The street fight with Buck riding pell-mell through a window is a corker.

Your Reviewer Says: A good Western.

✓ Hold That Ghost (Universal)

It's About: *A pair of comics who inherit a haunted gambling house.*

THEY'RE back again! Those two men who rioted the customers in "Buck Privates" and "In the Navy"—Abbott and Costello, the laugh clowns laugh of 1941.

What, when, how or where this newest spasm is all about, we can't quite make out. We don't even care, for that matter, for wherever—whatever—these two are up to, they're man-sized panics. From waiters to gas station attendants to heirs of a deserted gambling establishment, with roulette wheels springing out of space every second—the boys traipse their merry way.

Mischa Auer, in a wasted bit, Ted Lewis and his entertainers, plus the singing Andrew Sisters and Joan Davis, are all wrapped 'round in a woolen string that somehow knits itself into a garment of hilarious nonsense. Richard Carlson and Evelyn Ankers are the sweethearts, but Bud and Lou are still the heartbeats of the laugh-hungry.

Your Reviewer Says: A howl.

✓✓ Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A girl who must choose between three suitors.*

WELL, it's priceless. A precious glimpse, really, into the motion picture future, for we're positive with such smart young newcomers as Garson Kanin to direct (too bad Uncle Sam grabbed him off) and Paul Jarrico to write, the old movie formula is bound to give way. And about time, if you ask us.

Here we have Ginger Rogers, so very, very good as the little telephone operator, trying to decide between violent young business genius George Murphy; deliciously zany and poverty-striken Burgess Meredith, and charming and very rich Alan Marshall. Her future with each is imagined by Ginger and pictured on the screen.

The little touches, the trimmings, the deftness are what really make the picture so doggone cute. And everybody in it is just right for his role. Ginger's kid sister, Lenore Lonergan, is one for the book, really. Her scene with Burgess Meredith is a riot. Ginger, by the way, is just about the slickest young comedienne on the screen

Your Reviewer Says: A cloudburst of fun.

Accent on Love (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The rebellion of a young executive against his work and marriage.*

GEORGE MONTGOMERY is just handsome enough, young enough and vital enough to carry this message-laden story on his two broad shoulders. But he won't carry it far, for the story just isn't there.

George rebels against his life and his marriage that can't be dissolved through reasons of family pride. So one day George jumps into a ditch and starts digging. He never stops digging until he's straightened out all the social and personal problems that have troubled him.

Osa Massen, J. Carrol Naish and Cobina Wright Jr., are nice people to have in a movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Too symbolic to amuse.

Forced Landing (Paramount)

It's About: *The attempts of enemy agents to wreck defense constructions.*

THE two young producers, Bill Pine and William Thomas, who created "Power Dive" on a shoestring, have made this, their second picture, on practically the same length shoestring and turned out another bang-up little movie.

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FOR 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS

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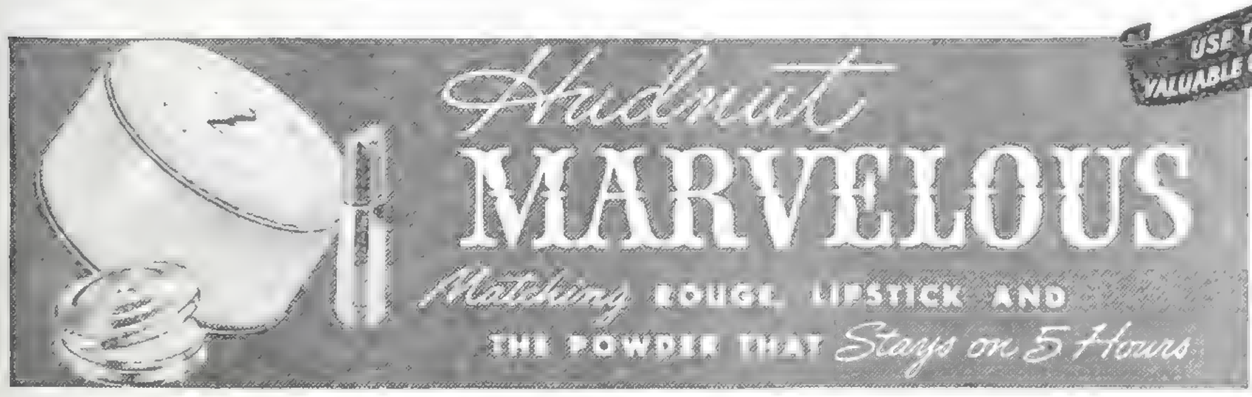

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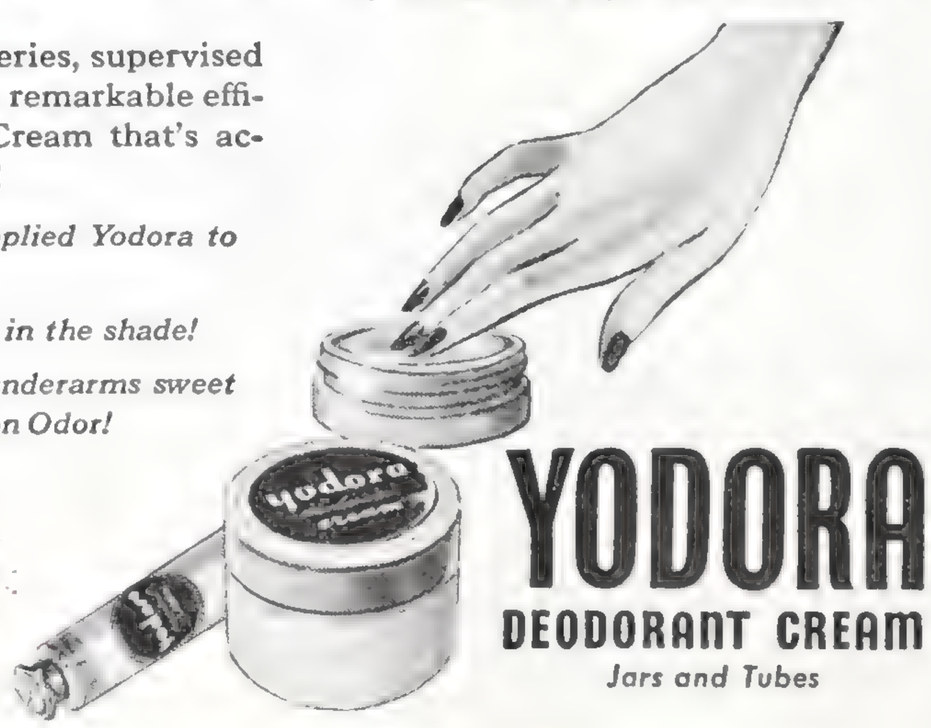

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McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

For one thing it's crowded with action —sky action, most of it, with Richard Arlen again the hero aviator. This time, Richard plays havoc with enemies against our government. With a beautiful blonde newcomer, Eva Gabor, to provide the love interest, what more can one ask?

J. Carrol Naish and Nils Asther are strong additions to the exciting goings-on.

Your Reviewer Says: Entertainment made to order.

Bachelor Daddy (Universal)

It's About: *Three bachelors who find a lady baby on their hands.*

YOU never saw as many comics in one picture work so hard and come forth with so little comedy. Baby Sandy who walks, talks, makes eyes and raises h—— we mean heck, is cuter than pie and makes up for a lot of the unfunny episodes that miss fire in all directions.

Kathryn Adams, Sandy's mother, has the bright idea of sending the child to the Smith brothers (no relation to the cough drop boys) to keep, while she is involved with the law. You can imagine the ensuing commotion when I tell you the Smith lads are none other than Edward Everett Horton, Raymond Walburn and Donald Woods. Others present are Bert Roach and Franklin Pangborn. And still it isn't very funny!

Your Reviewer Says: For Sandy fans only.

✓ Manpower (Warners)

It's About: *Power line men at work and in love.*

THIS is the usual triangle love affair with George Raft and Edward G. Robinson, two tough power line repairmen, fighting it out on the screen for the affections of a very sexy looking Marlene Dietrich, who doesn't seem worth it all, for our money.

When Marlene's father, also a repairman, is killed on the job, Robinson befriends her. He does more than that—he marries her. And right away Raft sees her and wants her but loyalty keeps Marlene tied to a man she doesn't love until a fatal accident clears the path for the two lovebirds.

The dialogue is lively and quite occasionally off the color standard. Alan Hale is terrific as a big lug of a practical joker.

Your Reviewer Says: Hot stuff.

Parachute Battalion (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *Parachute jumpers in the U. S.*

AN interestingly done little movie of those lads who leap from planes in Uncle Sam's behalf, and bearing the dignity of authorized authenticity, is this story featuring Robert Preston as the cocky, sure-of-himself recruit, and Edmond O'Brien as the boy who fears fear.

Paul Kelly and Harry Carey are very good in made to measure roles. It's good to see Buddy Ebsen back on the screen again, looking more than ever like an animated chrysanthemum.

Nancy Kelly (now divorcing the above mentioned Edmond O'Brien) is the girl in the lives of Preston and Kelly.

Your Reviewer Says: Timely and interesting.

Ringside Maisie (M-G-M)

It's About: Maisie, *a young prizefighter and his manager.*

WE kept waiting for *Maisie* to get back into film, but the gal we've grown to love like a blood relative certainly seemed to be everywhere but in the picture, with Robert Sterling, a wholesome young fighter, taking over three-fourths of the story. It's okay for M-G-M to build up their fledgling star, Mr. Sterling, but not at *Maisie's* expense please—or it gives murder, that we promise.

Ann Sothern, whose opening scene is as a taxi-dancer, is the same wholehearted, on-the-level "woiking goil" who loses two jobs before she meets Sterling and his suspicious manager, George Murphy. There are several exciting fight sequences, the usual hospital scene (all movie fighters get knocked into operations) and a whole truck load of sentimental bunk that has no place in our *Maisie's* life.

Maxie Rosenbloom as a trainer and Margaret Moffat as Sterling's mother are both splendid.

Your Reviewer Says: The weakest in the series.

✓ Father Takes a Wife (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A man who takes a bride, a honeymoon and a new lease on life.*

GLORIA SWANSON returns: That's about the biggest news of this picture. That Gloria has all she ever had, which is plenty, makes it good news, indeed.

La Swanson is perfectly cast as the stage star who retires to marry Adolphe Menjou, expecting a life of peace and rest. Instead, she reaps a harvest of mad nonsensical goings-on for Adolphe is a man with young ideas, a man who turns over his shipping business to his serious-minded son, John Howard, so he can cut capers with his bride. The contrast between playboy dad and stolid down-to-earth son, a unique reversal of the usual, is comically stressed.

Swanson looks beautiful, and acts the same way. Desi Arnaz creates a Cuban riot with Helen Broderick not so far behind with her particular brand of rioting. Florence Rice and Neil Hamilton are happily cast, but it's Adolphe's and Gloria's show.

Your Reviewer Says: A little honey-bun.

Murder By Invitation (Monogram)

It's About: *A newspaper columnist who solves a murder mystery.*

ALTHOUGH this thriller has the conventional old plot of heirs trying to get a millionairess declared insane so they can acquire her wealth, it's suspenseful and fast moving and will hold your interest throughout.

When the court rules that Sarah Padden, the rich aunt, is sane, she invites her heirs to her country home for a visit. No sooner do they all arrive at the stipulated time, midnight, than several murders follow, with almost the whole family engaging in suspicious acts, and therefore all suspect. Wallace Ford is the columnist, who gets in on the houseparty by the invitation of Gavin Gordon, and Marian Marsh is Ford's assistant. Both do good effective work, as does Miss Padden.

Your Reviewer Says: An excellent supporting feature.

Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An alibi that backfires.*

LEON ERROL shoulders the responsibility of this clippity-clop comedy that moves like a freight train in quick stops and starts of comedy.

The story is a thrust at snobbery and grows quite hilarious when Errol, in order to alibi himself, invites the Vice-President of the good old U.S.A. to a party and three phonies plus the real V.P. show up.

Errol's legs collapse on all occasions, of course, and the audience roars at every fold-up. Mildred Coles as Errol's daughter and Kenneth Howell as her pie-wagon boy friend are very good. Cecil Cunningham is an overpowering, browbeating wife.

Your Reviewer Says: A little laugh now and then.

Barnacle Bill (M-G-M)

It's About: *The reformation of a likable old rascal.*

WELL, here he is again, folks, good old Wally Beery with the pie dough face and the ornery but fetching ways. If our first-ten-at-the-boxoffice hero sounds cut to pattern, believe me he is, with all the old familiar mannerisms that made him a favorite in the Marie Dressler days.

Marjorie Main, the capable character actress, is Wally's foil in this story of an old waterfront rapscallion, perpetually in difficulties until Wally's daughter, Virginia Weidler, transforms her dad into something fairly respectable. Naturally

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Miss Main lends a large and willing hand in the process.

Donald Meek and Leo Carrillo are mixed up in the amusing and, at times, very funny proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Rough - and - ready fun.

Blondie In Society (Columbia)

It's About: Blondie's *crossing up* Dagwood *at a dog show.*

THOSE delightful *Bumpsteads* are with us again funnier than ever and all mixed up in dogs to their eyebrows. It all happens when *Dagwood* accepts an enormous Great Dane in lieu of a fifty-dollar loan with the promise not to place the pedigreed animal in a dog show. But poor *Blondie,* unaware of the deal, trots off the elephant on wheels to the dogshow and what follows shouldn't happen to a dog.

Baby Dumpling's sage remarks are killing and *Alvin's* blank countenance somehow kills us. Penny Singleton is better than ever as *Blondie* and Arthur Lake grows more *Dagwoodish* every day.

While they may not cause any riots among the upper bracket hits, we definitely like the *Bumpsteads.*

Your Reviewer Says: Fun for the family.

✓ Here Is a Man (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The redemption of a man who sells his soul to the devil.*

HERE is a picture that for sheer novelty takes its place among the best of its kind. But whether its kind is good box-office entertainment is something else again.

Taken from Stephen Vincent Benet's story, "The Devil and Daniel Webster," the film has been given a strong cast, a weak title, and superb direction by William Dieterle.

James Craig is a sturdy young farmer who sells his soul to old man Satan, symbolized by farmer Walter Huston, in exchange for seven years of wealth and prosperity. When it comes to paying up, Craig tries to get out of his bargain and is saved only by the supreme oratory of a risen Daniel Webster before a jury of departed souls. Make of that what you will and stop shaking. Nobody's behind you.

Walter Huston gives a swell performance. Edward Arnold is an impassioned Daniel Webster, Anne Shirley a sweet and solicitous wife to poor Mr. Craig; Simone Simon is the devil's henchwoman. That will give you some idea of the worthy cast that contribute their talents to a picture that will leave you either intensely entertained or in a strictly "oh nuts" mood.

Your Reviewer Says: It's so-o-o-o-o different.

The Officer and the Lady (Columbia)

It's About: *A policeman, a schoolteacher and several crooks.*

BANG, bang, bang and the cops are chasing the robbers again. Or in this instance, the robbers chase the cops.

Rochelle Hudson is a pretty schoolteacher who refuses to marry Officer Bruce Bennett, lest he also be injured in a gun battle as her father was. She has something there, for Officer Bennett almost gets his when gangster Sidney Blackmer escapes from prison and starts prowling.

Roger Pryor is a very naughty boy throughout the whole chase-and-be-chased story.

Your Reviewer Says: Too many bad men spoil the broth.

Lady Scarface (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A honeymoon couple who innocently lift "hot" coin.*

THE last thing we expected to see in this world was Judith Anderson, tops in emotional stage drama, lost in a funny (well, no, not funny) little B about cops and thieves and the inevitable detective who is harassed in his work by the female photo magazine snapper. What's more Judith as the leader of such thugs as Marc Lawrence, Horace MacMahon, and Arthur Shields is simply swell.

Money, loads of it, mailed to a New York hotel and picked up through an error by a honeymooning couple, Rand Brooks and Mildred Coles, motivates all the chasing and tearing around.

Eric Blore provides a comedy bit. Dennis O'Keefe and Frances Neal provide the fight and kiss sequences.

Your Reviewer Says: Rough stuff.

✓ My Life With Caroline (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The trials and tribulations of a husband with his frivolous wife.*

THE one check is for Ronald Colman and the Colmanish charm. Sorry! We just couldn't resist it. And while we're alibiing, we'll say that moreover, there is a lot of quaint charm about this story that could easily rate that check, too. Now, have we convinced you?

The story is a bit of fluff about a husband's attempts to keep his wife from eloping with her various admirers, chief among them Gilbert Roland and Reginald Gardiner—both admirable gentlemen. But why the heck she should want to ditch Colman, who never looked handsomer, for less attractive men, is something none of us could make out.

A blonde and foreign newcomer Anna Lee, plays Colman's flutterbly wife and seems most attractive and capable. Hugh O'Connell is so marvelous as the butler (like the frog footman in "Alice in Wonderland") who is constantly on the wrong side of the door.

Your Reviewer Says: Very sophisticated comedy, indeed, my deahs.

✓✓ Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount)

It's About: *The struggle by immigrants to enter the United States from Mexico.*

CHARLES BOYER, at last, finds a role tailored to his measure, his best since "Algiers," in this Ketti Frings story of immigrants in Mexico.

The romance, the glamour, and all the things women seem to adore in Mr. Boyer are very present indeed, and Charles makes the most of every situation.

Not far behind is Olivia DeHavilland, as the schoolteacher from Azusa, whom Boyer marries in order to gain entry into the States. And very good indeed, is Paulette Goddard, as the nasty foreigner who attempts to weave Boyer into her schemes. The way this lass has pro-

gressed as an actress is a caution.

Walter Abel, as the immigration officer, is vigorous and typically American. There is suspense, drama, and love in this story that is sure to make every American appreciate more fully the blessed gift of Americanism and the privilege it is to live openly and freely within its bounds.

Your Reviewer Says: Different, interesting, dramatic.

✓ New Wine (Gloria Productions-U.A.)

It's About: *A romantic interlude in the life of Composer Franz Schubert.*

FOR the glorious flood of music, the beauty of Ilona Massey, and the settings, we give this our one-check blessing. The story is inconsequential, and at times seems little needed with the music and Miss Massey's beautiful singing of Franz Schubert's *Ave Maria* to the accompaniment of a symphonic orchestra and boys' choir.

Alan Curtis is a handsome, believable Schubert, aided and encouraged by Miss Massey who believes so firmly in his genius and talent. In Vienna financial trouble continually beset the composer, who has left off his job as professor of mathematics to compose his lovely music.

A touching and memorable incident occurs when deaf Beethoven is given the manuscript of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* by Miss Massey. Out of the air pours the flood of music, while the audience realizes this is all comprehended in the mind of Beethoven who pronounces Schubert a genius. Albert Basserman is superb in this brief scene as Beethoven.

Bits of comedy are injected by Billy Gilbert, Binnie Barnes, and Sterling Holloway, but it's the music that seizes the attention and rivets it there in a glorious burst of sound.

Your Reviewer Says: For lovers of good music.

✓✓ Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The farcical troubles of a young man masquerading as a maiden lady.*

IT gets funnier every generation. Granddad adored it. Dad howled at it. Now comes the latest version of the beloved story of *Charley's aunt* (who is from Brazil where the nuts grow) to panic the younger generation.

Jack Benny is at his very funniest as *Lord Babbs*, Oxford student, who is forced to play the aunt of a fellow student. There is a howl every minute with Jack in corsets, panties and petticoats galore. Complications set in like measles plus whooping cough when the real aunt, played by Kay Francis, shows up on the scene. Laird Gregar is clever as Richard Haydn's father, Reginald Owen amusing as the faculty president and Edmund Gwenn marvelous in a repulsive sort of way as the fortune-hunting guardian.

No need to tell the old story of the two Oxford lads, Richard Haydn and Jimmy Ellison, in love with the two beauties, Arleen Whelan and Ann Baxter. It's been told so many times but never, we guarantee, as howlingly funny as this version.

For the best laugh you've had in years by all means see "Charley's Aunt." It will keep you cheered for weeks.

Your Reviewer Says: The panic of the month.

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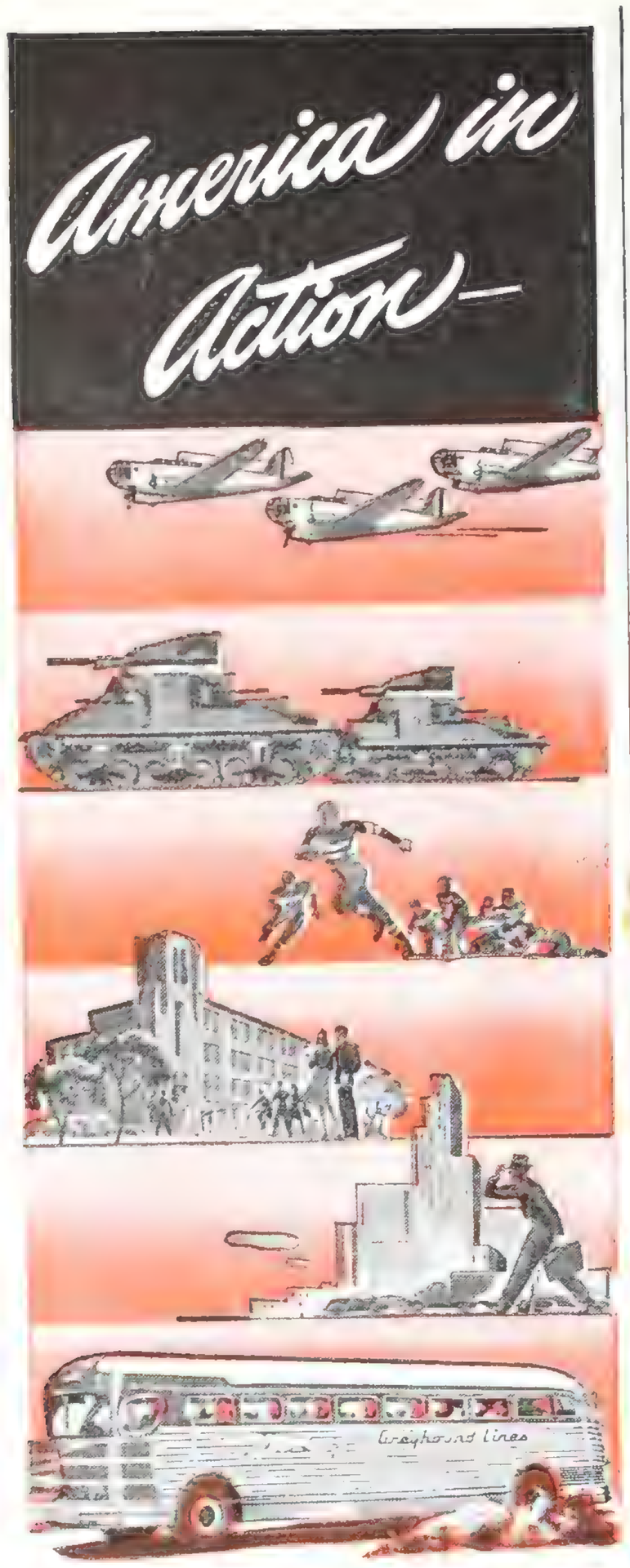

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 21)

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Not a Copy But a Composite

THIS is my heated response to the letter authored by an unthinking, disputatious movie-goer who inveighed against "Meet John Doe."

She said, " 'Meet John Doe' was a carbon copy of 'Mr. Deeds' and 'Mr. Smith.' " Well, I don't know what is better to repeat than "love"—and I don't mean romance. "Love thy neighbor"—that's for me!

I am more in accord with the reviewer who said, "When the great American picture is made Mr. Capra will probably make it and Mr. Cooper will probably star in it."

Rather than a carbon copy of "Mr. Deeds" and "Mr. Smith," "Meet John Doe" is a happy, successful composite of the two with the distinctiveness of the first and the impetus of the second. I hope it takes five Oscars—best picture, director, writer, male star and supporting male star (I refer to Mr. Gleason in the last case).

KEITH MCLARTY,
Sacramento, Cal.

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Autry Fan Clubs Take Note

I HAVE just come home from another Gene Autry movie. The more I see of that man, the more I am convinced that he deserves a break. He *can* act. (Wasn't his part in "The Cowboy and the Lady" in DeMille's Lux Radio Theater some time ago proof enough of that?) He *has* given entertainment pleasure to thousands of kids the nation over. He *does* spell box-office pull at any theater.

Why, then, this constant procession of third-rate vehicles for a first-rate human being? For that is the secret of Autry's success. He is completely believable, utterly human, off screen as well as on. That is why he is the idol of so many. It is hard to admire screen stars and then find that they have turned snobbish on their fans. Not so Autry. He will always be as natural as he looks.

Instead of working his head off, as he does, on so many pictures a year, I'd like to see Gene Autry make at least one worth-while movie a year, borrowed for the purpose by some other producer, perhaps. He could still make his hero-stuff if necessary, but I am hereby issuing a call for all Gene Autry fans to band together and insist that he get a break.

RACHEL VALENTE,
Paterson, N. J.

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Share the Spotlight

TWO items in the movie news interested me today.

1. The Marx Brothers announce that "The Big Store" is their last film. They confess having "lost our appeal and the public is tired of us."

2. "In the Navy," Abbott and Costello film, breaks box office records.

Abbott and Costello are today the No. 1 comedy team; they stand at the peak where the Marx Brothers did a few years ago. Let them not commit the major mistake of the Marxes. So far they are not guilty but dwelling in higher altitudes sometimes makes stars lose their balance.

The Marx Brothers are an exceedingly funny trio; if the public tired of them, it was only because they hogged all their films. No player in their cast was ever given a chance to be anything but background. On or off screen, the life of the party can't continue to be popular if he doesn't allow anyone else at the party to show any life.

Ever hear of a Marx film creating a new star? Consider Bette Davis, who seems destined for a long reign. Other players in her films get a chance. "The Letter" brought out James Stephenson. "The Great Lie" resurrected Mary Astor. Sharing the spotlight is wonderful!

EMILY LEE DOVE,
Washington, D. C.

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Open Letter to Mickey Rooney

MICKEY-WICKEY, you make me sick and tired in more ways than one! Perhaps your studio or the script calls for all those anything but cute pictures you make on the sets, but why spoil our magazines—which can't afford to put a taboo on your photos—with that definitely silly, wild-eyed, high school freshman, stage-struck look of "not really!" when a mere publicity shot is being made. I certainly do not expect everything you do to be different and I'm almost positive the public as a whole doesn't, so won't you, for the sake of readers of Hollywood magazines, stop acting like a sick horse each time you are shot?

L. T. SPROUSE,
Ennis, Tex.

HONORABLE MENTION

HERE'S my hearty congratulations to Ian Hunter, the best supporting actor in Hollywood! Your name in the cast always assures me of good entertainment, no matter how far down it is. I shall never forget your performance in "Strange Cargo."

BERTHA A. CAMPBELL,
Springfield, Mo.

THIS is something I'd like to see, and so would countless other movie fans—shorts showing the comings and goings of the stars as your magazine pictures in "Inside Stuff" and in other articles. We'd really enjoy seeing movie shorts of "Joan Crawford at Home," "An Evening in the Brown Derby," "A Day at Santa Anita," "Carole and Clark on Their Ranch," etc., etc.

We're all curious about the private lives of the stars, or is that nice!

MRS. A. H. MIDDLETON,
Brewster, Kans.

RE the loud howl emanating from South America about our "good neighbor" pictures: As is suggested in an open editorial in a Brazilian daily, directed to Douglas Fairbanks Jr., they'll be glad indeed if we'll give them good pictures of New York and Hollywood and let them make the South American epics. To me that makes sense. Each would be doing what they know, and any writing tyro could have told the producers it is almost impossible successfully to fake background and color. The country's stake in this matter is too great to allow any further long-haired experimenting!

GAY ANN JOHNSTON,
Detroit, Mich.

The Last Hours of James Stephenson

(*Continued from page* 65)

should have kept this information to himself. His agent couldn't understand why Stephenson, the least grasping of men, should with a sense of almost feverish pressure start campaigning for more money. He attributed it to the fact that Jimmy had sent a large share of his savings to his brother Alan, destitute as a result of the Coventry bombings. No one suspected the urgency that was on him to provide for the future of his wife and child.

Last month the family went to Arrowhead for a week's holiday. Stephenson didn't feel well there. A few days after his return he dropped in at the office of his business manager. They noticed that he didn't seem up to par, that his color wasn't good, that his dry banter was conspicuous by its absence.

What they didn't know was that he drove from there to a specialist for a cardiograph, then home to rest. The specialist phoned Stephenson's own doctor to report his findings which weren't too good. They agreed to wait till next morning before telling Jimmy that he'd have to quit work for three months.

After dinner that night he called his secretary, Maud Bowman, laid up at the hospital with a broken pelvic bone. He'd been visiting her two or three times a week. That afternoon he'd sent a basket of fruit. He wanted to know if they'd put the cigarettes in. He apologized for not having been down—he didn't feel quite fit. He'd come in a couple of days.

Then he went to bed. During the night he awoke with a sense of oppression in his chest. Mrs. Stephenson sent for the doctor. An oxygen tank was ordered but by the time it arrived Jimmy no longer had any need for it.

He was buried quietly at Forest Lawn the day after his fifth wedding anniversary. There had always been an understanding between him and his wife that when either died what remained to be done should be done simply. They didn't see why people should be burdened by the heaviness of funeral ceremonies. "I'd rather have them remember me," Stevenson once said, "as they last saw me—as if I'd gone off on a trip."

The most grievous loss is Lorna Stephenson's. Peter will never know the father who called him Coojy Woojy when he thought no one was listening.

As for the rest of us, our sense of bereavement, if less acute, is as real. His death brought a pang of personal grief to even his most casual associates.

Sam Wood, directing "King's Row," in which Stephenson was to have played *Doctor Tower*, reached the studio early that day. He was having his shoes shined when the studio cop told him of Stephenson's death. He spoke for us all when he said: "I was inexpressibly shocked and embed. I hadn't known him long, we hadn't worked together except on tests, but I don't remember anyone I've met in the profession to whom I've taken a greater liking. He had that combination of strength and gentleness which is so hard to find—gentleness, not softness—the kind that comes of breeding. I'll never forget him and I'll never stop being sorry that he went too soon."

We, too, have lost our share in a kindly gentleman; knowing we shall not see again in the grave sweetness of his smile, we shall not exchange the few words that always left a pleasant taste in the heart. The world is so much the poorer. Good-by, Jimmy Stephenson.

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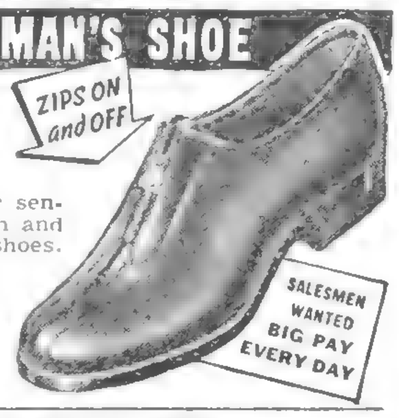

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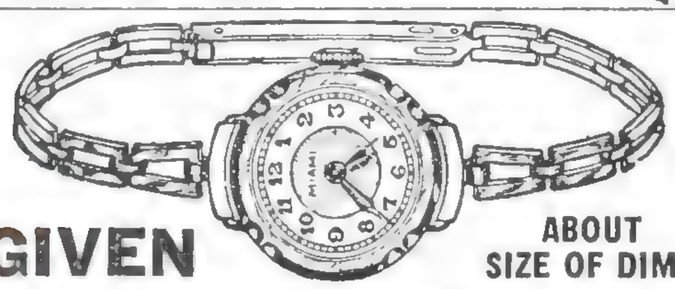

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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 23*)

✓ *MAJOR BARBARA*—Gabriel Pascale—U. A.: Oddly different but compelling is this George Bernard Shaw picture which may confuse you because the theme seems blurred in purpose and too many words are substituted for action. Wendy Hiller as the Salvation Army girl who loses her ideals is superb, as are Robert Morley as her sophisticated father, Rex Harrison as a Greek scholar who loves her, and Robert Newton. (July)

✓✓ *MAN HUNT*—20th Century-Fox: For sheer melodramatic tenseness, you can't beat this exciting thriller. English sportsman Walter Pidgeon is caught taking a pot shot at Hitler, and the Gestapo hunts him through Germany and England. George Sanders plays the Nazi who pursues Pidgeon, and Joan Bennett is the cockney who befriends him. The direction and performances are brilliant. (Sept.)

✓ *MEN OF BOYS TOWN*—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney as the Boys Town mayor carry on the story of the previous Boys Town picture and again stir our emotions with their sincere performances. Bobs Watson, Larry Nunn and Darryl Hickman give the stars plenty of competition. (July)

MEN OF THE TIMBERLAND—Universal: This action drama has Richard Arlen as a forest ranger who single-handed frustrates a plot to despoil a timber tract. Andy Devine is the lumber boss and Linda Hayes the heroine. All three are good. (August)

✓ *MILLION DOLLAR BABY*—Warners: Priscilla Lane, department store clerk, becomes millionaireized when eccentric May Robson gives her a million dollars, but Priscilla finds the money stands between her and her true but poor love, Ronald Reagan. The story's got plenty of vitality that keeps it bobbing along and May Robson and Jeffrey Lynn complement the splendid work of Priscilla and Ronald. (August)

MODEL WIFE—Universal: The dire but hilarious consequences of a secret marriage are revealed herein when Joan Blondell and Dick Powell dare not reveal their marriage because they'd both lose their jobs. But Lee Bowman, the boss' son, falls in love with Joan and insists upon taking her out, much to her and Dick's dismay. (July)

✓ *MOON OVER MIAMI*—20th Century-Fox: A typical Hollywood musical, this, with music, rhythm, color, song and scenery. The story has Carole Landis and Betty Grable inheriting enough money to get to Miami in search of a rich husband for Betty. There they find playboys Robert Cummings and Don Ameche as well as much fun and excitement. With Charlotte Greenwood and Jack Haley. (Sept.)

NAVAL ACADEMY—Columbia: Three problem lads, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon and Billy Cook find themselves redeemed and regenerated due to the strict discipline of a naval academy. The three boys are good, but the story isn't. (August)

✓ *ONE NIGHT IN LISBON*—Paramount: Fred MacMurray, zany American, chases aloof Madeleine Carroll all over wartime London and Lisbon in this light comedy. Although it's pretty farfetched, it has its gay and amusing moments. John Loder does a swell job as Madeleine's English suitor. (August)

✓ *OUT OF THE FOG*—Warners: Although this is a beautifully executed picture, splendidly acted and directed, we rather doubt if it will completely entertain you. It's a bit on the arty side. Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen find themselves at the mercy of a cheap racketeer, John Garfield, who also upsets the happiness of Mitchell's daughter, Ida Lupino. With Eddie Albert. (Sept.)

PAPER BULLETS—Producers' Releasing Corp: The fate of three people, who as children lived in an orphanage, is followed in this not-bad little movie. Jack LaRue becomes a gangster, Joan Woodbury serves a prison term, and John Archer becomes an engineer. Linda Ware sings two songs which have nothing to do with the story. (Sept.)

✓ *PARSON OF PANAMINT, THE*—Paramount: Another good Western, packing plenty of punch and dealing with a young preacher who dares to do his duty in a small Western town. Philip Terry shows plenty of talent as the fighting fearless parson, and Charlie Ruggles, Ellen Drew, and Porter Hall contribute to the entertainment. (Sept.)

✓✓ *PENNY SERENADE*—Columbia: Simple and lifelike is this tender, human document of two people who adopt a child and find happiness and sorrow. Cary Grant gives one of the finest performances we've ever seen and Irene Dunne as his wife is not far behind. Edgar Buchanan also scores. It's charming and heart-touching. (July)

PEOPLE VS. DR. KILDARE, THE—M-G-M: Far below the standard of the *Kildare* series is this installment. *Dr. Kildare* goes into the courtroom to stand trial for malpractice, the suit being brought against him by ice skater Bonita Granville who emerges from an operation a paralytic. Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore and Laraine Day do their best. (August)

✓ *POT O' GOLD*—Roosevelt-U. A.: Lively entertaining is Producer James Roosevelt's full-length film all about how Jimmy Stewart Paulette Goddard take over Charles Winnin radio show and launch the famous Pot O' Gol gram. The music of Horace Heidt and his ba a treat for swing lovers. (July)

POWER DIVE—Paramount: Lacking the pr tiousness of most air pictures, this is neve less a mighty entertaining little number wi whiz-bang climax that's bound to thrill you. ard Arlen is the aviator who tries to preve young brother Don Castle from following i footsteps, and Helen Mack, Jean Parker and Edwards round out the cast. (July)

REACHING FOR THE SUN—Paramount: comedy drama of a man's yearning to be away the city of machines and out in the country is interesting in spots, but in others unbelievabl dull. Joel McCrea is the man who wants t away from it all and Ellen Drew is his wife tries to hold him to his work in a great au bile factory. Albert Dekker is the heavy. (Ju

✓ *RELUCTANT DRAGON, THE*—Disney-R Radio: Robert Benchley's roaming through the ney Studios gives you a behind-the-scenes gl of the famous cartoon plant. It all begins Benchley's wife insists he try to sell Disne idea of filming "The Reluctant Dagon" a course it ends with Bob in a projection room ing the finished picture. The whole family love this new, novel and different entertain (July)

REPENT AT LEISURE—RKO-Radio: It' been told before, the story of the rich bride who walks out on her fortune-hunter fiance marries the poor boy who loves her for herse the splendid performance of Wendy Barrie Kent Taylor redeem the timeworn plot and ma a pretty good little picture. (July)

RICHEST MAN IN TOWN, THE—Colu This weak little story of a small town comm deals with the rivalry between a banker and a lisher. Frank Craven and Edgar Buchanan, two old rivals in love and civic affairs, make this puny, unreal little plot. (Sept.)

RIDE ON, VAQUERO—20th Century Fo sar Romero, as the *Cisco Kid*, cleans up a kidnappers in his usual engaging way. Ch Martin is the Kid's dependable pal and Mar Hughes again plays the dance hall girl. (July)

ROAR OF THE PRESS—Monogram: News reporter Wally Ford finds himself assigned murder story right after his marriage to Parker, with complications setting in one after the other. Wally Ford's a good acto deserves better; as a good audience, so do (August)

ROOKIES ON PARADE — Republic: listen to Bob Crosby's warbling, laugh at the of Marie Wilson and Cliff Nazarro, enjoy the ing of Ruth Terry and Gertrude Niesen and go refreshed. The Army camp routines are ver and newcomer Bill Shirley is the surprise c show. (August)

SAN ANTONIO ROSE—Universal: The Macs and Robert Paige take over a nightclu with the help of Jane Frazee and Eve Arden manage to put it over. This background ser a good excuse for the almost uninterrupted s and music, but if you're fans of the Merry then you're sure to enjoy it. (Sept.)

SCATTERGOOD PULLS THE STRING RKO-Radio: Second in the series, this story runaway boy, Bobs Watson, maintains the standard of the first. Guy Kibbee is so huma natural as *Scattergood Baines*, the small-tow Fixit, that it's a homey, comfortable picture one will enjoy. (August)

SCOTLAND YARD—20th Century-Fox: and Robbers in today's London, with Henry coxon as a crook who's wounded at Dunkir has his face remodeled to look exactly lik banker, John Loder. Both Nancy Kelly, L wife, and Scotland Yard are fooled by the i sonation until Inspector Edmund Gwenn g the trail. (July)

✓✓ *SERGEANT YORK*—Warners: This s picture is an adventure into the soul of A and a "must see" for all. Gary Cooper portra World War hero who entered the war as scientious objector with moving dignity. Leslie as his sweetheart, Walter Brennan as of the hills, and the entire cast are splendid. (

SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS—Col Showgirl Joan Bennett takes a job in stuffy Fr Tone's Wall Street office in order to convin that she'd be a proper wife for his ward, Hubbard, but before she gets through, T humanized and his office nearly wrecked. It' summer fare. (August)

✓ *SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS*—Paramount: Straight from Harold Bell Wright's beloved novel comes this story of the people of the hill country, with Harry Carey as the man who comes home to find hate for his desertion of a girl and her son years before. John Wayne is the revengeful son and Betty Field the girl who loves him. It's a different story, and one we feel you'll thoroughly enjoy. (Sept.)

✓ *SHINING VICTORY* — Warners: Although rather heavy and slow in pace, this love story of a famous psychiatrist is a fine, intellectually told novie. James Stephenson as the surly doctor is a plendid actor and shows much charm; Geraldine Fitzgerald, as his assistant, Donald Crisp and George P. Huntley Jr., as fellow doctors in the Scotland asylum, are all excellent. (August)

✓ *SUNNY*—RKO-Radio: The gay, lilting music, he dancing of Anna Neagle and Ray Bolger, the olorful settings, the singing of John Carroll and the lowning of Edward Everett Horton combine to ake this a picture of complete charm. (August)

HEY DARE NOT LOVE—Columbia: George rent is an Austrian prince and Martha Scott an ustrian refugee who meet and fall in love in this le of Nazi invasion, but excellent performances nnot overcome the slow tempo. (July)

✓ *THEY MET IN BOMBAY*—M-G-M: Clark able and Rosalind Russell are a couple of jewel ieves in the far East, trying to outsmart each her, with amusing results. There's nothing very ew about this old plot, but the two principals give a big-time air, and there are several laughable vists. Jessie Ralph and Peter Lorre contribute rong moments. (Sept.)

✓ *TIGHT SHOES*—Mayfair-Universal: This Damon Runyon panic has been translated to the screen ith all the Runyon flavor intact, and you'll be artily amused at the awful consequences of wearg shoes that pinch. Broderick Crawford is the ngster who buys a pair of too-tight shoes from erk John Howard, and Brod gives a swell perrmance. With Binnie Barnes and Anne Gwynne add to the fun. (Sept.)

IME OUT FOR RHYTHM—Columbia: Rudy allee sings, Ann Miller dances, Glen Gray and ddie Duchin's orchestras supply the rhythm, enda and Cobina and the Three Stooges are etty corny, Rosemary Lane and Richard Lane pply the love interest, but all this good talent wasted in this B musical. (August)

OO MANY BLONDES—Universal: One of the rst pictures to come out of Hollywood in a long ne is this bad little number about a singer, Rudy allee, and his jealous wife, Helen Parrish, who ve up for a divorce. (August)

✓ *UNDERGROUND* — Warners: Gripping, ely, thrilling is this picture dealing with that ive band of German men and women fighting ainst the Nazi system by means of the illegal lio. Philip Dorn, unknown to his family, is the ce of the radio, and Jeffrey Lynn his brother who ls in love with Dorne's accomplice, with resulting gedy. (Sept.)

RY YOUNG LADY, A—20th Century-Fox: e Withers deserves better than this modified make of Simone Simon's picture, "Girls' Dormiy," in which she plays the schoolgirl who gets crush on professor John Sutton. Jane's crush ses the faculty much concern and the audience little amusement, but it's Nancy Kelly who gets . Sutton. (July)

AGONS ROLL AT NIGHT, THE—Warners: is hackneyed story has Humphrey Bogart as the d-boiled owner of a second-rate circus who picks Eddie Albert and makes a lion-tamer of him. t Eddie falls in love with Bogart's innocent le sister, Joan Leslie, so Bogart tries to get rid him. Sylvia Sidney is the circus fortune teller. ly)

ASHINGTON MELODRAMA—M-G-M: When lionaire Frank Morgan befriends chorus girl ne Gwynne, he finds himself blackmailed by Dailey Jr. You won't care very much. (July)

EST POINT WIDOW — Paramount: Anne rley plays a nurse who keeps secret her motherd in order that her West Point husband, Rich Denning, may graduate, and Richard Carlson n amorous young interne who has no idea of e's dilemma in this very pleasing little movie. pt.)

✓ *WOMAN'S FACE, A*—M-G-M: You'll find rself completely held by the gripping intensity his. Joan Crawford is magnificent as the scarred an who fights back at a world that shuns her and rad Veidt rates equal honors as the man who hes her love. (July)

✓ *ZIEGFELD GIRL*—M-G-M: Lavish and gors is this musical extravaganza which tells of e girls, Lana Turner, Judy Garland and y Lamarr, who enter the Follies and meet hapss and defeat. Jimmy Stewart, Charles Winer, Philip Dorn and Ian Hunter are all very l, but it's Lana's picture. (July)

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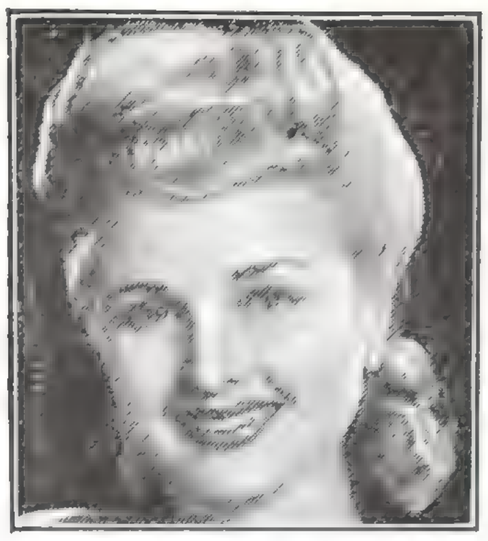

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I Wake Up Screaming!

(Continued from page 32)

most of the morning. How are you?"

"Fine," I said. "I'm glad to know you, Jill."

Vicky came in then, wearing white silk slacks, and I gave her the florist's box. She opened it, very carefully, and then she took out the flower. It was a white orchid with a deep scarlet center.

"That's funny," she said. "Nobody *ever* bought me a *white* orchid!"

"What's it for?" said Jill. "You two going out?"

"I don't know." My cheeks were hot. "I was just walking along and saw a shop and went in and bought it. I don't know what it's for."

Jill sat down. She had the morning paper. I looked at her.

"I understand you sing?"

"A little."

"I always wanted to meet a torch singer."

"That isn't what you call it," Jill said. "That's old." She seemed nervous. She kept watching me. It was the strangest thing I've ever experienced.

When I arrived at the studio on Monday the story editor called me in and said the screen play they'd sent for me to polish had been temporarily shelved and he had a much better job. They had just bought a story. It was about a winter in Paris. There was a boy and girl, as in "Seventh Heaven," only it was an American boy caught in Paris when the Nazis marched in. He and the girl were trapped. They were hunted. It was poignant and beautiful. In the end the girl died. It was magnificent! I was to do the shooting script.

The story editor blew his nose. He had reached the zenith of his emotions.

"I won't see you any more," he said. "From now on you'll work directly with your producer. But I'll always know what you're doing. By option time," he went on ominously, "there'll be a dozen reports about you on my desk. One thing more. Always remember that your conduct is unimportant. You can go to the races or spend your time in Malibou. Nothing counts except your dialogue, continuity and timing."

I went back to my office and wrote at white hot speed on a typewriter until it got dark outside and the studio cop came around locking doors, and the switchboard girl asked me if I wanted a night trunk line.

I CALLED Vicky and told her I was going to be busy. But I didn't do any more work after all. I was restless and excited and I drove down to Los Angeles and walked the streets, thinking about the story. I was on Main Street and I stood in front of a hock shop window. I saw a pair of ancient brass knucks and, remembering a friend in New York who collected items like this, it occurred to me that these would make a good Christmas present. So I went in and bought them and put them in my pocket. I got back into my new Lincoln and drove to Vicky's apartment.

There was a kid at the switchboard half asleep. He was big, and he had a face like cold cream. He wore heavy, thick lens glasses, and his eyes were monstrous—or so it seemed—behind them. They were round, yellow eyes, and he turned and stared at me blankly. I looked over my shoulder to see whether it was me he was looking at or an escaped gorilla. It was me.

"Well?" he said. His hands were huge and hairy.

"I'd like to see Vicky Lynn."

"At this hour?"

I said: "What do I need—your perm-sion?"

He plugged in angrily. But wh Vicky came on his voice was hon "Shall I throw him out?" he asked... jerked out the plug. "You can go

Vicky had been preparing for bed she wore a fuzzy blue robe and s white mules. She said, "Hey, it's m night"; then she said, "But it's all ri Honey." So I kissed her.

We made some coffee and sat in kitchenette pushing conversation arou I told her about my run-in downstairs the switchboard.

"Oh, you mean Harry Williams," said. "He isn't quite bright. Night fore last the manager came home found him asleep on the board. P Harry! He said he didn't have to wo in a joint like this. He said he'd a c from a distant cousin up in Doris a by heaven, he could always get a job there. A man's job."

She shuddered. "Jill thinks Harry a crush on me!"

"Competition, eh?"

Vicky laughed. We talked a wh longer. I was ready to go when came home. She wore a blue eve gown and looked terrific in it. She t my hand.

"Hello, Peg."

"Why the Peg?" I asked.

"Short for Pegasus," Jill explained

"That's a funny name." For the m ment I couldn't see the tie-up betw me and a flying horse.

"Well, aren't you our muse of inspi tion around here?" she kidded.

I grinned a little uncomfortably. I was just going," I said.

"Don't," she said. She talked about band. "Vicky, the band's going to bre up. I don't know how soon." She look at me. "Don't go yet." But I turn around and kissed Vicky and left. I only trouble was, it was Jill I was thin ing about.

THE next morning I went to Lan Craig.

"Lanny," I said. "I'm in love."

I began telling him my idea ab sponsoring a girl in pictures. Finally told him it was Vicky.

"What?"

"Yeah. Vicky Lynn."

We started talking fast. We tried analyze Vicky's defects. We couldn't r member any. She was perfect—me chandise. All we had to do was wr her in glamour. Lanny picked up t phone and put through an inter-stu call.

"Hurd? Lanny. Meet me in my fice, will you, pappy?" He hung up.

"Who's that?"

"Hurd Evans. He directs the pictu I write and he'll go for this idea. H in a slump and it'll get him publicity."

"Listen, not him—he's a wolf," I sa

"I belong to that club myself," sa Lanny. "We'll tell him she's your pe sonal property and to lay off."

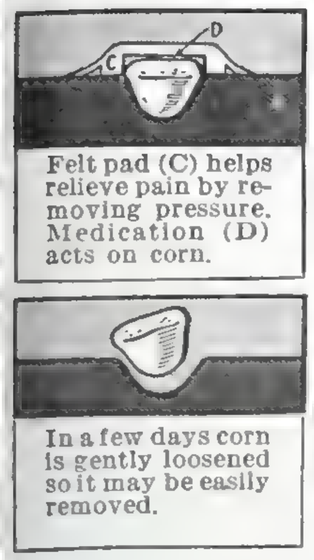
Hurd Evans was a dandy little gu with slicked-down brown hair, and angelic face. On his wrist he wore heavy slave bracelet. I didn't like hi

Lanny told him about the propositi and I kept still. He revealed that Little Lady we had in mind was Vic Lynn. Hurd Evans looked as though had swallowed an avacado pit. glanced at me.

"There's a fence around her," I said

"Oh, sure." He laughed.

WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS



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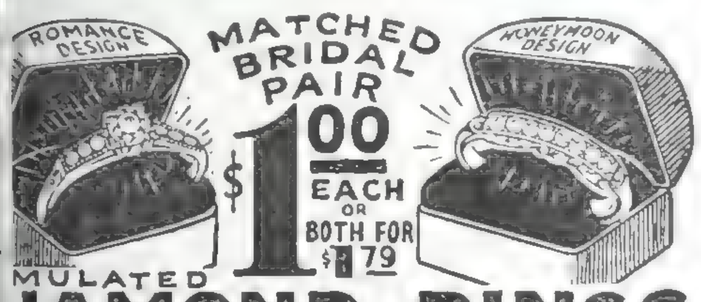

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e kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the s acids and waste out of the blood. They help people pass about 3 pints a day.

hen disorder of kidney function permits poison-natter to remain in your blood, it may cause nag-backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness r the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or y passages with smarting and burning some-s shows there is something wrong with your eys or bladder.

n't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, successfully by millions for over 40 years. They happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get 's Pills.

"Barbed wire," Lanny added. "So how about it? It may mean putting up coin, you know."

"I've got a nickel saved," Hurd replied.

"Oke. You're in."

We all shook on it, and then the three of us went over to the commissary for lunch.

We had just finished soup when Robin Ray came in.

Robin Ray was a young juvenile. If you've ever seen him on the screen you probably forgot it an hour later. He doesn't make much impression. He was dressed now in a checked suit and there was a heavy silver ring on his finger. He asked if he could sit in with us. If you sit alone in the commissary people think your option is being dropped. That was how he happened to climb on Vicky's bandwagon.

"We've got a scheme," Lanny said. "You're just the boy we need."

We four sat around a table and made Vicky the biggest thing in pictures.

We'd put her under our personal management for the next five years. It was decided that I'd take her to the highest priced flack in town late that afternoon and get things started. Her name would be linked romantically with Robin Ray. I protested, but they said a writer didn't have enough glamour. They said Robin would take her to big functions. Laughter and champagne copy. We sat there in the commissary until two-thirty, and by the time we left she was a star.

I NEVER knew what glamour could do. You'd think I'd have had sense and realized it was all faked. But no. Vicky was confused and scared more than happy. But I regarded her differently. I couldn't believe she was quite real. There is the story of the press agent who built up a girl, then fell in love with the glamour he'd made. It was going to be like that. I could feel it already.

Jill was at the apartment that night and she ate dinner with us in the kitchenette. The band had broken up. Jill just listened to everything we told her and she seemed to be transfixed. Her hair was copper under the electric light and her eyes were very blue. She thought it was wonderful. She wasn't a bit jealous. She wore a yellow house dress and a white apron. She cooked the dinner.

"You're swell, Peg," she said.

"But this is going to be fun."

"I don't care. You're swell."

We were all crazy the next few weeks. History was made in Hollywood. A magic legend was created and her name was Vicky Lynn. These are the things I remember:

Hurd Evans: "Yes, I discovered her. She was singing with a band in Glendale . . ."

Vicky: "It was Mr. Evans who saw me first. It was at a navy party in Coronado."

The flack: "No, she was never a secretary. Who ever said she was a secretary? She never saw a typewriter in her life!"

Robin Ray: "When I saw her I knew she'd be the girl. It'll be Vicky and me from now on. No, we haven't set a date. Her career, you see—"

Jill: "You're swell, Peg. You're real."

Midnight lights. Dancing lessons. Singing instruction. Vicky in blue tights and a white jacket, tap dancing, worn out, but laughing. Vicky in Victor Hugo's with Robin. At the Grove with Robin. At Dave Chasen's with Robin.

Vicky: "Baby, you and I *can't* be seen anywhere. If they thought this romance

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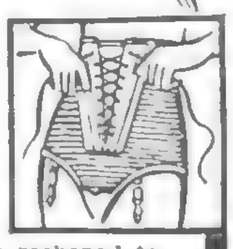

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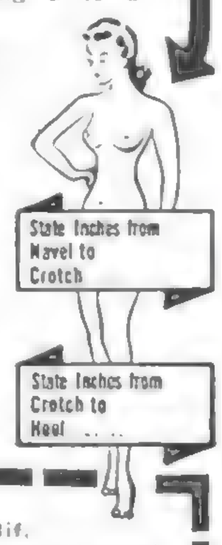

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was a press build-up—they're so sick of phony romances, and so suspicious!"

Vicky: "No, I didn't kiss Robin. Except goodnight. That's why my lipstick is smeared."

Vicky: "Darling, tomorrow I get *a screen test!*"

I REMEMBER the night before the screen test. Everything was very quiet. It was the lull before the stardom. I went up to her apartment.

I said: "Vicky, cook us some dinner."

She stared at me. Tomorrow she might never have to cook a dinner again. But I saw that she was pouting. I was kidding her, and she'd grown angry.

So Jill and I started dinner. Vicky got feeling sheepish and came out and volunteered to help. We wouldn't let her. But before the meal was over we'd laughed it off.

After dinner we went for a drive. We took Jill. I drove down Wilshire to the beach. We saw the lawns and the still palms and the stars gaudy in the sky. It was October, and warm, an Indian summer, and I thought of Victor Herbert's beautiful song. I was glad all the clamor of the build-up was over.

"If the screen test gets you a contract, you won't have to see Robin any more, will you?" I said.

"Oh, it wouldn't be right to break off so quickly." She was sulky.

"No, I guess it—it wouldn't be right." I looked over at Jill. "Will you sing, Jill? It's so quiet it would be nice."

Jill sang. Her voice was soft and rich. She had gotten a job singing fifteen minute spots on the radio. But this was different and better. Pretty soon we were all singing, very softly, and we drove along the Palisades, and down past the beach, the waves crashing on the sand, and the moon running across the water. We sang and we didn't talk any more. But when we were driving back to town Vicky said:

"Haven't you noticed, baby? Jill's in love with you."

It was as though someone had hit Jill.

"Don't be silly, Vicky," I said.

"No, really. I've known for a long time. She's tried to cover it up. But I've known."

"You're jealous," I said, "and silly. Besides, I don't love Jill. I don't love her at all."

The silence was terrible. Jill just sat there and didn't say anything. She tried to hum but she couldn't. We were all very quiet, and the car seemed empty and dark, and the stars were white and naked, and there was no breeze in the palms at all.

The next day it rained and I wore my old gray suit to the studio. I didn't wear that suit much any more—but today it felt good. Nothing was right. I sat and watched the rain. A block or so away Vicky was in another studio. She was on a sound stage. The cameras would be ready. They'd put a male stock player with her. Vicky wouldn't be nervous. She was too well trained to be nervous now. She was smooth and polishe That studio was getting a break! I h a hundred moods one after another. O was rage. I sat at the desk and scrawl a note to Vicky. I said that if she lov Robin I'd want to kill her. I said th she was my day and night obsessic that there wasn't anything without h But it was no good. I balled up the nc and jammed it into my pocket. I h turned in my script and it wasn't like the producer would call me on it t day. I decided to go home.

Vicky called in the morning. "Hone it was okay! I sign the contract at t o'clock this afternoon."

"How much?"

"Three hundred a week to start."

"Swell," I said, "you're on your w now, kid!" I tried to hold my voice u But it sagged all over the place. It'd Vicky and Robin now. Goodbye, thought. I wish you were a secreta again.

"Honey, I've got *so* many things to d —meet me at the apartment at four."

"All right. Gee, I'm happy for yo kid!"

I GOT to the apartment at six o'cloc and used the key and went in. I r member it was quiet. Then I saw he She was lying on the floor, one ar stretched out. She wore a light afte noon dress and her figure was beautifu She was as white as marble but s looked lovely. Her hair was splaye out in fine strands of gold, and her li were bright, rich red, and there was green eye-shadow on her eyelids. Yo could see that because her eyes we closed and she was lying very still. S was lying still and she wasn't breathin

I moved slowly and numbly acro the room and then I knelt down, emp and trembling, and touched both of h shoulders.

Dead. Dead! *Dead!*

I heard a key in the lock.

"Peg!"

I straightened up. My back was sti and full of electricity. My back w like the back of a cat. I heard Jill footsteps across the room. But it wa a room somewhere else. It was a hol low room made of metal. I heard he scream.

A long time passed. Ten years passe The room was quiet. It was quiet an dark. The windows off the fire escap were open and the wind was cold. Th night was cold. Traffic swished by o Franklin Avenue.

"You killed her!"

Jill, grief-stricken, accusing me killing Vicky! I could have turned o her with the same charge. But murde had never been anything to me but word in the newspapers. I was soon t feel its blinding light in my eyes, it scorching fire on my finger tips. Whic still didn't answer—who killed Vicky And Jill—what was she to be to me i the fear-driven days to come?

FLASH FROM TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX!

"I WAKE UP SCREAMING" is now being filmed under the title of "HOT SPOT" and has no less than Betty Grable and Victor Mature in the leading roles. Carole Landis plays Vicky and Laird Cregar takes the part of the sinister detective, whom you will meet in these pages next month

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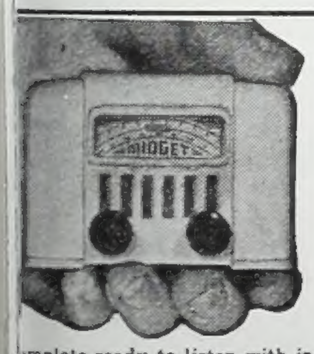

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Casts of Current Pictures

"ACCENT ON LOVE"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by John Larkin. Original story by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: *John Worth Hyndman,* George Montgomery; *Osa,* Osa Masson; *Manuel Lombroso,* J. Carrol Naish; *Linda Hyndman,* Cobina Wright, Jr.; *Patrick Henry Lombroso,* Stanley Clements; *Teresa Lombroso,* Minerva Urecal; *T. J. Triton,* Thurston Hall; *Mr. Smedley,* Irving Bacon; *Flowers,* Leonard Carey; *Magistrate,* Oscar O'Shea; *Wardman,* John T. Murray.

"ARIZONA BOUND"—Monogram. Screen play by Jess Bowers. Original story by Oliver Drake. Directed by Spencer G. Bennett. Cast: *Buck Roberts,* Buck Jones; *Colonel,* Tim McCoy; *Sandy,* Raymond Hatton; *Taggert,* Tristram Coffin; *Red,* Slim Whitaker; *Mack,* Gene Alsace; *Pete,* Ben Corbert; *Bunion,* Horace Murphy; *Ruth,* Luana Walters; *Miranda,* Kathryn Sheldon; *Joe,* Dennis Moore; *Rogers,* Jack Daley.

"BACHELOR DADDY"—Universal. Original screen play by Robert Lees and Fred Rinaldo. Directed by Harold Young. Cast: *Sandy,* Baby Sandy; *Joseph Smith,* Edward Everett Horton; *Edward Smith,* Donald Woods; *George Smith,* Raymond Walburn; *Beth Chase,* Evelyn Ankers; *Eleanor* Pierce, Kathryn Adams; *Williams,* Franklin Pangborn; *C. J. Chase,* Jed Prouty; *Ethelbert,* Hardie Albright; *Judge McGinnis,* George Meader; *Louie,* Bert Roach; *Girl,* Juanita Quigley; *Boy,* Bobby Larson; *Landlady,* Mira McKinney.

"BARNACLE BILL"—M-G-M. Screen play by Jack Jevne and Hugo Butler. Based on an original story by Jack Jevne. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: *Bill Johansen,* Wallace Beery; *Marge Cavendish,* Marjorie Main; *Pico Rodriguez,* Leo Carrillo; *Virginia Johansen,* Virginia Weidler; *"Pop" Cavendish,* Donald Meek; *John Kelly,* Barton MacLane; *Mamie,* Connie Gilchrist; *Aunt Letty,* Sara Haden; *Joe Petillo,* William Edmunds; *Dixon,* Don Terry; *MacDonald,* Alec Craig.

"BLONDIE IN SOCIETY"—Columbia. Screen play by Karen DeWolf. Story by Eleanore Griffin. Based upon the comic strip created by Chic Young. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. Cast: *Blondie,* Penny Singleton; *Dagwood,* Arthur Lake; *Baby Dumpling,* Larry Simms; *Daisy,* Himself; *J. C. Dithers,* Jonathan Hale; *Alvin Fuddle,* Danny Mummert; *Waldo Pincus,* William Frawley; *Doctor,* Edgar Kennedy; *Cliff Peters,* Chick Chandler; *Mailman,* Irving Bacon; *Announcer,* Bill Goodwin.

"CHARLEY'S AUNT"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by George Seaton. Based on the play by Brandon Thomas. Directed by Archie Mayo. Cast: *Babbs,* Jack Benny; *Donna Lucia,* Kay Francis; *Jack Chesney,* James Ellison; *Amy Spettigue,* Anne Baxter; *Stephen Spettigue,* Edmund Gwenn; *Mr. Redcliffe,* Reginald Owen; *Sir Francis Chesney,* Laird Cregar; *Kitty Verdun,* Arleen Whelan; *Charley Wykenham,* Richard Haydn; *Bassett,* Ernest Cossart; *Harley Stafford,* Morton Lowry; *Babberly,* Lionel Pape; *Messenger,* Will Stanton; *Elderly Man,* Montague Shaw; *Spectators,* Claud Allister and William Austin; *Octogenarian,* Maurice Cass.

"FATHER TAKES A WIFE"—RKO-Radio. Original screen play by Dorothy and Herbert Fields. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: *Senior,* Adolphe Menjou; *Leslie Carter,* Gloria Swanson; *Junior,* John Howard; *Carlos,* Desi Arnaz; *Aunt Julie,* Helen Broderick; *Enid,* Florence Rice; *Vincent Stewart,* Neil Hamilton; *Tailor,* Grady Sutton; *Henderson,* George Meador; *Secretary,* Mary Treen; *Miss Patterson,* Ruth Dietrich.

"FORCED LANDING"—Paramount. Screen play by Maxwell Shane and Edward Churchill. Directed by Gordon Wiles. Cast: *Dan Kendall,* Richard Arlen; *Johanna Van Deuren,* Eva Gabor; *Andros Banshek,* J. Carrol Naish; *Colonel Jan Golas,* Nils Asther; *Doctor's Housekeeper,* Evelyn Brent; *Christmas,* Mikhail Rasmuny; *Hendrick Van Deuren,* Victor Varconi; *General Valdane,* John Miljan; *Zomar,* Frank Yaconelli; *Petchnikoff,* Harold Goodwin; *Felig,* Thornton Edwards; *Nando,* Bobby Dillon; *Major Xanders,* John Gallaudet; *Doctor Vidalek,* Harry Worth.

"HERE COMES MR. JORDAN"—Columbia. Screen play by Sidney Buchman and Seton I. Miller. From the play, "Heaven Can Wait," by Harry Segall. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: *Joe Pendleton,* Robert Montgomery; *Bette Logan,* Evelyn Keyes; *Mr. Jordan,* Claude Rains; *Julia Farnsworth,* Rita Johnson; *Messenger 7013,* Edward Everett Horton; *Max Corkle,* James Gleason; *Tony Abbott,* John Emery; *Inspector Williams,* Donald MacBride; *Lefty,* Don Costello; *Sisk,* Halliwell Hobbes; *Bugs,* Benny Rubin.

"HERE IS A MAN"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Dan Totheroh and Stephen Vincent Benet. Story by Stephen Vincent Benet. Directed by William Dieterle. Cast: *Jabez Stone,* James Craig; *Mary Stone,* Anne Shirley; *Daniel Webster,* Edward Arnold; *Mr. Scratch,* Walter Huston; *Ma Stone,* Jane Darwell; *Belle,* Simone Simon; *Squire Slossum,* Gene Lockhart; *Miser Stevens,* John Qualen; *Justice Hawthorne,* H. B. Warner; *Sheriff,* Frank Conlan; *Daniel Stone,* Lindy Wade; *Cy Bibber,* George Cleveland.

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For every woman who really cares about her appearance and the impression it makes upon others, there is a marvelous new plan by which any woman can have a new face in ten days. This simple plan has been evolved by Francesca Doane after extensive surveys of the systems used by famous authorities in America's leading beauty salons. What can be accomplished is based upon pure common sense judiciously used. Now's the time to get in the ground work when one's skin is in a sad state from the effects of outdoor life in summer sun. Now's the time to give yourself a new outlook. You can do it if you will read and abide by this exceptionally fine article, "Ten Day Beauty Plan" in the October issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE, the Intimate Magazine of Beauty and Health.

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By Victor Heiser, M. D.

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Also in the October Issue

Is Your Thyroid Sleepy ● Steps For Growing Younger ● If We Are Bombed ● Wake Up Smiling ● I Never Gave Up by Gloria Swanson ● I Was Warned Not To Have a Baby ● How To Make Him Live Longer ● What You Don't Know About Caesarian Births ● Faces Made Over By Dental Magic ● Menus and Recipes for Vitamin C.

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Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. From a story by Ketti Frings. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Cast: *Georges Iscovescu*, Charles Boyer; *Emmy Brown*, Olivia DeHavilland; *Anita Dixon*, Paulette Goddard; *Van den Luecken*, Victor Francen; *Inspector Hammock*, Walter Abel; *Bonbois*, Curt Bois; *Berta Kurz*, Rosemary DeCamp; *Joseph Kurz*, Eric Feldary; *Flores*, Nestor Paiva; *Lupita*, Eva Puig; *Christine*, Micheline Cheirel; *Anni*, Madeleine LeBeau; *Tony*, Billy Lee; *Mechanic*, Mikhail Rasumny; *Mr. Saxon*, Mitchell Leisen.

"HOLD THAT GHOST"—Universal. Screen play by Robert Lees and Fred Rinaldo. Original story by Robert Lees and Fred Rinaldo. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: *Chuck Murray*, Bud Abbott; *Ferdinand Jones*, Lou Costello; *Doctor Jackson*, Richard Carlson; *Camille Brewster*, Joan Davis; *Gregory*, Mischa Auer; *Norma Lind*, Evelyn Ankers; *Charlie Smith*, Marc Lawrence; *Soda Jerk*, Shemp Howard; *Bannister*, Russell Hicks; *Moose Matson*, William Davidson; Ted Lewis; The Andrews Sisters.

"HURRY, CHARLIE, HURRY"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Paul Gerard Smith. From the story by Luke Short. Directed by Charles E. Roberts. Cast: *Daniel Boone*, Leon Errol; *Beatrice Boone*, Mildred Coles; *Jerry Grant*, Kenneth Howell; *Mrs. Boone*, Cecil Cunningham; *Horace Morris*, George Watts; *Wagon Track*, Eddie Conrad; *Poison Arrow*, Noble Johnson; *Michael Prescott*, Douglas Walton; *Josephine Whitley*, Renee Haal; *Mrs. Whitley*, Georgia Caine; *Frozen Foot*, Lalo Encinas.

"LADY BE GOOD"—M-G-M. Screen play by Jack McGowan, Kay Van Riper and John McClain. Based on an original story by Jack McGowan. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Cast: *Marilyn Marsh*, Eleanor Powell; *Dixie Donegan*, Ann Sothern; *Eddie Crane*, Robert Young; *Judge Murdock*, Lionel Barrymore; *Buddy Crawford*, John Carroll; *Joe "Red" Willet*, Red Skelton; *Lull*, Virginia O'Brien; *Mr. Blanton*, Tom Conway; *Bill Pattison*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Max Milton*, Reginald Owen; *Mrs. Carter Wardley*, Rose Hobart; *Master of Ceremonies*, Phil Silvers; *The Berry Brothers*, (James Berry, Warren Berry, Nyas Berry); *The Singer*, Connie Russell.

"LADY SCARFACE"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Arnaud D'Usseau and Richard Collins. Directed by Frank Woodruff. Cast: *Lt. Mason*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Slade*, Judith Anderson; *Ann Rogers*, Frances Neal; *Mary Powell*, Mildred Coles; *Mr. Hartford*, Eric Blore; *Lefty Landers*, Marc Lawrence; *Onslow*, Damian O'Flynn; *Seidel*, Andrew Tombes; *Ruby*, Marian Martin; *Jimmy Powell*, Rand Brooks; *Matt*, Arthur Shields; *George*, Lee Bonnell; *Semenoff*, Harry Burns; *Mullen*, Horace MacMahon.

"MANPOWER"—Warners. Original screen play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Cast: *Hank McHenry*, Edward G. Robinson; *Fay Duval*, Marlene Dietrich; *Johnny Marshall*, George Raft; *Jumbo Wells*, Alan Hale; *Omaha*, Frank McHugh; *Dolly*, Eve Arden; *Smiley Quinn*, Barton MacLane; *Eddie Adams*, Ward Bond; *Sidney Whipple*, Walter Catlett; *Scarlet*, Joyce Compton; *Flo*, Lucia Carroll; *Pop Duval*, Egon Brecher; *Cully*, Cliff Clark; *Sweeney*, Joseph Crehan; *Al Hurst*, Ben Welden; *Polly*, Barbara Pepper; *Wilma*, Dorothy Appleby.

"MURDER BY INVITATION"—*Monogram*. Story and screen play by George Bricker. Directed by Phil Rosen. Cast: *Bob White*, Wallace Ford; *Nora O'Brien*, Marian Marsh; *Aunt Cassie*, Sarah Padden; *Sheriff Bogas*, George Guhl; *Judge Moore*, Wallace Clark; *Garson Denham*, Gavin Gordon; *Maxine Denham*, Minerva Urecal; *Trowbridge*, Arthur Young; *Eddie*, Herbert Vigran; *Mary Denham*, Hazel Keener.

MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard. Produced and directed by Lewis Milestone. Cast: *Anthony*, Ronald Colman; *Caroline* Anna Lee; *Bliss*, Charles Winninger; *Paul*, Reginald Gardiner; *Paco Del Valle*, Gilbert Roland; *Helen*, Katherine Leslie; *Muirhead*, Hugh O'Connell; *Jenkins*, Murray Alper; *Walters*, Matt Moore.

"NEW WINE"—Gloria Productions-United Artists. Original screen play by Howard Estabrook and Nicholas Jory. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. Cast: *Anna*, Ilona Massey; *Franz Schubert*, Alan Curtis; *Countess*, Binnie Barnes; *Beethoven*, Albert Basserman; *Poldi*, Billy Gilbert; *Bookkeeper*, Sterling Holloway; *Hasslinger*, Richard Carle; *Clerk*, John Qualen; *Duke*, Barnett Parker; *Maestro*, Sig Arno; *Principal*, Gilbert Emery; *Mitzi*, Marion Martin; *Moritz*, Forrest Tucker; *Peppi*, George O'Hanlon; *Wilhelm*, Maynard Holmes; *Karl*, Erno Verebes; *Foreman*, Paul Sutton; *Soldier*, Lou Merrill; *Young Girl at Carnegie Hall*, Ann Stewart; *Young Man at Carnegie Hall*, Kenneth Ferrill; *Playboy*, Lane Allen; *Playgirl*, Patricia Farr.

"OFFICER AND THE LADY, THE"—Columbia. Screen play by Lambert Hillyer and Joseph Hoffman. Story by Lambert Hillyer. Directed by Sam White. Cast: *Helen Regan*, Rochelle Hudson; *Bob Conlon*, Bruce Bennett; *Johnny Davis*, Roger Pryor; *Ace Quinn*, Richard Fiske; *Blake Standish*, Sidney Blackmer; *Bumps O'Neil*, Tom Kennedy; *Dan Regan*, Oscar O'Shea; *Frank*, Joe McGuinn; *Captain Hart*, Charles Wilson; *Dawson*, William Hall.

"PARACHUTE BATTALION"—RKO-Radio. Original screen play by John Twist and Major Hugh Fite, Air Corps. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: *Donald Morse*, Robert Preston; *Kit Richards*; Nancy Kelly; *Bill Burke*, Edmond O'Brien; *Bill Richards*, Harry Carey; *Jeff Hollis*, Buddy Ebsen; *Tex*, Paul Kelly; *Spence*, Richard Cromwell; *Col. Burke*, Robert Barrat; *Chief of Infantry*, Edward Fielding; *Pa Hollis*, Erville Alderson; *Thomas Morse*, Selmer Jackson; *Captain*, Grant Withers; *Private*, Jack Briggs; *Medical Officer*, Walter Sande; *Ma Hollis*, Kathryn Sheldon; *Private*, Lee Bonnell; *Private*, Robert Smith; *Staff Officer*, Gayne Whitman; *Radio Announcer*, Douglas Evans; *Recruiting Sergeant*, Eddie Dunn.

"RINGSIDE MAISIE"—M-G-M. Original screen play by Mary C. McCall Jr. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: *Maisie Ravier*, Ann Sothern; *Skeets Maguire*, George Murphy; *Terry Dolan*, Robert Sterling; *Virginia O'Brien*, Virginia O'Brien; *Cecelia Reardon*; Natalie Thompson; *Mrs. Dolan*, Margaret Moffat; *Chotsie*, Maxie Rosenbloom; *Ricky Du Prez*, Jack La Rue; *Vic*, "Rags" Ragland; *Conductor*, Oscar O'Shea; *Peaches*, John Indrisano; *Jitterbug*, Roy Lester; *Jackie-Boy Duffy*, Eddie Simms; *Dr. Kramer*, Johnathan Hale; *Dr. Taylor*, Purnell Pratt.

"*TOM, DICK AND HARRY*"—*RKO-Radio*. Story and screen play by Paul Jarrico. Directed by Garson Kanin. Cast: *Janie*, Ginger Rogers; *Tom*, George Murphy; *Dick*, Alan Marshall; *Harry*, Burgess Meredith; *Pop*, Joe Cunningham; *Ma*, Jane Seymour; *Babs*, Lenore Lonergan; *Paula*, Vicki Lester; *Ice Cream Man*, Phil Silvers; *Gertrude*, Betty Breckenridge.

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